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A Street in the Poor Quarter, Showing the Effect of Lack of Repairs for a Century.

SANTIAGO SINCE THE SURRENDER

BY MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

Military Governor of Santiago

JULY 20, 1898, I received an order to report to Major-General Shafter, U. S. V., at the palace in Santiago de Cuba. On reporting I was informed that I had been detailed to take command of the city, to maintain order, feed the poor, and do everything possible to facilitate the prompt re-establishment of business.

At this time it was estimated that of the population of 50,000, 15,000 were sick. In addition to the inhabitants, we had in the city 2,000 sick Spanish soldiers and as many more in camps just outside. Our own army was encamped about the city, and had 5,000 sick. The inhabitants had just returned from the horrible pilgrimage to Caney, where 18,000 people, representing every class, had been herded in tents, buildings, brush shelters, and in little enclosures made of bed-sheets, old pieces of canvas, palm-boughs—in fact, anything to

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protect the women from public gaze and to keep out the sun; as for the rain it poured through on an average twice a day, increasing greatly the misery of the situation. In the streets were piled decomposing heaps of refuse of all kinds, and with these surroundings, half buried in pestilential filth, the wretched people had spent long days of suffering. The food at Caney had been chiefly composed of green fruits and vegetables, and the drinking-water had been taken from a stream thoroughly polluted. Many of the very aged and very young died, and those who survived dragged themselves back to Santiago more dead than alive, bearing in their bodies the germs of disease soon to terminate their lives. All along the road between Caney and Santiago limp forms were stretched under the shade of friendly trees and bushes, some of them dead, and some of them with barely life enough to move. About the latter were their unhappy families and friends striving to get them back alive to Santiago. Most of those who had fallen by the roadside were old, very old men and women, sometimes little children.

Colonel Bartlett.
The man who issued the indigent rations.

Of the Spanish soldiers thousands were sick from the deadly malaria and exposure in the trenches where, in common with our troops, they had been drenched and baked by turns, and lived in the freshly upturned earth, deadly with the germs of malignant tropical malaria. The people of the city were exhausted from exposure and want of food. Long lines of wan, yellow, ghastly looking individuals dragged themselves wearily up and down the filthy streets, avoiding the dead animals and heaps of decomposing refuse, or sank wearily in some friendly shade, seeking to recover strength in sleep. Frightful odors poured out of abandoned houses, speaking more strongly than words

Sewer Running through Marina Street.

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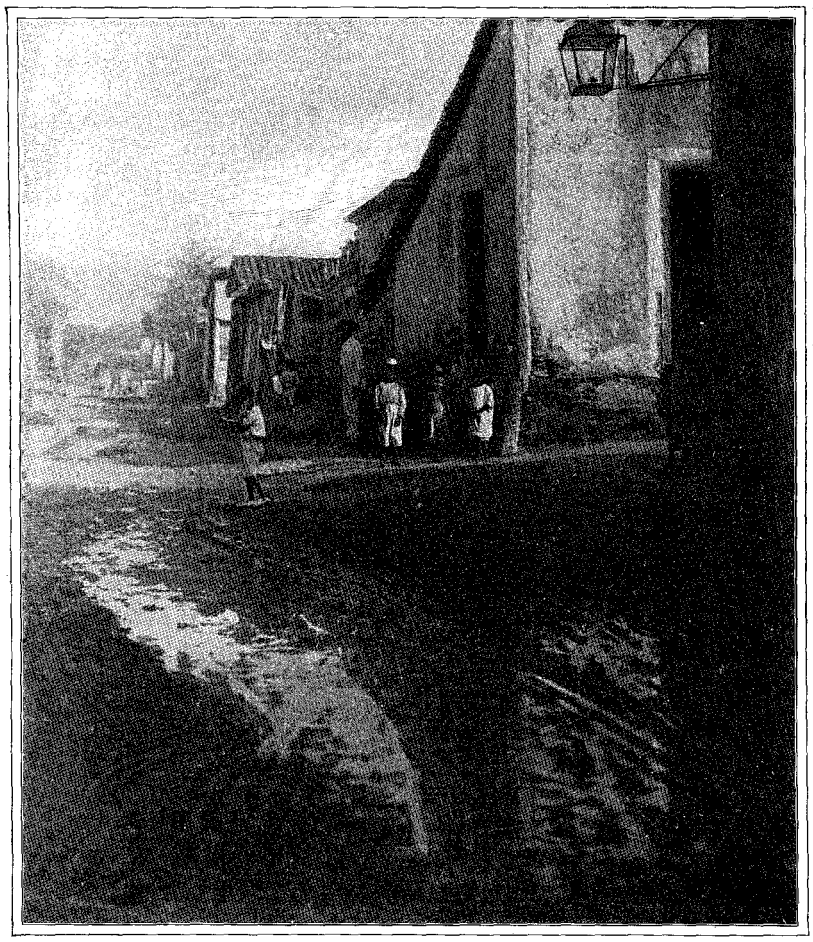

One of the Most Unhealthy Streets in the Lower Part of Town.

of the dead within. The very air seemed laden with death. All about one passed and repassed funerals all day and all night. Men could not bury the dead fast enough, and they were burned in great heaps of eighty or ninety piled high on gratings of railroad iron and mixed with grass and sticks. Over all were turned thousands of gallons of kerosene and the whole frightful heap reduced to ashes. It was the only thing to be done, for the dead threatened the living and a plague was at hand.

Men did not want to work, yet work had to be done. At first they were gathered up by soldiers in groups of one hundred, and put to cleaning out the frightful traces of death in the deserted houses. Horrible deadly work it was, but at last it was finished. At the same time numbers of men were working night and day in the streets removing the dead animals and other disease-producing materials. Others were engaged in distributing food to the hospitals, prisons, asylums, and convents —in fact to everybody, for all were starving. What food there was, and it was considerable, had been kept under the protection of the Spanish army to be used as rations. Some of the far-seeing and prudent had stored up food and prepared for the situation in advance, but these were few. All of our army transportation was engaged in getting to our own men the tents, medicines, and the thousand and one other things required by our camps, and as this had to be done through seas of mud it was slow work. We could expect no help from this source in our

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The Spanish Military Hospital.

distribution of rations to the destitute population, so we seized all the carts and wagons we could find in the streets, rounded up drivers and laborers with the aid of the police, and worked them under guard, willing or unwilling, but paying well for what they did. At first we had to work them far into the night. Everything on wheels in the city was at work. Men who refused and held back soon learned that there were things far more unpleasant than cheerful obedience, and turned to work with as much grace as they could command. All were paid a fair amount for their services, partly in money, partly in rations, but all worked; some in removing the waste refuse from the city, others in distributing food. Much of the refuse in the streets was burned where collected, and much was burned outside at points designated as crematories. Everything was put through the flames. In the Spanish military hospital the number of sick rapidly increased. From 2,000, when we came in, the number soon ran up to 3,100 in hospital, besides many more in their camps. Most of the sick were suffering from malaria, but among them were some cases of yellow fever. Poor devils, they all looked as though hope had fled, and, as they stood in groups along the water-front, eagerly watching the entrance to the harbor, it required very little imagination to see that their thoughts were of another country across the sea, and that the days of waiting for the transports were long days for them.

Among our own men a disease had developed which the best experts declared to be yellow fever of a mild type, but sure to be followed by a severe form. Brigades could hardly muster enough men for guard duty, and, although quartermasters, teamsters, packers, and soldiers were working their hearts out and themselves into the grave to get rations out to the troops, it was difficult to do it. The fresh beef was landed as a rule in good condition, but the rain and sun made sad work of it in the long hours required to haul it out to camp. Such was the general situation, and over us all like a cloud hung the dreaded yellow fever. When would it catch us? Like a ghost it stalked among

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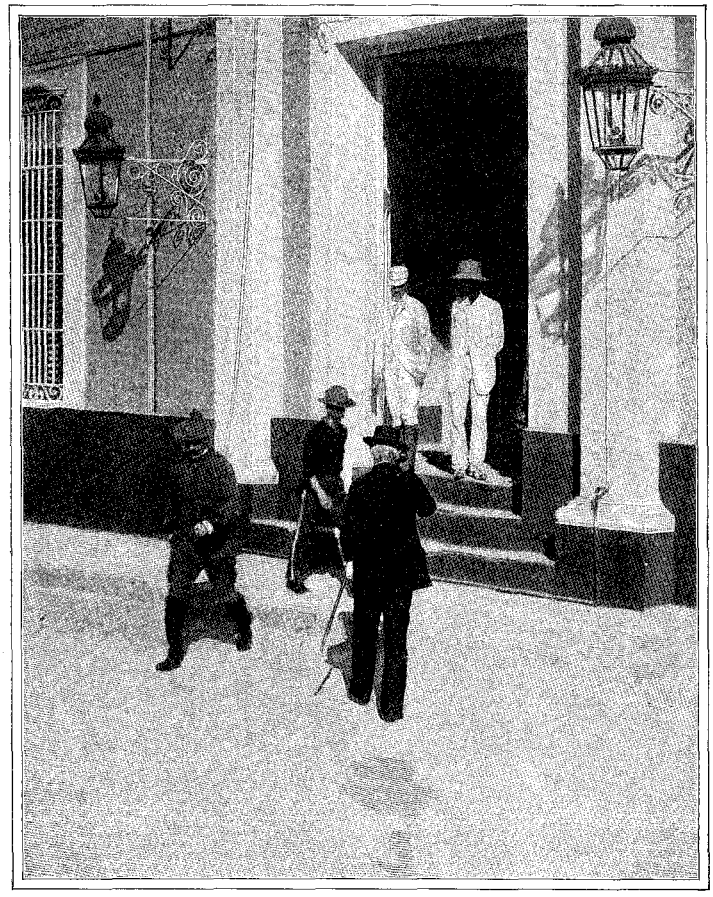
the men and through the town, visible, but as yet hardly tangible. No wonder men's spirits were low and that old men died. Life was to them worse than death. Men and women were engaged in a struggle for life; all else passed for naught. Orders were issued making it a crime to conceal the presence of contagious disease or to fail to report a death promptly. Every nerve was strained to clean the city streets, yards, vaults and all infected places. All who could work were compelled to do so. Food was issued to all the institutions, and stations were established in every ward, where food was issued from 7 A.M. to 4 P.M. Doctors were assigned to each ward to make house-to-house visits, leaving orders for food and giving such medicines as were at hand. Meat was furnished the diet kitchen established by Mr. Michaelsen, German Vice-Consul, which fed 5,000 per day, and rations were issued to from 18,000 to 20,000 people. One day the issue ran up to 51,000, though the average was about 18,000. Every effort was made to improve the physical condition of the people who were perishing from anæmia and fevers, in order that they might be capable of resisting the after-effects of the starvation period. Hospitals were established on the water-front in the Cuban Boat Club and in every suitable building.

A yellow fever hospital was established on an island in the harbor. A small detention hospital for suspected cases was established on the outskirts of the city. All cases of yellow fever were taken from there to the island hospital in a small launch, without any unnecessary delay or



General Wood.

Main Entrance to the Palace.

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Macadam Street on Water Front and a Portion of the New Sanitary Department.

Showing wagons of Cuban make which were in use at first.

exposure. Our troops garrisoning the city were placed in the best possible camp in the suburbs, and the closest watch kept on the situation. Soon the death-rate began to drop, and with the improvement in the sanitary condition of the city came improvement in the health and spirits of all classes of people. Water was very scarce. In fact it was the most needed article in Santiago, and during all of the sickly season we were much hampered for want of it. We had no end of work in getting the old broken-down system of water-supply, built in 1839, in anything like working order. Thousands of leaks existed which had to be constantly patched up, and frequently the main was injured by disorderly bands outside of the city. In fact, life was one great struggle to get even with the situation. Gradually the water-system was put in such condition that the regular supply could be counted on, and by dividing the city into sections and turning the full flow into one section at a time for a certain number of hours we managed to supply every one with the water absolutely necessary. The old system of cisterns found in all Spanish towns was of great service, and the water collected in these helped out the rather scanty supply from the pipes. Food was scarce and, incredible as it may seem, many of the merchants were profiting by the situation and holding up prices far above what was necessary, thus forcing the starving to purchase at exorbitant figures. As soon as their position was appreciated orders were issued regulating the price of foodstuffs. This was a matter of the greatest importance, for in the city where we were issuing food there was enough to eat, and, could it have been purchased at a fair valuation, much needless suffering and many lives would have been saved. Meat was in great demand and much needed, as the people had been living upon vegetables and fruits, and had become weak and anæmic. The physical improvement in the appearance of the people was very noticeable shortly after the reduction in

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the price of food-stuffs, and the complete reorganization of our relief stations for the distribution of food and medicines. A more cheerful spirit came over them; workmen worked better and were more cheerful at their work; women and children were seen in the "plazas," showing improvement in health and spirits. When we first opened the ration stations for the distribution of food the sights presented were, indeed, pathetic. Long struggling lines of human beings, tattered and starving, some barely able to stand, others still strong, but all fierce with hunger, swayed and pushed and fought fiercely for their places in the line. All classes and all ages were represented, and the issue force worked from early in the morning until after dark, issuing and issuing, with no time to weigh things or bother about the exact amounts authorized or required. Women spread out their shawls or stripped off their skirts, and somehow managed to get a place in which to store away, in separate packages, the bacon, sugar, hardtack and rice, which constituted the bulk of their rations. Outside these stations the soldiers, with their rifles without bayonets and used only as bars, strove to push the crowd back, to keep order, and to protect the weak. After the rations had been issued the people passed by the doctor on the way out to receive such assistance as

Emile Bacardi y Moreau, First Cuban Mayor of Santiago.

Cleaning the Street in Front of the Mayor's Office.

Showing one of the wagons of American make on the left.

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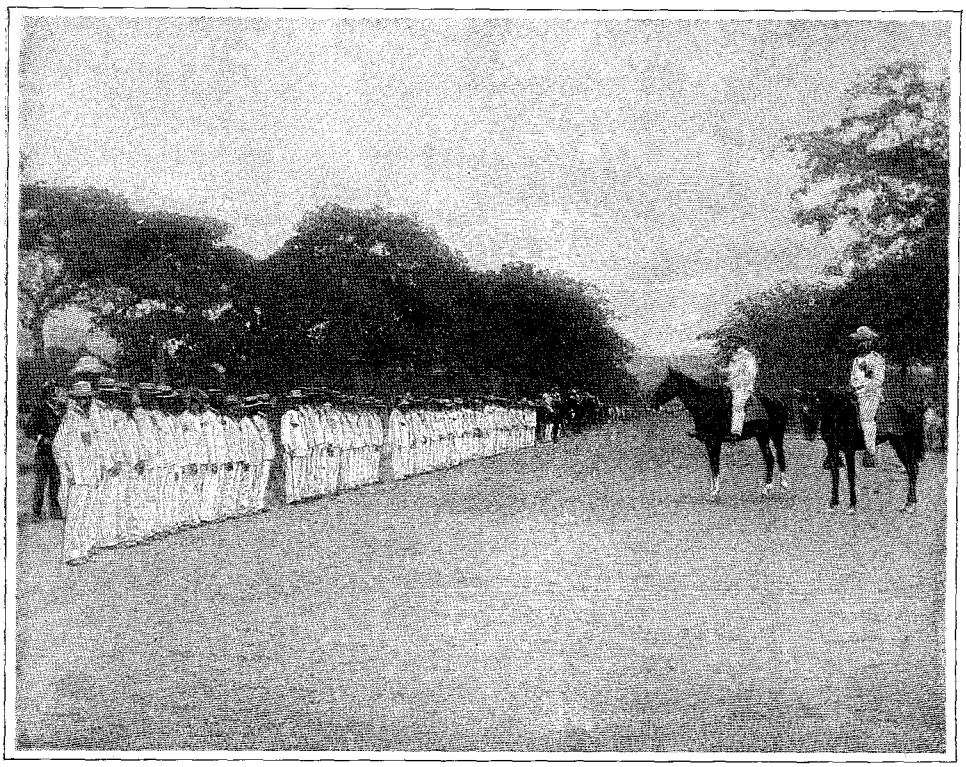
he could give. These were strange and very unusual sights for an American, and very unpleasant ones. Thousands of people dying with hunger and forgetful of everything else present a phase of human character not often seen on this side of the world.

The police system was re-established with native policemen. Orders were given



Major Barbour and Assistant Inspecting the Sanitary Department.

to shoot all persons resisting arrest or found robbing, and every effort made to establish a firm respect for the civil agents of the law. To be sure, the law at this time was practically military law, but even that I desired to administer as much as possible by civil agents and not have the uniformed troops of the United States chasing petty offenders through the streets. The troops were there to act when necessary, and at times they were called into service, rather to prevent than to quell disturbances ; to uphold the civil authority, not to supplant it.

In the meantime a regular sanitary department had been organized, and I was fortunate enough to secure the services of a thoroughly efficient man in Major Barbour, the present head of this department in Santiago. With his assistance, systematic work was at once commenced. The medical officers in charge of the different wards reported in writing all premises which required cleaning up—and they were legion. In addition to these reports the sub-chiefs of the sanitary department were ordered to report every house, yard, court, and alley in their section which in their opinion needed action on the part of the sanitary department. Carts were rapidly built and others bought in the United States. The prisoners in the jail were put to making brooms for street-cleaning. In short, every effort was made to rush the work along. From this beginning it has gone on up to the present time. To-day the city is clean, free from odors, and as healthy as any city of its size in the United States, excepting, perhaps, for the constant presence of malaria. Of course,

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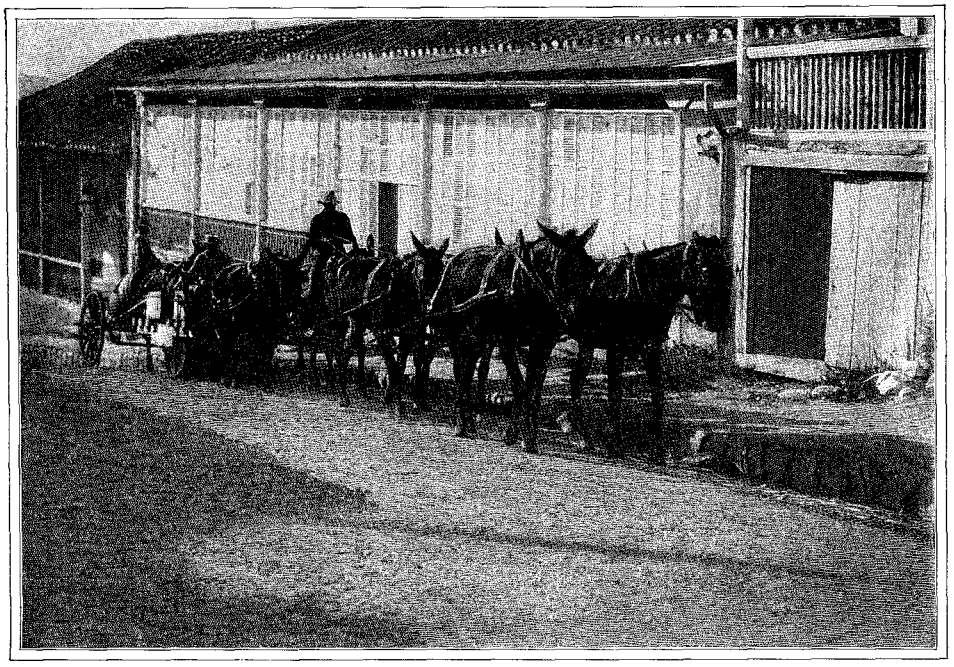
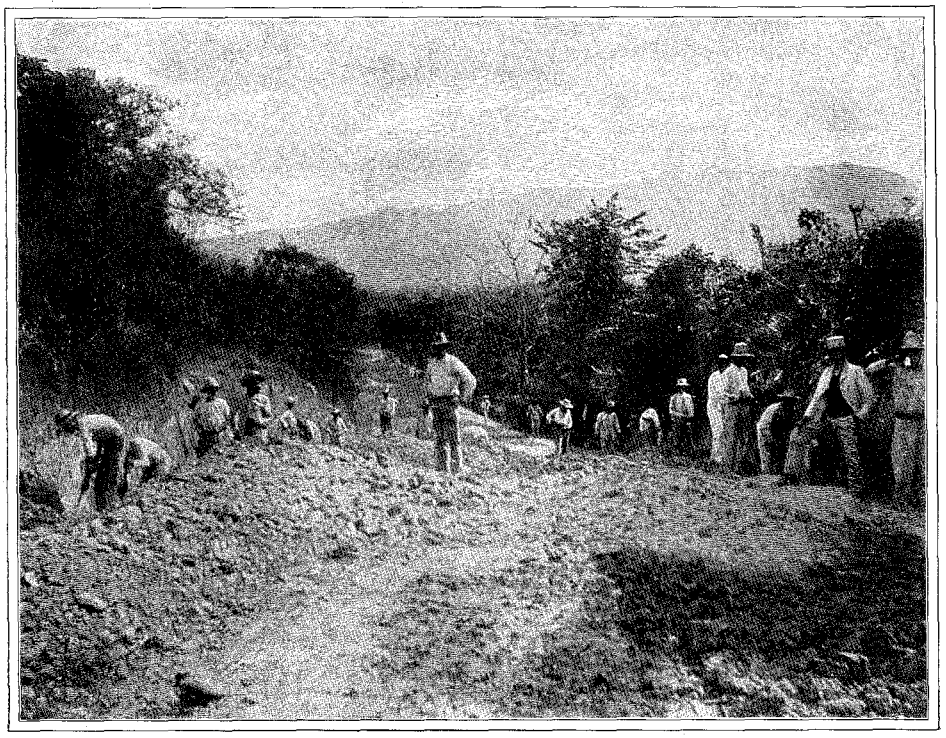


Rolling Down a New Macadam Street.



Rebuilding the Military Road Between Santiago and El Caney.

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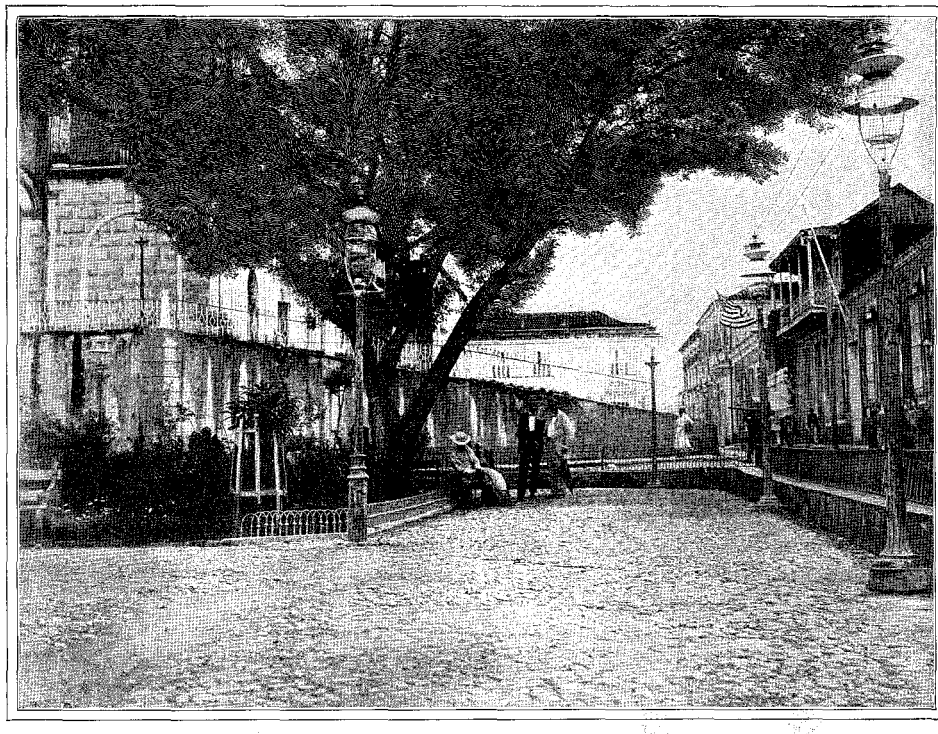
it is old, tumble-down, and in need of a vast amount of repair, but the work has been started and, what is more to the point, the people appreciate this fully and are interested in it. They have seen their city death-rate fall steadily as the season grew more unhealthy, and during the worst month, September, they saw it at a point below the normal for the month, despite the frightful hardships of the siege and its prostrating effects. American surgeons, or Cuban surgeons in the pay of our army, were placed in charge of the different hospitals, and rations and medicines, together with such other supplies as we could obtain, were furnished them. In a similar manner, all the towns occupied by American troops were brought under wholesome regulations as well as those in which there were no garrison, and at present, the situation is very favorable. Of course there is a great deal of destitution in the province, and the people are still very poor.

The Cuban army in this province has practically disbanded, and the soldiers are going to their homes, in most instances to rebuild them. Generally speaking, good order obtains everywhere, and my officers go about all over the province without any other escort than a couple of mounted Cuban police. They are always kindly received and treated with respect. We are still sending food into the interior, and also medicines. Roads are being built, and telephone and telegraph lines constructed.



Portion of the Plaza in Front of the Old Cathedral.

Military head-quarters in the building with the American flag.

In Santiago the streets are being paved, a modern water-system is under consideration, and large additions to the present water-supply have been made. The Barber Asphalt Company is starting in to lay sanitary pavements, and a dredging company is about to commence work on the harbor to carry out, into deep water, the dangerous refuse which lines the water-front and underlies the harbor and which, I believe, is the source of whatever yellow fever we may have in Santiago.

The courts have been thoroughly organized and are performing their duty efficiently and to the great satisfaction of the

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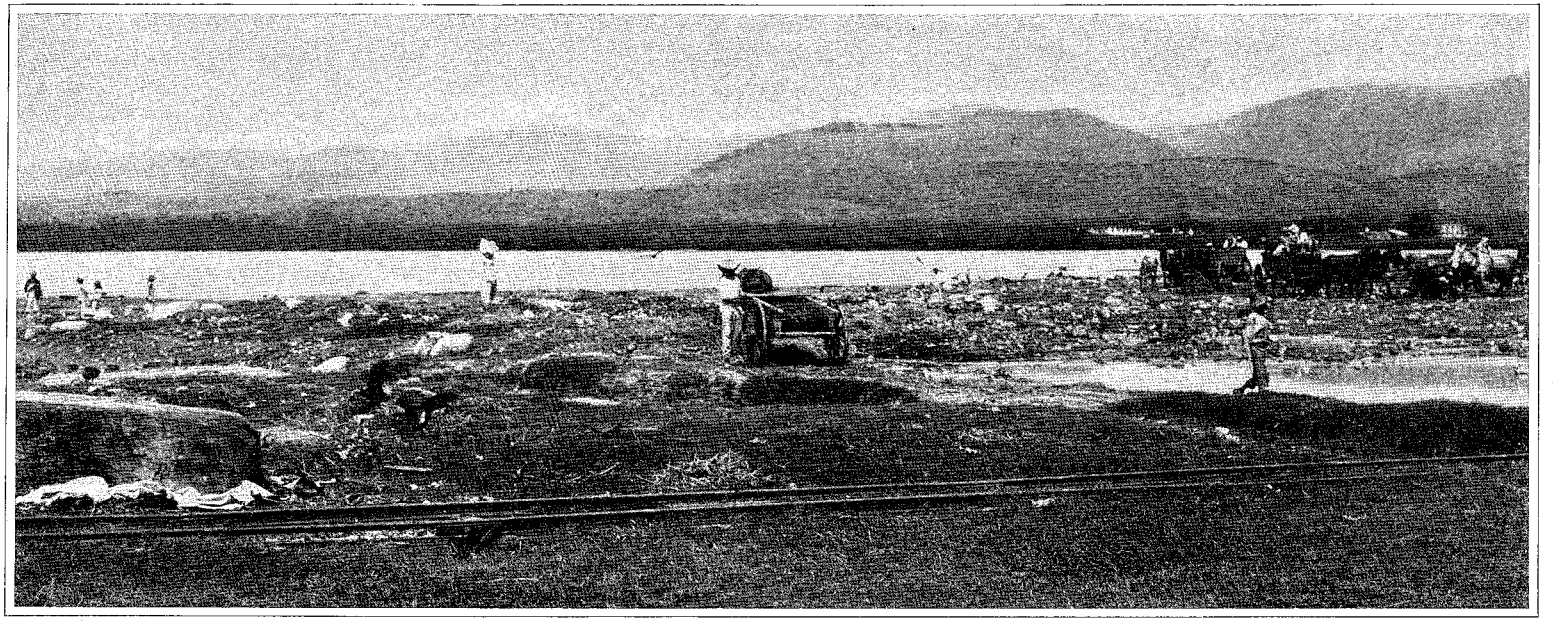

One of the Many Large Dumps About the City where Garbage is Burned.

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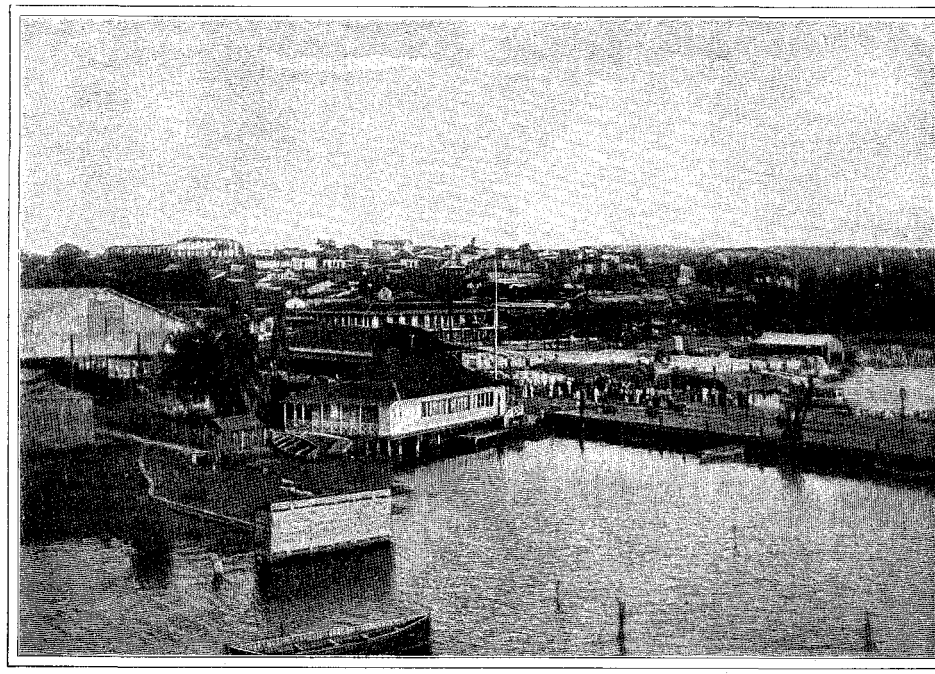

View of the Water-front, with Sewerage Flats in the Foreground.

people of the city and province. Important modifications in the rules of civil and criminal procedure have been recommended with a view to insuring more prompt and more certain administration of justice. These suggested modifications meet the cordial approval of the judges, of the local lawyers, and of the intelligent people of the province. No attempt has been made to effect any radical changes in the municipal law of the land, which continues to be administered by the new courts to the general satisfaction of the people. Many schools have been established in all towns with income enough to support them as well as many in the smaller and poorer towns which have received direct assistance from the public revenues. Some thirty kindergartens for children under seven years of age have just been established in the city. The people are especially desirous to have a normal school for boys established here, and one for girls, for the purpose of properly educating natives for the duties of teachers. A general scheme for public education has been formulated which will harmonize the instruction throughout the province.

Since October of last year the province has been practically self-supporting, and in addition to paying all the expenses for the improvements already mentioned it has been able to accumulate nearly a quarter of a million of dollars for sanitary work in the city and harbor. I find the Cubans willing to work, in fact anxious to do so, and ever since they have realized that they would all receive a regular salary for the work which they performed there have been many more workers than we have had work for.

The adaptability of our younger officers for this new work has been well exemplified by my aides, First Lieutenant E. C. Brooks, Sixth Cavalry, and Second Lieutenant Matthew E. Hanna, Second Cavalry, who have done most valuable work in all departments, and, what is best of all, have done it to the complete satisfaction of the people with whom they have come in contact. I have also been very fortunate in having with me Captains Mendoza and Mestre, Cuban gentlemen of broad intelligence.

As an example of some of the sanitary problems which have constantly confronted us in this province, I would cite the condition of the district of Holguin after

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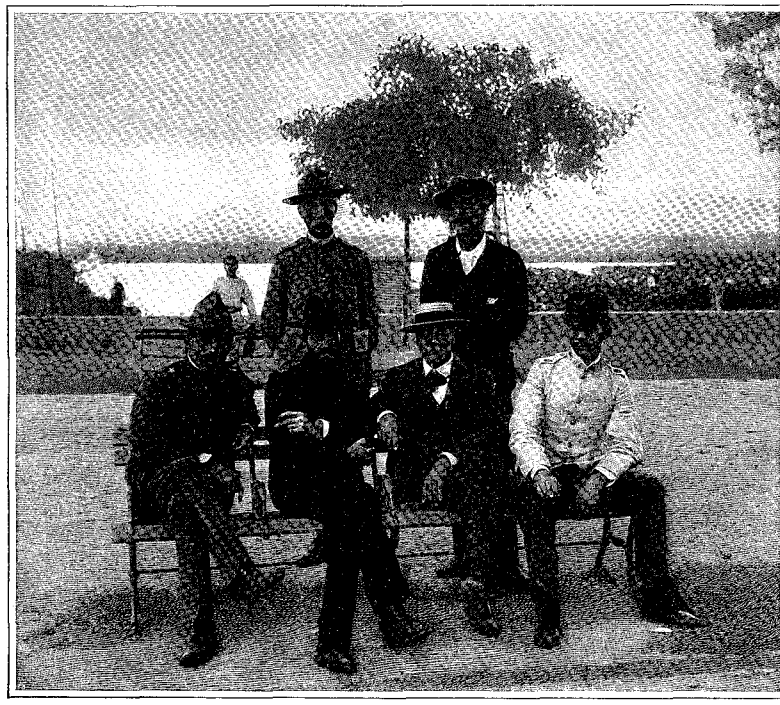
the evacuation by the Spaniards in November. Three thousand cases of the most horrible type of small-pox were left scattered through the city and the villages immediately adjacent. Thousands had died, and the streets were filled with filth, dead animals, and wrecked furniture. Refuse of all sorts had been thrown into the wells, and, in fact, the condition which confronted us in Holguin was one of the greatest difficulty, requiring immediate and most vigorous action. The district was put under the command of Colonel Duncan N. Hood, with instructions to establish a rigid military quarantine and to immediately isolate all cases, establishing the necessary hospitals to render such isolation possible. He had the assistance of a large corps of doctors and entire discretion as to the methods of procedure. His work has been wonderfully successful, and with the intelligent and energetic co-operation of Dr. Woodson of the army, assisted by many Cuban physicians, he was able to check the epidemic in less than a month. In two months the number of cases had been reduced to less than 1,200. All of the patients were in carefully isolated camps under medical supervision. The entire city of Holguin had to be cleaned and scraped from end to end. Thousands upon thousands of loads of infectious material had to be removed, house after house disinfected, and, in fact, the volume of work was simply enormous; but it was accomplished quickly and effectively, and to-day the people are once more going back to their homes and business is resuming its normal condition. This is only an instance of what has been done and of what must be done in other provinces, if we are to make Cuba what it may be made, a comparatively healthy and attractive country to live in.



General Wood and Other Officials at the Review of the Street Cleaning Department on the Alameda.

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A Monotype by Ernest Haskell.

TO CELESTINE IN BRAVE ARRAY

By E. S. Martin

SHIELDED and hid by such a panoply;
Garbed for defence; feathered to fortify
And add to stature;
Oh, but it seems a far, far cry
From thee to nature!

Bless thy capitulating eyes, whose ray
Out of this fort of raiment finds a way
To prove thee human,
By signals sure, that to my signal say,
This is a woman!

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THE SHIP OF STARS

By A. T. Quiller-Couch

(Q.)

VI

A COCK-FIGHT

A FOOTPATH led Taffy past the church, and out at length upon a high road, in face of two tall granite pillars with an iron gate between. The gate was surmounted with a big iron lantern, and the lantern with a crest—two snakes' heads intertwined. The gate was shut, but the fence had been broken down on either side, and the gap, through which Taffy passed, was scored with wheel-ruts. He followed these down an ill-kept road bordered with furze whins, tamarisks, and clumps of bannel broom. By and by he came to a ragged plantation of stone pines, backed by a hedge of rhododendrons, behind which the hounds were baying in their kennels. It put him in mind of the "Pilgrim's Progress." He heard the stable clock strike three, and caught a glimpse, over the shrubberies, of its cupola and gilt weathercock. And then a turn of the road brought him under the gloomy northern face of the house, with its broad carriage sweep and sunless portico. Half the windows on this side had been blocked up and painted black, with white streaks down and across to represent frame-work.

He pulled at an iron bell-chain which dangled by the great door. The bell clanged far within and a dozen dogs took up the note, yelping in full peal. He heard footsteps coming; the door was opened, and the dogs poured out upon him—spaniels, terriers, lurchers, greyhounds, and a big Gordon setter—barking at him, leaping against him, sniffing his calves. Taffy kept them at bay as best he could and waved his letter at a wall-eyed man in a dirty yellow waistcoat, who looked down from the door-step but did not offer to call them off.

"Any answer?" asked the wall-eyed man.

Taffy could not say. The man took the letter and went to inquire, leaving him alone with the dogs.

It seemed an age before he reappeared, having in the interval slipped a dirty livery coat over his yellow waistcoat. "The Squire says you're to come in." Taffy and the dogs poured together into a high, stone-flagged hall; then through a larger hall and a long dark corridor. The footman's coat, for want of a loop, had been hitched on a peg by its collar, and stuck out behind his neck in the most ludicrous manner; but he shuffled ahead so fast that Taffy, tripping and stumbling among the dogs, had barely time to observe this before a door was flung open, and he stood blinking in a large room full of sunlight.

"Hallo! Here's the parson's bantam!"

The room had four high, bare windows through which the afternoon sunshine streamed on the carpet. The carpet had a pattern of pink peonies on a delicate buff ground, and was shamefully dirty. And the apartment, with its white paint and gilding and Italian sketches in water-color and statuettes under glass, might have been a lady's drawing-room. But paint and gilding were tarnished; the chintz chair-covers soiled and torn; the pictures hung askew; and a smell of dog filled the air.

Squire Moyle sat huddled in a deep chair, beside the fire-place, facing the middle of the room, where a handsome, high-complexioned gentleman, somewhat past middle age, lounged on a settee and dangled a gold-mounted riding crop. A handsome boy knelt at the back of the settee and leaned over the handsome gentleman's shoulder. On the floor, between the two men, lay a canvas bag; and something moved inside it. At the end of the room, by the farthest window, Honoria

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knelt over a big portfolio. She wore the gray frock and pink sash which Taffy had seen in church that morning, and she tossed her dark hair back from her eyes as she looked up.

The Squire crumpled up the letter in his hand.

"Put the bag away," he said to the handsome gentleman. "'Tis Sunday, I tell 'ee, and Parson will be here in an hour. This is young six-foot I was telling about." He turned to Taffy.

"Boy, go and shake hands with Sir Harry Vyell."

Taffy did as he was told. "This is my son George," said Sir Harry; and Taffy shook hands with him, too, and liked his face.

"Put the bag away, Harry," said the Squire.

"Just to comfort 'ee, now!"

"I tell' ee I won't look at 'em."

Sir Harry untied the neck of the bag, and drew out a smaller one; untied this, and out strutted a gamecock.

The old Squire eyed it. "H'm, he don't seem flourishing."

"Don't abuse a bird that's come twelve miles in a bag, on purpose to cheer you up. He's a match for anything you can bring."

"Tuts, man, he's dull—no color nor condition. Get along with 'ee; I wouldn' ask a bird o' mine to break the Sabbath for a wastrel like that."

Sir Harry drew out a shagreen-covered case and opened it. Within, on a lining of pale blue velvet, lay two small sharp instruments of steel, very highly polished. He lifted one, felt its point, replaced it, set down the case on the carpet, and fell to toying with the ears of the Gordon setter, which had come sniffing out of curiosity.

"You're a very obstinate man," said Squire Moyle. After a long pause he added, "I suppose you're wanting odds?"

"Evens will do," said Sir Harry.

The old man turned and rang the bell.

"Tell Jem to fetch in the red cock," he shouted to the wall-eyed footman—who must have been waiting in the corridor, so promptly he appeared.

"And Jim won't be long about it either," whispered Honoria. She had come forward quietly, and stood at Taffy's elbow.

Sir Harry shook a finger at her and laid it on his lips. But the old Squire did not hear. He sat glum, pulling a whisker and keeping a sour eye on the bird, which was strutting about in rather foolish bewilderment at the pink peonies on the carpet.

"I'm giving you every chance," he grumbled at length.

"Oh, as for that," Sir Harry replied, equably, "have it out in the yard, if you please, on your own dunghill."

"No. Indoors is bad enough."

Jim appeared just then, and turned out to be Taffy's old enemy, the Whip, bearing the Squire's game-cock in a basket. He took it out; a very handsome bird, with a hackle in which gold purple and the richest browns shone and were blended.

Sir Harry had picked up his bird and was heeling it with the long steel spurs; a very delicate process, to judge by the time occupied and the pucker on his good-tempered brow.

"Ready?" he asked at length.

Jim, who had been heeling the Squire's bird, nodded, and the pair were set down. They ruffled and flew at each other without an instant's hesitation. The visitor, which five minutes before had been staring at the carpet so foolishly, was prompt enough now. For a moment they paused, beak to beak, eye to eye, furious, with necks outstretched and hackles stiff with the rage of battle. Then they began to rise and fall like two feathers tossing in the air, very quietly. But for the soft whir of wings there was no sound in the room. Taffy could scarcely believe they were fighting in earnest. For a moment they seemed to touch—to touch and no more, and for a moment only—but in that moment the stroke was given. The home champion fluttered down, stood on his legs for a moment, as if nothing had happened, then toppled over and lay twitching, as his conqueror strutted over him and lifted his throat to crow.

Squire Moyle rose, clutching the corner of his chair. His mouth opened and shut, but no words came. Sir Harry caught up his bird, whipped off his spurs, and thrust him back into the bag. The old man dropped back, letting his chin sink on his high stock-collar.

"It serves me right. Who shall deliver me from the wrath to come?"

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"Oh! as for that——" Sir Harry finished tying the neck of the bag, and lazily fell to fingering the setter's ear.

The old man was muttering to himself. Taffy looked at the dead bird, then at Honoria. She was gazing at it too, with untroubled eyes.

"But I *will* be saved! I tell you, Harry, I *will!* Take those birds away. Honoria, hand me my Bible. It's all here"—he tapped the heavy book—"miracles, redemption, justification by faith—I *will* have faith. I *will* believe, every d——d word of it!"

Sir Harry broke in with a peal of laughter. Taffy had never heard a laugh so musical.

The old man was adjusting his spectacles; but he took them off and laid them down, his hands shaking with rage.

"You came here to taunt me"—his voice shook as his hand—"me, an old man, with no son to my house. You think there's no fight left in us or in the parish. I tell you what; make that boy of yours strip and stand up, and I'll back the Parson's youngster for doubles or quits. Off with your coat, my son, and stand up to him!"

Taffy turned round in a daze. He did not understand. His eyes met Honoria's, and they were fastened on him curiously. He was white in the face; the sight of the murdered game-cock had sickened him.

"He doesn't look flourishing." Sir Harry mimicked the Squire's recent manner.

Taffy turned with the look of a hunted animal. He did not want to fight. He hated this house and its inhabitants. The other boy was stripping off his jacket with a good-humored smile.

"I—I don't want——" Taffy began fumbling with a button. "Please——"

"Off with your coat, boy! You were game enough t'other day. If you lick en, I'll put a new roof on your father's church."

Taffy was still fumbling with his jacket-button when a bell sounded, clanging through the house.

"The Parson!"

Squire Moyle clutched at his Bible like a child who has been caught playing in school. Sir Harry stepped to the window and flung up the sash. "Out you tumble, youngsters—you too, Miss, if you like. Pick up your coat, George—cut and run to the stables; I'll be round in a minute—quick, out you go!"

The children scrambled over the sill and dropped on to the stone terrace. As his father closed the sash behind him, George Vyell laughed out. Then Taffy began to laugh; he laughed all the way as they ran. When they reached the stables he was swaying with laughter. There was a hepping-stock by the stable-wall, and he flung himself on to the slate steps. He could not stop laughing. The two others stared at him. They thought he had gone mad.

"Here comes Dad!" cried George Vyell.

This sobered Taffy. He sat up and brushed his eyes. Sir Harry whistled for Jim, and told him to saddle the horses.

George and Honoria stood by the stable-door and watched the saddling. The horses were led out; Sir Harry's, a tall gray, George's, a roan cob.

"Look, here!" Sir Harry said to Jim; "you take my bird, and comfort your master with him. I don't want him any more."

The two rode out of the yard and away up the avenue. Honoria planted herself in front of Taffy.

"Would you have fought just now?" she asked.

"I—I don't know. That's my father calling."

"But, would you have fought?"

"I must go to him." He would not look her in the face.

"Tell me."

"Don't bother! I don't know."

He ran out of the yard.

VII

GEORGE

IT appeared that Honoria and Taffy were to do lessons together, and Mr. Raymond was to teach them. This had been the meaning of his visit to Tredinnis House. They began the very next day, in the library at Tredinnis—a deserted room

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carpeted with badgers' skins, and lined with undusted books—works on farriery, veterinary surgery, and sporting subjects, long rows of the *Annual Register*, the *Arminian Magazine*.

Taffy began by counting the badgers' skins. There were eighteen, and the moths had got into them, so that the draught under the door puffed little drifts of hair over the polished boards. Then he settled down to the first Latin declension—*Musa*, a muse; vocative, *Musa*, O muse!; genitive, *Musæ*, of a muse. Honoria began upon the A B C.

Mr. Raymond brought a pile of his own books, and worked at them, scribbling notes in the margin or on long slips of paper, while the children learnt. A servant came in with a message from Squire Moyle, and he left them for awhile.

"I call this nonsense," said Honoria. "How am I to get these silly letters into my head?"

Taffy was glad of the chance to show off. "Oh, that's easy. You make up a tale about them. See here. A is the end of a house; it's just like one with a beam across. B is a cat with his tail curled under him—watch me drawing it. C is an old woman, stooping; and D is another cat, only his back is more rounded. Once upon a time, there lived in a cottage an old woman who went about with two cats, one on each side of her—that's how you go on."

"But I can't go on. You must do it for me."

"Well, each of these cats had a comb, and was combed every Saturday night. One was a good cat, and kept his comb properly—like E, you see. But the other had broken a tooth out of his—that's F——"

"I expect he was a fulmart," said Honoria.

Taffy agreed. He didn't know what a fulmart was, but he was not going to confess it. So he went on hurriedly, and Honoria thought him a wonder. They came to W.

"So they got into a ship (I'll show you how to make one out of paper, exactly like W), and sailed up into the sky, for the ship was a Ship of Stars—you make X's for stars; but that's a witch-ship; so it stuck fast in Y, which is a cleft ash-stick, and then came a stroke of lightning, Z, and burnt them all up!" He stopped, out of breath.

"I don't understand the ending at all," said Honoria. "What is a Ship of Stars?"

"Haven't you ever seen one?"

"No."

"I have. There's a story about it——"

"Tell me about it?"

"I'll tell you lots of stories afterwards; about the Frog-king and Aladdin and Man Friday and The Girl who trod on a Loaf."

"And the Ship of Stars?"

"N—no." Taffy felt himself blushing. "That's one of the stories that won't come—and they're the loveliest of all," he added, in a burst of confidence.

Honoria thought for a moment, but did not understand in the least. All she said was, "What funny words you use!" She went back to her alphabet—A, house; B, cat. It came more easily now.

After lessons she made him tell her a story; and Taffy, who wished to be amusing, told her about the "Valiant Tailor who killed Seven at a Blow." To his disgust, it scarcely made her smile. But after this, she was always asking for stories, and always listened solemnly, with her dark eyes fixed on his face. She never seemed to admire him at all for his gift, but treated it with a kind of indulgent wonder, as if he were some queer animal with uncommon tricks. This dashed Taffy a bit, for he liked to be thought a fine fellow. But he went on telling his stories, and sometimes invented new ones for her. George Vyell was much more appreciative. Sir Harry had heard of the lessons, and wrote to beg that his son might join the class. So George rode over three times a week to learn Latin, which he did with uncommon slowness. But he thought Taffy's stories stunning, and admired him without a shade of envy. The two boys liked each other; and when they were alone Taffy stood an inch or two higher in self-conceit than when Honoria happened to be by. But he took more pains with his stories if she was listening. As for her lessons, Honoria got through them by honest plodding. She never quite saw the use of them, but she liked Mr. Raymond. She learnt more steadily than either of the boys.

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One day George rode over with two pairs of boxing-gloves dangling from his saddle. After lessons he and Taffy had a try with them, in a clearing behind the shrubberies where the gardener had heaped his sweepings of dry leaves to rot down for manure.

"But, look here," said George, after the first round; "you'll never learn if you hit so wild as that. You must keep your head up, and watch my eyes and feint."

Taffy couldn't help it. As soon as ever he struck out, he forgot that it was not real fighting. And he felt ashamed to look George straight in the face, for his own eyes were full of tears of excitement. At the end of the bout, when George said, "Now we must shake hands; it's the proper thing to do," he looked bewildered for a moment. It made George laugh in his easy way, and then Taffy laughed too.

After this they had a bout almost every day; and he was soon able to hold his own and treat it as sport. But somehow he always felt a passion behind it, whispering to him to put some nastiness into his blows, especially when Honoria came to look on. And yet he liked George far better than he liked Honoria. Indeed he adored George, and the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings when George appeared were the bright spots in his week. Lessons were over at twelve o'clock; by one o'clock Taffy had to be home for dinner. Loneliness filled the afternoons, but the child peopled them with extravagant fancies. He and George were crusaders sworn to defend the Holy Sepulchre, and bound by an oath of brotherhood, though George was a Red Cross Knight and he a plain squire; and after the most surprising adventures Taffy received the barbed and poisoned arrow intended for his master, and died most impressively, with George and Honoria, and Richard Cœur de Lion, and most of the characters from "Ivanhoe," sobbing round his bed. There was a Blondel variant too, with George imprisoned in a high tower; and a monstrous conglomerate tale in which most of the heroes of history and romance played second fiddle to George, whose pre-eminence, though occasionally challenged by Achilles, Sir Lancelot, or the Black Prince, was regularly vindicated by Taffy's timely help.

This tale, with endless variations, actually lasted him for two good years. The scene of it never lay among the towans, but round about his old home or the well-remembered meadow at Tewkesbury. That was his Plain of Troy, his Field of Cressy, his lists of Ashby de la Zouche. The high road at the back of the towans crossed a stream, by a ford and a foot-bridge; and the travelling postman, if he had any letters for the Parsonage, would stop by the foot-bridge and blow a horn. He little guessed what challenges it sounded to the small boy who came running for the post.

The postman came by, as a rule, at two o'clock, or thereabouts. One afternoon in early spring Mr. Raymond happened to be starting for a walk when the horn was blown, and he and Taffy went to meet the post together. There were three or four letters, which the Vicar opened; and one for Humility, which he put in his pocket. In the midst of his reading, he looked up, smiled over his spectacles, and said:

"Oxford has won the boat-race."

Taffy had been deep in the Fifth Æneid for some weeks, and boat-racing ran much in his mind.

"Who is Oxford?" he asked.

Mr. Raymond took off his spectacles and wiped them. It came on him suddenly that his child, whom he loved, was shut out from many of his dearest thoughts.

"Oxford is a place," he answered; and added, "the most beautiful place in the world."

"Shall I ever go there?" Taffy asked.

Mr. Raymond walked off without seeming to hear the question. But that evening after supper he told the most wonderful tales of Oxford while Taffy listened and hoped his mother would forget his bed-time; and Humility listened too, bending over her *guipure*. The love with which he looked back to Oxford was the second passion of Samuel Raymond's life; and Humility was proud of it, not jealous at all. He forgot all the struggle, all the slights, all the grip of poverty. To him those years had become an heroic age, and men Homeric men. And so he made them appear to Taffy, to whom it was wonderful that his father should have moved among such giants.

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"And shall I go there too?"

Humility glanced up quickly, and met her husband's eyes.

"Some day, please God!" she said. Mr. Raymond stared at the embers of wreck-wood on the hearth.

From that night Oxford became the main scene of Taffy's imaginings; a wholly fictitious Oxford, pieced together of odds and ends from picture-books, and peopled with all the old heroes. And so, with contests on the models of the Fifth Æneid, the story went forward gallantly for many months.

But the afternoons were long; and at times the interminable sand-hills and everlasting roar of the sea oppressed the child with a sense of loneliness beyond words. The rabbits and gulls would not make friends with him, and he ached for companionship. Of that ache was born his half-crazy adoration of George Vyell. There were hours when he lay in some nook of the towans, peering into the ground, seeing pictures in the sand—pictures of men and regiments and battles, shifting with the restless drift; until, unable to bear it, he flung out his hands to efface them, and hid his face in the sand, sobbing, "George! George!"

At night he would creep out of bed to watch the light-house winking away in the northeast. George lived somewhere beyond. And again it would be "George! George!"

And when the happy mornings came, and George with them, Taffy was as shy as a lover. So George never guessed. It might have surprised that very careless young gentleman, when he looked up from his verbs which govern the dative, and caught Taffy's eye, could he have seen himself in his halo there.

VIII

THE SQUIRE'S SOUL

TWO years passed, and a third winter. The church was now well on its way to restoration. The roof had been repaired, the defective timbers removed and sound ones inserted, the south wall strengthened with three buttresses, the foundations on that side examined and shored up. The old Squire did not halt here. Furniture arrived for the interior; a handsome altar cloth, a small gilt cross, a dozen hanging lamps, an oaken lectern, cushions, hymn-books, a big new Bible with purple book-markers. He promised to take out the east window—which was just a patch-work of common glass, like a cucumber frame—and replace it with sound mullions and stained glass, in memory of his only daughter, Honoria's mother. She had run away from Tredinnis House, and married a penniless captain; and Honoria's surname was Callastair, though nobody uttered it in the old man's hearing. Husband and wife had died in India, of cholera, within three years of their marriage; and the old man had sent for the child. Having relented so far, he went on to do it thoroughly, in his own fashion. He neglected Honoria; but she might have anything she wanted for the asking. It seemed, though, that she wanted very little.

He allowed Mr. Raymond to choose the design for this window. He only stipulated that the subject should be Jonah and the whale. "There's no story 'll compare with it for trying a man's faith."

When the window came and was erected he complained that it left out most of the whale, of which the jaws and one wicked little red eye were all that appeared. "It looks half-hearted. Why didn't they swim en all in? 'Tis neck or nothin' wi' that story; but they've made it neck *and* nothin'. An' after coloring en violet too!"

In return the Vicar had hunted up some county histories and heraldic works in the library at Tredinnis, and was now busy re-emblazoning with his own hand the devices carved on the Moyle pew.

Little by little, too, the congregation had grown. The people came shyly at first. They mistrusted the Established Church. But they treated the Vicar with politeness when he visited them. And seeing him so awkward, and how with all his book-learning he listened to their opinions and blushed when he offered any small service, they grew to like him, being shy themselves. They pitied him too, knowing the old Squire better than he did. So from Sunday to Sunday Taffy, pulling at his rope in the belfry, counted the new-

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comers, and Humility talked about them on the way home and at dinner. They were fisher folk for the most part; the men in blue guernseys and corduroy trousers, and some with curled black beards and rings in their ears; the women, in gayer colors than you see in an up-country church; a southern-seeming race, with southern-sounding names——Santo, Jose, Hugo, Bennet, Cara. They belonged—so Mr. Raymond often told himself—to the class from which Christ called His Apostles. Sometimes, scanning an olive-colored face, he would be minded of the Sea of Gennesareth; and, a minute later, the sight of the gray coast-line with its whirled spray would chill the fancy.

The congregation always lingered outside the porch after service; and then one would say to another: "Wall, there's more in the man than you'd think. See you up to meetin' this evenin', I s'pose? So long!"

But having come once, they came again. And the family at the Parsonage were full of hope, though Taffy longed sometimes for a play-fellow, and sometimes for he knew not what, and Humility bent over her lace-pillow and thought of green lanes and of Beer Village and women at work by sunshiny doorways; and wondered if their faces had changed.

> O, that I were where I would be!
> Then would I be where I am not;
> But where I am, there I must be,
> And where I would be, I cannot.

She never told a soul of her home thoughts. Her husband never guessed them. But Taffy (without knowing why), whenever this verse from his old play-book came into his head, connected it with his mother.

But the old Squire was getting impatient. He took quite a feudal view of the saving of his soul, and would have dragged the whole parish to church by main force, had it been possible.

Late one afternoon, Taffy was lying in one of his favorite nooks in the lee of the towans, when he heard voices and looked. And there sat the old gentleman looking down on him from horseback, with Bill Udy at his side. The Squire was in hunting dress.

"What be doin' down there?" he asked. "Praying?"

"No, sir."

"I wish you would. I wish you'd pray for me. I've heerd that a child'll do good sometimes when grown folk can't. I doubt your father isn't goin' to do the good I looked for from en. He don't believe in sudden conversion. Here, Bill, take the mare and lead her home."

He dismounted, and seated himself with a groan on the edge of the sand-pit.

"Look here; I've got convictions of sin, but I can't get no forrader. What's to be done?"

"I don't know, sir," Taffy stammered, with his eyes on the Squire's spurs.

"You can pray for me, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, do it. Do it to-night. I've got convictions, boy; but my heart's like a stone. I've had a wisht day of it. If the weather holds back, we'll kill a May fox this year. But where's the comfort? All the time to-day 'twas '*Lippety-lop, no peace for the wicked! Lippety-lop, no peace for the wicked!*' I couldn't stand it; I came away. You'll do it, won't 'ee?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is your father at home? I'll call an' speak to en. He does me good; but he can't melt what I carry here."

He tapped his breast and, rising, without another word, strode off across the sand-hills, with his head down and hands clasped beneath his coat-tails, which flapped in the wind as he went.

Taffy ran and overtook Bill Udy and the mare.

"He's in a wisht poor state, id'n a'?" said Bill Udy, who was parish clerk. "Bless 'ee, tidn' no manner of use. His father before en was took in just the same way. Turned religious late in life. What d''ee think he did? Got his men together one Sunday mornin', marched em up to meetin' house, up to Four Turnin's; slipped his ridin' crop through the haps o' the door, an' "Now, my Billies," says he, through the key-hole, 'Not a man or woman of 'ee leaves the place till you've said that Amazin' Creed. Come along,' he says, '"*Whosoever will be saved*," an' the sooner 'tis over, the sooner you gets home to dinner.' A fine talk there was! Squire, he's just such another. Funny

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things he've a-done. Married a poor soul from Roseland way—a Miss Trevanion—quite a bettermost lady. When Miss Susannah was born—that's Miss Honoria's mother—she went to be churched. What must he do, to show he's annoyance that 'twasn't a boy, but drive a she-ass into church? Very stiff behavior. He drove the beast right fore an' into the big pew. The Moyles, you see, 've got a mule for their shield of arms. He've had his own way too much; that's of it.

"One day he dropped into church just before sarmon-time. There was a rabbit squattin' outside 'pon his father's tomb-stone. Squire crep' up an' clapped his Sunday hat 'pon top of en. Took en into church. One o' the curate chaps was preachin'—a timorous little fellah. By 'n' by Squire slips out his rabbit. 'Wirroo, boys! Coorse en, coorse en—we'll have en for dinner!' Aw, a pretty dido! The curate fellah ran out to door an' the rabbit after en. Folks did say the rabbit was the old Squire's soul, an' that he'd turned black inside the young Squire's hat. Very stiff behavior.

"He've had his own way too much; that's what it is. When he was pricked for sheriff, he hired a ramshackle po'shay, painted a mule 'pon the panel, an' stuffed the footmen's stockings with bran till it looked a case of dropsy. He was annoyed at bein' put to the expense. The judge lost his temper at bein' met in such a way, an' pitched into en in open court, specially about the mule. He didn' know 'twas the Squire's shield of arms. Squire stood it for some time; but at last he ups an' says, 'If you was an old woman of *mine*, I'd dress 'ee different; an' if you was an old woman of mine an' kep scolding like that, I'd have 'ee in the duckin'-stool for your sauce!' He almost went to gaol for that. But they put it on the ground the judge had insulted his shield-of-arms, an' so he got off.

"Well, wish—'ee—well! Don't you trouble about *he*. He've had his own way too much, but he won't get it this time."

That night Taffy dreamed that he met Squire Moyle walking along the shore, but the sand clogged him, and his spurs sank in it and his riding-boots. When he was ankle deep he began to call out, "Pray for me!" Then Taffy saw a black rabbit running on the firm sand to the breakers; and the Squire cried "Pray for me! I must catch en! 'Tis my father's soul running off!" and put his hand into his breast and drew out a stone and flung it. But the stone, as soon as it touched the sand, turned into another rabbit, and the pair ran off together along the shore. The old man tried to follow, but the sand held him; and the tide was rising.

IX

ENTER THE KING'S POSTMAN

A FAINT south wind murmured beneath the eaves. It died away, and for an hour there was peace on the towans. Then the sands began to trickle again, and the rushes to whisper and bend away from the sea, toward the high moors over which the gulls had flown yesterday and disappeared. By and by a spit or two of rain came flying out of the black north-west. The drops fell in the path of the sand, but the sand drove over and covered them, racing faster and faster.

Day rose, and Taffy awoke. The house walls were shaking. With each blow the wind ran up a scale of notes and ended with a howl. He looked out. Sea and sky had melted into one; only now and then the white surf line heaved into sight, and melted back into gray. After breakfast he and his father started to battle their way to Tredinnis House, while Humility barricaded the door behind them. Taffy wore a suit of oilers, of which he was mightily proud.

They made their way under the lee of the towans to escape the stinging sand. Within Tredinnis Gates they found a couple of pine-trees blown down across the road, and scrambled over their trunks. Before lessons, Taffy boasted a lot of his journey, to Honoria, and almost forgot to be sorry that George did not appear, though it was Wednesday.

They had no trouble in reaching home. The gale hurled them along. Taffy, leaning his back against it, could scarcely feel his feet touching ground. Humility unfastened the door, looking white and

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anxious. Before they could close it again, the wind swept a big dish off the dresser with a crash.

Taffy slept soundly that night. He did not hear a knocking which sounded on the house-door, soon after eleven o'clock. The man who knocked came from Tresedder, one of the moor-farms. "Oh, sir! did 'ee see the rockets go up over Innis? There'll be dead men down 'pon the Island rocks."

Taffy slept on. When he came downstairs, next morning, there was a stranger in the kitchen—a little old man, huddled in a blanket before the great fire-place, where a line of clothes hung drying. Humility was stooping to wedge a sandbag under the door. She looked up at Taffy with a wan little smile.

"There has been a wreck," she said.

"Glory be!" exclaimed the stranger from the fireplace.

Taffy glanced at him, but could see little more than the back of a bald head above the blankets.

"Where's the ship?" he asked.

"Gone," answered the Vicar, coming at that moment from the inner room where his books were. "She must have broken up in less than ten minutes after she struck the Island—parted and gone down in six fathoms of water."

"And the men? Was father there?" It bewildered Taffy that all this should have happened while he was sleeping.

"There was no time to fix the rocket apparatus. She was late in making her distress signals. But I doubt if anything could have been done. She went down too quickly."

"But——" Taffy's gaze wandered to the bald head.

"He was washed clean over the ridge where she struck, and swept into Innis Pool—one big wave carried him into safety—one man out of six."

"Hallelujah!" cried the rescued man facing round in his chair. "Might ha' been scat like an eggshell, and here I be shoutin' praises!" Taffy saw that he was a clean-shaven little fellow, with puckered cheeks and two wisps of gray hair curling forward from his ears.

Mr. Raymond frowned. "I am sure," said he, "you ought not to be talking so much."

"I will sing and give praise, sir, beggin' your pardon, with the best member that I have. Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not? Hallelujah! A-men!"

He took his basin of bread and milk from Humility's hand, and ate by the fire. She had wrung his clothes through fresh water, and as soon as they were thoroughly dry he retired upstairs to change. He came back to his seat by the fire.

"Now, I be like 'Possel Paul," he said, rubbing his hands, and stretching them out to the blaze. "After his shipwreck, you know, when the folks 'pon the island showed en kindness. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

> Not fearing nor doubting,
> With Christ by my side,
> I hopes to die shouting,
> The Lord will provide."

Humility thought that for certain the shipwreck had turned his head.

"But where do you come from?" she asked.

"They call me Jacky Pascoe, ma'am; but I calls myself the King's Postman—

> Jacky Pascoe is my name,
> Wendron is my nation,
> Nowhere is my dwelling place,
> For Christ is my salvation.—

"I was brought to a miner, over to Wheal Jewel, in Illogan Parish; but got conversion fifteen years since, an' now I go about praising the Name. I've been miner, cafender, cooper, mason, seaman, scissor-grinder, umbrella-mender, hollibubber, all by turns. I sticks my hands in my pockets, an' waits on the Lord; an' what He tells me to do, I do. This day week I was up to Fowey, working on the tip.* There was a little schooner there, the Garibaldi, of Newport, discharging coal. The Lord said to me, 'Arise, go in that there schooner!' I sought out the skipper, and said, 'Where be bound for next? Back to Newport,' says he. 'That'll suit me,' I says, an' persuaded en to take me. But the Lord knew where she were bound, better'n the skipper; and here I be!"

It seemed to his hearers that this man

* Loading vessels from the jetties.

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took little thought of his drowned shipmates. Mr. Raymond looked up as he strapped his books together.

"You weren't the only man in that schooner," he said, rather severely.

"Glory be! Who be I, to question the Lord's ways? One day I picked up a map an' seed a place on it called 'Little Sins.' 'Little Sins wants great Deliverance,' says I, an' I started clane off an' walked to the place, though I'd never so much as heard of it till then. 'Twas harvest-time there, an' I danced into the field, shouting 'Glory, glory! The harvest is plenty, but the laborers be few!' The farmer was moved to give me a job 'pon the spot. I bided there two year, an' built them a chapel an' preached the Word in it. They offered me money to stop an' preach; and I laid it before the Lord. But He said, 'You're the King's Postman. Keep moving, keep on moving! I've built two more chapels since then.'"

Late that afternoon, three bodies were recovered from the sea—the captain, the mate, and a boy of about sixteen; and were buried in the church-yard next day, as soon as the inquest was over. Pascoe followed the coffins, and pointed the service at the grave-side with interjaculations of his own. "Glory be!" "A-men!" "Hallelujah!" "Great Redemption!" To the Vicar's surprise, the small crowd, after a minute, began to follow the man's lead, until at length he could scarcely read for these interruptions.

At supper that night Pascoe sprang a question on the Vicar.

"Be you convarted?" he asked, looking up, with his mouth full of bread and cheese.

"I hope so."

"Aw, you *hopes!* 'Tis a bad case with 'ee, then. When a man's convarted, he *knows*. Seemin' to me, you baint. You don't show enough of the bright side. Now, as I go along, my very toes keep ticking salvation. Down goes one foot, 'Glory be!' Down goes the other, 'A-men,' Aw! I must dance for joy!"

He got up and danced around the kitchen.

"I wish the man would go," Humility thought to herself.

His very next words answered her wish.

"I'll be leavin' to-morrow, friends. I've got a room down to the village, an' I've borreyed a razor. I'm goin' to tramp round the mines at the back here, an' shave the miners at a ha'penny a chin. That'll pay my way. There's a new preacher planned to the Bible Christians, down to Innis, an' I'm goin' to help 'he. My dears, don't 'ee tell me the Lord didn' know what He was about when He cast the Garibaldi ashore!"

He left the Parsonage next day. "Ma'am," he said to Humility, on leaving, "I salute this here house. Peace be on this here house, for it is worthy. He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward."

Two mornings later, Taffy, looking out from his bed-room window soon after daybreak, saw the prophet trudging along the road. He had a clean white bag slung across his shoulder; it carried his soap and razors, no doubt. And every now and then he waved his walking-stick and skipped as he went.

X

A HAPPY DAY

A VOLLEY of sand darkened and shook the pane. Taffy, sponging himself in his tub and singing between his gasps, looked up hastily, then flung a big towel about him and ran to the window.

Honoria was standing below, and Comedy, her gray pony, with a creel and a couple of fishing-rods strapped to his canvas girth.

"Wake up! I've come to take you fishing."

Mr. Raymond had started off at daybreak to walk to Truro on business; so there would be no lessons that morning, and Taffy had been looking forward to a lonely whole holiday.

"I've brought two pasties," said Honoria, "and a bottle of milk. We'll go over to George's country and catch trout. He is to meet us at Vellingey Bridge. We arranged it all yesterday, only I kept it for a surprise."

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Taffy could have leapt for joy. "Go in and speak to mother," he said, "she's in the kitchen."

Honoria hitched Comedy's bridle over the gate, walked up the barren little garden, and knocked at the door. When Mrs. Raymond opened it she held out a hand politely.

"How do you do?" she said, "I have come to ask if Taffy may go fishing with me."

Except in church, and outside the porch for a formal word or two, Humility and Honoria had never met. This was Honoria's first visit to the parsonage, and the sight of the clean kitchen and shining pots and pans filled her with wonder. Humility shook hands and made a silent note of the child's frock, which was torn and wanted brushing.

"He may go, and thank you. It's lonely for him here, very often."

"I suppose," said Honoria, gravely, "I ought to have called before. I wish——" She was about to say that she wished Humility would come to Tredinnis House. But her eyes wandered to the orderly dresser and the scalding-pans by the fireplace.

"I mean—if Taffy had a sister it would be different."

Humility bent to lift a kettle off the fire. When she faced round again, her eyes were smiling, though her lip trembled a little.

"How bright you keep everything here!" said Honoria.

"There's a plenty of sand to scour with; it's bad for the garden though."

"Don't you grow any flowers?"

"I planted a few pansies the first year; they came from my home up in Devonshire. But the sand covered them. It covers everything." She smiled, and asked suddenly, "May I kiss you?"

"Of course you may," said Honoria. But she blushed as Humility did it, and they both laughed shyly.

"Hullo!" cried Taffy from the foot of the stairs. Honoria moved to the window. She heard the boy and his mother laughing and making pretence to quarrel, while he chose the brownest of the hot cakes from the wood-ashes. She stared out upon Humility's buried pansies. It was strange—a minute back she had felt quite happy.

Humility set them off and watched them till they disappeared in the first dip of the towans; and then sat down in the empty kitchen and wept a little before carrying up her mother's breakfast.

Honoria rode in silence for the first mile; but Taffy sang and whistled by turns as he skipped alongside. The whole world flashed and glittered around the boy and girl; the white gulls fishing, the swallows chasing one another across the dunes, the lighthouse on the distant spit, the whitewashed mine-chimneys on the ridge beside the shore. Away on the rises of the moor one hill-farm laughed to another in a steady flame of furze blossom—laughed with a tinkle of singing larks. And beyond the last rise lay the land of wonders, George's country. "Hark!" Honoria reined up. "Isn't that the cuckoo?" Taffy listened. Yes, somewhere among the hillocks seaward its note was dinning.

"Count!"

> Cuckoo, cherry-tree,
> Be a good bird and tell to me
> How many years before I die?

"Ninety-six!" Taffy announced.

"Ninety-two," said Honoria, "but we won't quarrel about it. Happy month to you!"

"Eh?"

"It is the first of May. Come along; perhaps we shall meet the Mayers, though we're too late, I expect. Hullo! there's a miner—let's ask him."

The miner came upon them suddenly—footsteps make no sound among the towans; a young man in a suit stained orange-tawny, with a tallow candle stuck with a lump of clay in the brim of his hat, and a striped tulip stuck in another lump of clay at the back and nodding.

"Good-morning, miss. You've come a day behind the fair."

"Is the Maying over?" Honoria asked.

"Iss, fay. I've just been home to shift myself."

He walked along with them and told them all about it in the friendliest manner. It had been a grand Maying—all the boys and girls in the parish—with the hal-an-tow, of course—such dancing! Fine

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and tired some of the maids must be—he wouldn't give much for the work they'd do to-day. Two May mornings in one year would make a grass-captain mad, as the saying was. But there—'twas a poor spirit that never rejoiced.

"Which do you belong to?" Taffy nodded toward the mine-chimneys on the sky-line high on their left, which hid the sea, though it lay less than half a mile away and the roar of it was in their ears—just such a roar as the train makes when rushing through a tunnel.

"Bless you, I'm a tinner. I belong to Wheal Gooniver, up the valley. Wheal Vlo there, 'pon the cliff, he's lead. And the next to him, Wheal Penhale, he's iron. I came a bit out of my way with you for company."

Soon after parting from him they crossed the valley-stream (Taffy had to wade it), and here they happened on a dozen tall girls at work "spalling" the tin-ore, but not busy. The most of them leaned on their hammers, or stood with hands on hips, their laughter drowning the *thud*, *thud*, of the engine-house and the rattle of the stamps up the valley. And the cause of it all seemed to be a smaller girl who stood by with a basket in her arms.

"Here you be, Lizzie!" cried one. "Here's a young lady and gentleman coming with money in their pockets."

Lizzie turned. She was a child of fourteen, perhaps; brown skinned, with shy, wild eyes. Her stockings were torn, her ragged clothes decorated with limp bunches of bluebells, and her neck and wrists with twisted daisy chains. She skipped up to Honoria and held out a basket. Within it, in a bed of fern, lay a May-doll among a few birds' eggs—a poor wooden thing in a single garment of pink calico.

"Give me something for my doll, miss!" she begged.

"Aw, that's too tame," one of the girls called out, and pitched her voice to the true beggar's whine: "Spare a copper! My only child, dear kind lady, and its only father broke his tender neck in a blastin' accident, and left me twelve to maintain!"

All the girls began laughing again. Honoria did not laugh. She was feeling in her pocket.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Lizzie Pezzack. My father tends the light-house. Give me something for my doll, miss!"

Honoria held out a half-crown piece. "Hand it to me."

The child did not understand. "Give me something—" she began again in her dull, level voice.

Honoria stamped her foot. "Give it to me!" She snatched up the doll and thrust it into the fishing creel, tossed the coin into Lizzie's basket, and, taking Comedy by the bridle, moved up the path.

"She've adopted en!" They laughed and called out to Lizzie that she was in luck's way. But Taffy saw the child's face as she stared into the empty basket, and that it was perplexed and forlorn.

"Why did you do that?" he asked, as he caught up with Honoria. She did not answer.

And now they turned away from the sea, and struck a high road which took them between up-land farms and across the ridge of cultivated land to a valley full of trees. A narrow path led inland up this valley. They followed it under pale-green shadows, in Indian file, the pony at Honoria's heels, and Taffy behind, and stepped out into sunlight again upon a heathery moor, where a trout stream chattered and sparkled. And there by a granite bridge they found George fishing, with three small trout shining on the turf beside him.

This was a day which Taffy remembered all his life, and yet most confusedly. Indeed there was little to remember it by—little to be told—except that all the while the stream talked, the larks sang, and in the hollow of the hills three children were happy. George landed half a dozen trout before lunch-time; but Taffy caught none, partly because he knew nothing about fishing, partly because the chatter of the stream set him telling tales to himself, and he forgot the rod in his hand. And Honoria, after hooking a tiny fish and throwing it back into the water, wandered off in search of larks' nests. She came slowly back when George blew a whistle announcing lunch.

"Hullo! What's this?" he asked, as he dived a hand into her creel. "Ugh!

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a doll! I say, Taffy, let's float her down the river. What humbug, Honoria!"

But she had snatched the doll and crammed it back roughly into the creel. A minute later, when they were not looking, she lifted the lid again and disposed the poor thing more gently.

"Why don't you talk, one of you?" George demanded, with his mouth full.

Taffy shook himself out of his waking dream—"I was wondering where it goes to," he said, and nodded toward the running water.

"It goes down to Langona," said George, "and that's just a creek full of sand, with a church right above it in a big grass meadow—the queerest small church you ever saw. But I've heard my father tell that hundreds of years back a big city stood there, with seven fine churches, and quays, and deep water alongside and above, so that ships could sail right up to the ford. They came from all parts of the world for tin and lead, and the people down in the city had nothing to do but sit still and grow rich."

"Somebody must have worked," interrupted Honoria; "on the buildings and all that."

"The building was done by convicts. The story is that convicts were transported here from all over the kingdom."

"Did they live in the city?"

"No; they had a kind of camp across the creek. They dug out the harbor too, and kept it clear of sand. You can still see the marks of their pick-axes along the cliffs; I'll show them to you, some day. My father knows all about it, because his great-great-great-great-grandfather (and a heap more 'greats,' I don't know how many) was the only one saved when the city was buried."

"Was he from the city, or one of the convicts?" asked Honoria, who had not forgiven George's assault upon her doll.

"He was a baby at the time, and couldn't remember," George answered, with composure. "They say he was found high up the creek, just where you cross it by the foot-bridge. The bridge is covered at high water; and if you try to cross below, especially when the tide is flowing, just you look out! Twice a day the sands become quick there. They've swallowed scores. I'll tell you another thing; there's a bird builds somewhere in the cliffs there—a crake, the people call it—and they say that whenever he goes crying about the sands, it means that a man will be drowned there."

"Rubbish! I don't believe in your city."

"Very well, then, I'll tell you something else. The fishermen have seen it—five or six of them. You know the kind of haze that gets up sometimes on hot days, when the sun's drawing water? They say that if you're a mile or two out and this happens between you and Langona Creek, you can see the city quite plain above the shore, with the seven churches and all.

"*I* can see it!" Taffy blurted this out almost without knowing that he spoke; and blushed furiously when George laughed. "I mean—I'm sure——" he began to explain.

"If you can see it," said Honoria, "you had better describe George's property for him." She yawned. "He can't tell the story himself—not one little bit."

"Right you are, miss," George agreed. "Fire ahead, Taffy!"

Taffy thought for a minute, and then, still with a red face, began. "It is all true, as George says. A fine city lies there, covered with the sands; and this was what happened. The King of Langona had a son, a handsome young Prince, who lived at home until he was eighteen, and then went on his travels. That was the custom, you know. The Prince took only his foster-brother, whose name was John, and they travelled for three years. On their way back, as they came to Langona Creek, they saw the convicts at work, and in one of the fields was a girl digging alone. She had a ring round her ankle, like the rest, with a chain and iron weight, but she was the most beautiful girl the Prince had ever seen. So he pulled up his horse and asked her who she was and how she came to be wearing the chain. She told him she was no convict, but the daughter of a convict, and it was the law for the convict's children to wear these things. "To-night," said the Prince, "you shall wear a ring of gold and be a Princess," and he commanded John to file away the ring and take her upon his horse. They rode across the creek and came to the palace; and the Prince, after kissing his father and

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mother, said, "I have brought you all kinds of presents from abroad; but best of all I have brought home a bride." His parents, who wondered at her beauty and never doubted but that she must be a King's daughter, were full of joy and set the bells ringing in all the seven churches. So for a year everybody was happy, and at the end of time a son was born."

"You're making it up," said Honoria. Taffy's *own* stories always puzzled her, with hints and echoes from other stories she half-remembered, but could seldom trace home. He had too cunning a gift.

George said, "Do be quiet! Of course he's making it up, but who wants to know *that?*"

"Two days afterward," Taffy went on, "the Prince was out hunting with his foster-brother. The Princess in her bed at home complained to her mother-in-law, 'Mother, my feet are cold. Bring me another rug to wrap them in.' The Queen did so, but as she covered the Princess's feet she saw the red mark left by the ankle ring, and knew that her son's wife was no true Princess, but a convict's daughter. And full of rage and shame she went away and mixed two cups. The first she gave to the Princess to drink; and when it had killed her (for it was poison) she dipped a finger into the dregs and rubbed it inside the child's lips, and very soon he was dead too. Then she sent for two ankle-chains and weights—one larger and one very small—and fitted them on the two bodies and had them flung into the creek. When the Prince came home he asked after his wife. 'She is sleeping,' said the Queen, 'and you must be thirsty with hunting?' She held out the second cup and the Prince drank and passed it to John, who drank also. Now in this cup was a drug which took away all memory. And at once the Prince forgot all about his wife and child; and John forgot too.

"For weeks after this the Prince complained that he felt unwell. He told the doctors that there was an empty place in his head, and they advised him to fill it by travelling. So he set out again, and John went with him as before. On their journey they stayed for a week with the King of Spain, and there the Prince fell in love with the King of Spain's daughter, and married her and brought her home at the end of a year, during which she too had brought him a son.

"The night after their return, when the Prince and his second wife slept, John kept watch outside the door. About midnight he heard the noise of a chair dragging, but very softly, and up the stairs came a lady in white with a child in her arms. John knew his former mistress at once, and all his memory came back to him, but she put a finger to her lips and went past him into the bed-chamber. She went to the bed, laid a hand on her husband's pillow, and whispered:

> Wife and babe below the river;
> Twice will I come and then come never.

Without another word she turned and went slowly past John and down the stairs."

"I know *that*, anyhow," Honoria interrupted. "That's 'East of the Sun and West of the Moon,' or else it's the Princess whose brother was changed into a Roebuck, or else——" But George flicked a pebble at her, and Taffy went on, warming more and more to the story.

"In the morning, when the Prince woke, his second wife saw his pillow on the side farthest from her, and it was wet. 'Husband,' she said, 'you have been weeping to-night.' 'Well,' said he, 'that is queer, for I haven't wept since I was a boy. It's true, though, that I had a miserable dream.' But when he tried to remember it, he could not.

"The same thing happened on the second night, only the dead wife said:

> Wife and babe below the river,
> Once will I come and then come never.

And again in the morning there was a mark on the pillow where her wet hand had rested. But the Prince in the morning could remember nothing. On the third night she came and said:

> Wife and babe below the river,
> Now I am gone and gone forever,

and went down the stairs with such a reproachful look at John that his heart melted and he ran after her. But at the

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outer door a flash of lightning met him and such a storm broke over the palace and city as had never been before and never will be again.

"John heard screams, and the noise of doors banging and feet running throughout the palace; he turned back and met the Prince, his master, coming down-stairs with his child in his arms. The lightning flash had killed his second wife where she lay. John followed him out into the streets, where the people were running to and fro, and through the whirling sand to the ford which crossed the creek a mile above the city. And there, as they stepped into the water, a woman rose before John, with a child in her arms, and said: 'Carry us.' The Prince, who was leading, did not see. John took them on his back, but they were heavy because of the iron chains and weights on their ankles, and the sands sank under him. Then, by and by, the Princess put her child into John's arms, and said, 'Save him,' and slipped off his back into the water. 'What sound was that?' asked the Prince. 'That was my heart cracking,' said John. So they went on till the sands rose halfway to their knees. Then the Prince stopped and put his child into John's arms. 'Save him,' he said, and fell forward on his face; and John's heart cracked again. But he went forward in the darkness until the water rose to his waist, and the sand to his knees. He was close to the farther shore now, but could not reach it unless he dropped one of the children; and this he would not do. He bent forward, holding out one in each arm, and could just manage to push them up the bank and prop them there with his open hands; and while he bent, the tide rose and his heart cracked for the third time. Though he was dead, his stiff arms kept the children propped against the bank. But just at the turning of the tide the one with the ankle-weight slipped and was drowned. The other was found next morning by the inland people, high and dry. And some *do* say," Taffy wound up, "that his brother was not really drowned, but turned into a bird, and that, though no one has seen him, it is his voice that gives the '*crake*,' imitating the sound made by John's heart when it burst; but others say it comes from John himself, down there below the sands."

There was silence for a minute. Even Honoria had grown excited toward the end.

"But it was unfair!" she broke out. "It ought to have been the convict-child that was saved."

"If so, I shouldn't be here," said George; "and it's not very nice of you to say it."

"I don't care. It was unfair; and anyone but a boy"—with scorn—"would see it." She turned upon the staring Taffy—"I hate your tale; it was horrid."

She repeated it, that evening, as they turned their faces homeward across the heathery moor. Taffy had halted on the top of a hillock to wave good-night to George. For years he remembered the scene—the brown hollow of the hills; the clear evening sky, with the faint purple arch, which is the shadow of the world, climbing higher and higher upon it; and his own shadow stretching back with his heart toward George, who stood fronting the level rays and waved his glittering catch of fish.

"What was that you said?" he asked, when at length he tore himself away and caught up with Honoria.

"That was a horrid story you told. It spoiled my afternoon, and I'll trouble you not to tell any more of the sort."

(To be continued.)

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THE CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN

By Joel Chandler Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

HOW SHE WENT INTO BUSINESS

AUNT MINERVY'S account of how she ran away from home and then ran back again* was sufficiently amusing to whet my appetite for more of her picturesque reminiscences. The county fair, which was the occasion of my visit to Halcyondale, was still dragging its slow length along, but it had lost its interest for me. The displays in the various departments were as attractive as ever to those who saw them for the first time, but it seemed to me that all my old acquaintances, or their wives and daughters, had something on exhibition, and nothing must do but I must go around and admire it. A little of this goes far, and, as I had been through the various departments a dozen times over, I concluded that it would be more comfortable to remain away from the grounds altogether, making more room for those who desired to see the judges deliver the prizes, or who were anxious to witness the trotting matches and running races.

Therefore, when Major Tumlin Perdue (whose guest I was) and his daughter, Mrs. Conant, made an early start for the fair grounds, on the fourth day, I excused myself on the plea of having some letters to write. The excuse was readily accepted, especially by Major Perdue, who expressed a very strong hope that I would do the fair justice in the Atlanta newspapers.

"If you can put in a word about Paul Conant, I'd be glad if you'd do it," the Major added. "He's come mighty near working himself down to get the blamed thing a-going. If it wasn't on account of Paul, me and Valentine wouldn't go any closer to the fair grounds than we are right now. But we think maybe we can help Paul, and if we can't do that, we hope to keep him from running his legs off. He ain't well a bit. Vallie says he didn't sleep more than two hours last night for the pains in his shoulder."

"It seems to be an old trouble," I suggested.

"Yes, it's an old trouble," replied the Major. Then he looked over the tree-tops and sighed.

Here was the same air of mystery that I had observed when I first came, and I remembered that Aunt Minervy Ann had begun to tell me about it when she became entangled in her reminiscences. Therefore, when they were all gone, and Aunt Minervy Ann had cleaned up the house and coaxed the Conant baby to sleep (which was no hard thing to do, he was such a fat and good-humored little rascal), I ventured to remind the old negro that she had neglected to tell me why the Major and his daughter were so mysteriously solicitous about Paul Conant's shoulder.

"Well, de goodness knows!" Aunt Minervy Ann exclaimed, with well-affected surprise; "ain't I done tell you 'bout dat? I sho' wuz dreamin', den, bekaze I had it right on de tip-eend er my tongue. I dunno what got de matter wid me deze days, less'n I'm gittin' ol' an' light-headed. Well, suh! an' I ain't tol' you 'bout dat!"

She paused as if reflecting, but continued to rock the baby's cradle gently, moving it slower and slower, until, finally, she ceased to move it altogether. The baby merely gave a self-satisfied sigh, and settled into the profound and healthy sleep of infancy. Then Aunt Minervy Ann went out on the back porch, and seated herself on the top step. I followed, and found the rocking-chair I had occupied on a former occasion.

"I'll set here, suh, twel Hamp gits back wid de carriage, an' den I'll see 'bout gittin' dinner, an' he better make

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for February, 1899.

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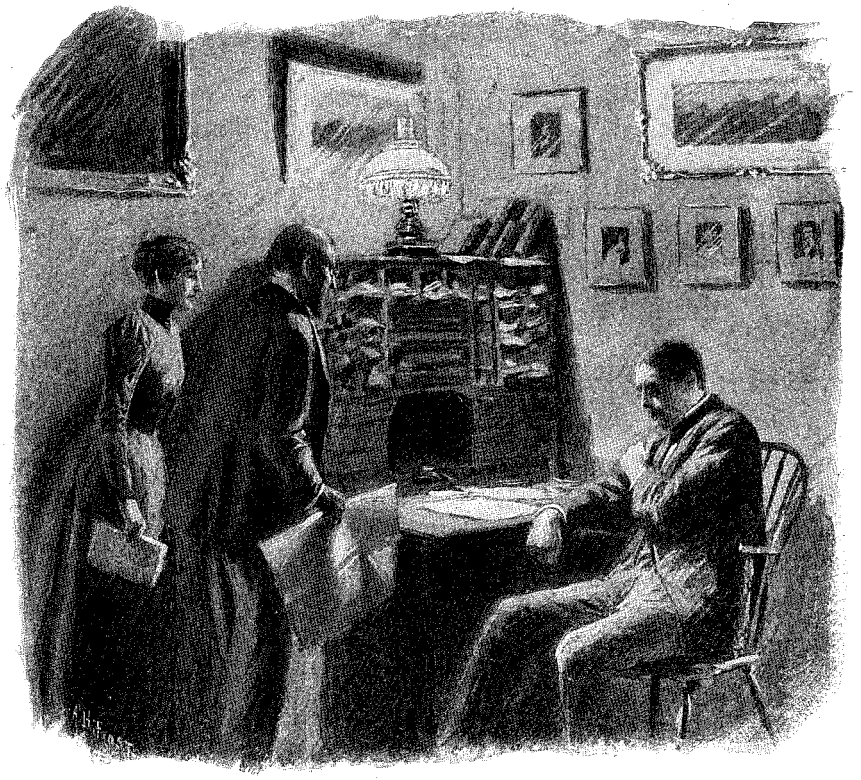

"Oh, my shoulder!"

'as'e, too, bekaze I ain't got no time ter set here an' lis'n at dat baby, whiles he projickin' out dar at dem groun's. I kin wait, suh, but I can't wait all day."

"Major Perdue said that Mr. Conant's shoulder was very painful last night," I suggested.

"Dat what Miss Vallie say, suh. She say dey wuz up an' down wid 'im mighty nigh all night long. I don't blame um, suh, but, dey ain't no use talkin', grown folks kin be waited on twel dey er sp'iled same ez chilluns. I'd cut my tongue out, suh, 'fo' I'd say it ter anybody else, but I done got ter b'lievin' dat Marse Paul Conant grunts an' groans many a time des bekaze he wants somebody fer ter worry wid 'im an' honey 'im up. I may be doin' 'im wrong, suh, but I done got a sneakin' notion dat he's one er deze yer kinder men-folks what likes to be much'd an' petted. An' dey'll do it, suh—dey'll much 'im night er day, hot er col'. Des let 'im say, 'Oh, my shoulder!' an' bofe un um'll try ter outdo de udder in takin' keer un 'im.

"Marse Tumlin is got mo' ways like a 'oman dan any man I ever is laid eyes on. It's de Lord's trufe. He ain't fussy like de common run er wimmen, but his han' is des ez light an' his heart des ez saft ez any 'oman dat ever breave de breff er life, let er breave whence an' whar she mought. I look at 'im sometimes, an' I des nat'aily tease myse'f ter know how dat man kin stan' up an' shoot anybody like I done see 'im do. Hit's de same way wid Marse Bolivar Blasengame—you know him, I spec. Dey married sisters, suh, an' dey allers been monstus thick. Dem two wuz big dogs 'roun' here, suh, 'fo' de war. Ef you ain't never seed um in dem days, you never is ter know how folks looked up to um an' give 'way to um.

"But dey ain't put on no airs, suh. Dey des do like de quality all do. 'Tain't money dat makes de quality; hit's dat ar kinder breedin' what'll make de finest folks stop an' shake han's wid a nigger des ez quick ez dey would wid de king er Rooshy—ef dey got any king dar. Long 'fo' de turmoil, suh, endurin' er de farmin'

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"Marse Tumlin never did pass a nigger on de road."

days, 'twuz des dat-a-way. When he 'uz at his richest, Marse Tumlin never did pass a nigger on de road, no matter how lonesome an' ragged he look, widout stoppin' an' axin' who he b'long ter, an' what he name, an' how he gittin' on. An' he allers gi' um sump'n, maybe a piece er terbarker, er maybe a thrip. I know, suh; I done hear my color talk, an' dey talks it down ter dis ve'y day. Dey ain't never been a time in dat man's life when he ain't think mo' er somebody else dan what he think er hisse'f. Dat's what I call de quality, suh. 'Tain't money; 'tain't land; 'tain't fine duds; 'tain't nothin' 'tall like dat. I tell you, suh, dem what want ter be de quality is got ter have a long line er big graveyards behime um, an' dem graveyards is got ter be full er folks what use ter know how ter treat yuther folks. Well, suh, Marse Tumlin is got um behime him, an' dey retch fum here ter Ferginny an' furder. An' on dat account, he ain't 'shame' to show nobody dat he

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love um, an' he ain't afear'd ter tell nobody dat he hate um.

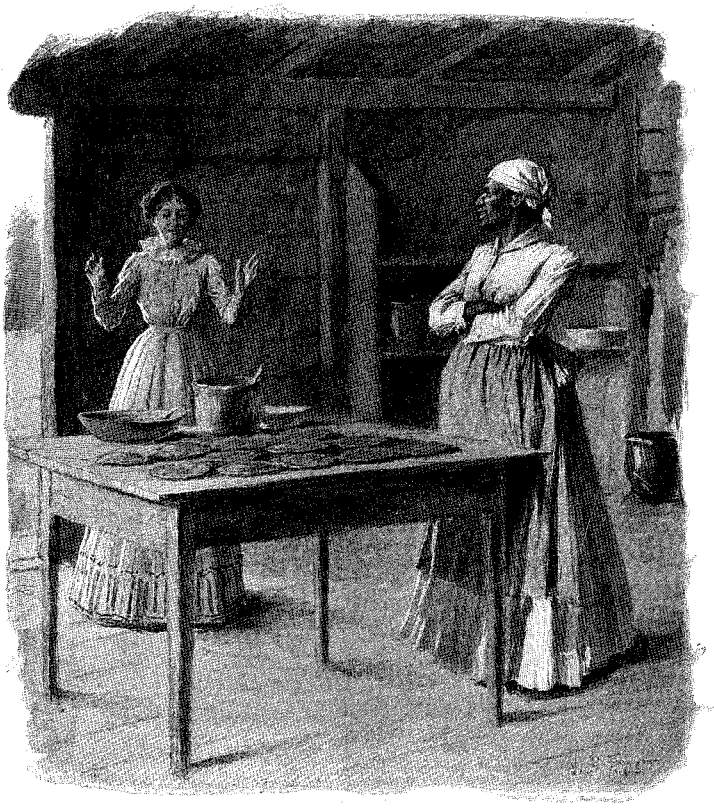
"I bet you right now, suh, ef you wuz ter ax Miss Vallie ef she ever see 'er pa mad, she'd look at you like she ain't know what you talkin' 'bout. Fum de time she been born, suh, down ter dis ve'y day, she ain't never hear a cross word come fum his mouf. She's seed 'im frownin' an' she's seed 'im frettin', but she ain't never hear no cross word. An' dat what make I say what I does. 'Tain't nobody but de quality dat kin show der breedin' right in der own fambly."

"Why, I've heard that the Major has something of a temper," I remarked.

"Temper!" exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann, holding up both hands; "temper, I hear you say! Well, suh, dat ain't no name fer it. I done seed bad men, but Marse Tumlin is de wuss man when he git his dander up dat I yever come 'cross in all my born days. De fust time I seed 'im mad, suh, wuz right atter de folks come home fum der fightin' and battlin'. It make me open my eyes. I been livin' wid 'im all dem years, an' I never is know how servigrous dat man is.

"An' de funny part wuz, suh, dat he got mad 'bout a ole nigger 'oman." Aunt Minervy Ann paused to indulge in a very hearty laugh. "Yasser, all 'bout a ole nigger 'oman. In dem times we all had ter scuffle 'roun' right smart fer ter git vittles ter eat, let 'lone cloze ter w'ar. Miss Vallie was w'arin' a frock what her mammy had when she wuz a gal. An' de clof wuz right good an' look' mighty well on 'er. Ez fer me, I dunner whedder I had on any frock—ef I did 'twuz 'bout ter drap off'n me. 'Long 'bout dat time, court-week wuz comin' on, de fust court-week we had sence de folks come home fum battlin'. Dey wuz a great miration 'bout it, bekaze dey say ev'ybody gwine ter come an' see de lawyers rastle.

"Well, suh, it come 'cross my min' dat ef I kin bake some ginger-cakes an' make



"We made twelve pies ef we made one."—Page 548.

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some chicken-pies, maybe I kin pick up a little money. De dime an' thrip species had all done gone, but dey wuz oodles er shin-plasters floatin' 'roun' ef you had sump'n fer ter git um wid. I dunner whar in de worl' we got nuff flour an' 'lasses fer ter make de cakes. I know I got one chicken, an' Hamp he went off one night and borried two mo'. I ain't ax 'im whar he borry um, suh, bekaze 'twan't none er my business. We made de cakes, an' den we made de pies. Ef you ain't know how ter make um, suh, you'd be 'stonished ter know how fur dem ar chickens went. We made twelve pies ef we made one. Yasser! ez sho' ez I'm settin' here. We strung um out—a wing here, a piece er de back dar', an' a neck yonner. Twelve pies, suh, an' nuff chicken lef' over fer ter gi' Miss Vallie a right smart bait; an' de Lord knows she need it, an' need it bad.

"Well, suh, I make de ginger-cakes de week 'fo' court, bekaze it he'ps a ginger-cake ef you bake 'im an' den shet 'im up in a tight box whar he kin sweat, an' Monday we sot in ter bake de pies. I make de dough wid my own han's, an' I lef' Miss Vallie fer ter bake um, wid Hamp ter keep de fire gwine. De word wuz dat 'bout half-pas' ten Hamp wuz ter fetch me all de pies dey had ready, an' den go back fer de yuthers.

"I ain't say nothin' 'bout de balance er de cakes, bekaze I 'low'd ter myse'f dat I had nuff. I had many ez I kin tote widout gittin' tired, an' I ain't no baby when it comes ter totin' cakes. Well, suh, I been livin' a mighty long time, but I ain't

"I gi' Miss Vallie de money."—Page 549.

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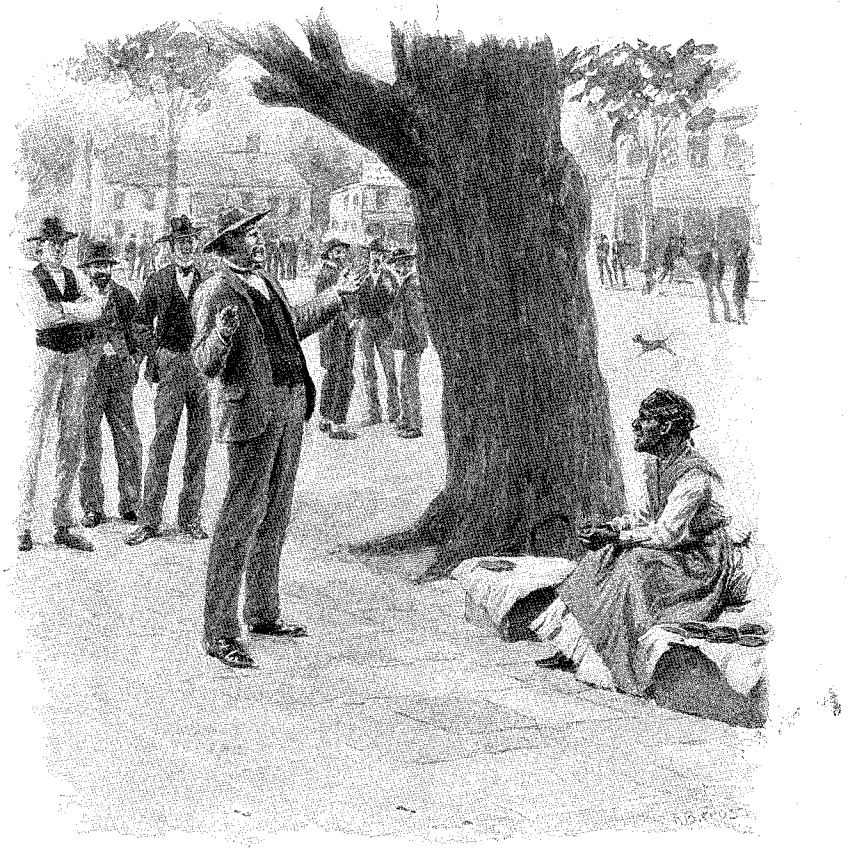

"Ef here ain't ol' Minervy Ann wid pies!"—Page 551.

never see folks wid such a cravin' fer ginger-cakes. Fum de word go dey wuz greedy fer 'm. Hit mought er been 'kaze dey wuz des natchally hongry, en den ag'in hit mought er been bekaze de cakes call up ol' times; but no matter 'bout dat, suh, dey des showered de shinplasters down on me. 'Twa'n't de country folks doin' de most er de buyin' at fust. It 'uz de town boys an' de clerks in de stores; an' mos' 'fo' I know'd it de cakes wuz all gone, an' Hamp ain't come wid de pies.

"I would 'a' waited, suh, but dey kep' callin' fer cakes so ravenous dat bimeby I crumpled my shinplasters up in a wad an' tuck my basket an' went polin' home fer ter hurry Hamp up. He wuz des gittin' ready ter start when I got dar. I gi' Miss Vallie de money—you kin count it up yourse'f, suh; 'twuz fer fo' dozen ginger-cakes at a thrip a-piece—an' tol' her ter sen' Hamp atter some mo' flour an' 'lasses 'fo' night, 'kaze de ginger-cakes half-gone an' court-week ain't skacely open up. Hamp, he tuck de pies an' de cakes, an' I got me one er de low cheers out'n de kitchen, kaze I done tired er settin' on de een' uv a box.

"I speck you know right whar I sot at, suh; 'twuz dar by dat big chany-tree front er Sanford's sto'. Hit sho' wuz a mighty tree. De win' done blow'd up an' blew'd it down, but de stump stan'in' dar sproutin' right now. Well, suh, right under de shadder er dat tree, on de outer aidge er de sidewalk, I tuck my stan', an' I ain't been dar long 'fo' de folks 'gun ter swarm atter my cakes, an' den when dey seed my pies—well! hit look like dey fair dribble at de mouf.

"I sol' um all 'cep' one, an' ef I'd 'a' sol' dat un, I don't speck dey'd a been any trouble; but you know what a fool a nigger kin be, suh, speshually a nigger 'oman. I tuck a notion in my min' dat I done done so pow'ful well, I'd save dat

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"You see dat nigger 'oman?"—Page 553.

pie fer Marse Tumlin an' Miss Vallie. So ev'y time somebody'd come 'long an' want ter buy de pie, I'd up an' say it done sold.

"Bimeby, who should come 'long but dat ar Salem Birch! He dead now, but I speck you done hear talk un 'im, bekaze he made matters mighty hot in deze parts twel—twel—well, suh, twel he 'gun ter hone atter dat pie, ez you may say." Aunt Minervy Ann paused and rubbed her hands together, as if reflecting. Then she shook her head and laughed somewhat doubtfully.

"What dey want ter name 'im Salem fer, I'll never tell you. Hit's a Bible name, an' mo' dan dat, hit's a church name. You know it yo'se'f, suh, bekaze dey's a Salem church not mo'n sev'm mile fum whar we settin' at right now. *Salem* Birch! Hit bangs my time how some folks kin go on—an' I ain't nothin' but a nigger. Dey's mo' chillun ruint by der names, suh, dan any udder way. I done notice it. Name one un um a Bible name, an' look like he bleedze ter go wrong. Name one un um atter some high an' mighty man, an' dey grows up wid des 'bout much sense ez a gate-post. I done watch um, suh.

"I speck dish yer Salem Birch would 'a' been a right good man but fer dat ar Bible name. Dat ruint 'im. I don't b'lieve dey's a man in de worl' what kin walk straight under dat name less'n he done been called fer ter be a preacher, an' Salem Birch ain't had no sech call up ter dat time. Dat much I know.

"Well, suh, dar sot de pie, an' dar wuz de ginger-cakes, ol' timers, big ter look at, but light ter handle. Eve'ybody want de pie, but my min' done made up. Some bought cakes stidder de pie, an' some des wipe der mouf an' go on. But, bimeby, here come Salem Birch, six feet high, an' his hat sot on de side er his haid like he done bought de whole town. I know'd

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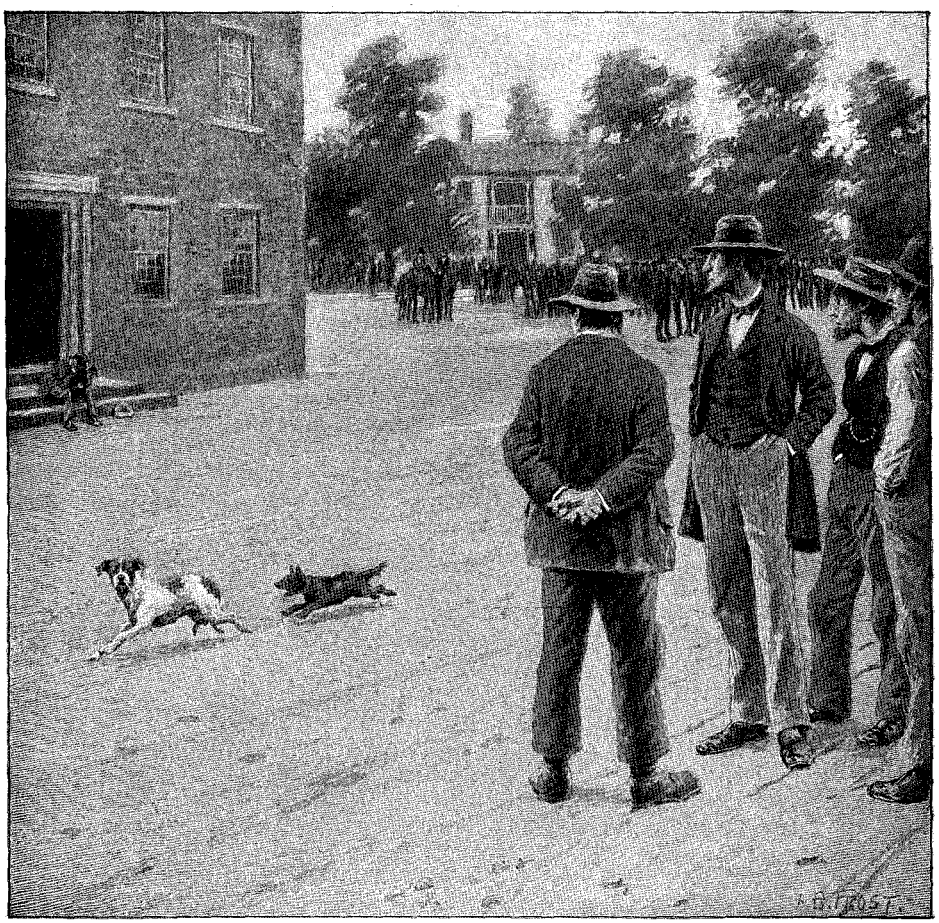
de minnit I laid eyes on 'im dat he had dram in 'im, an' dat he wuz up ter some devilment. Him an' his bre'r, Bill-Tom, suh, had tarryfied de whole county. Dey wuz constant a-fightin', an' ef dey couldn't git nobody else ter fight, dey'd fight 'mongst deyse'f. Yassir! dem ar Birches had done whip der own daddy.

"An' yit, suh, dish yer Salem wa'n't no bad-lookin' man. He had long curly ha'r, an' he wuz constant a-laughin'. Ef de fac' troof wuz ter come out, I speck he had more devilment in 'im dan downright meanness; an' he wuz mean nuff, de Lord knows. But, be sech as it mought, bimeby here he come, sorter half tip-toein', like some folks do when dey feel der dram an' dunner how ter show it. He stop right front er me, suh, an' time his eye fell on me he sung out:

"'*Whoopee! Ef here ain't ol' Minervy Ann! Wid pies! An' cakes! Come on, boys! Have some pies! An' cakes!*'

"Well, suh, you mought er heer'd 'im a mile. He holler des like de She'ff do when he stick his haid out'n de court-house winder an' call somebody in ter court—des dat ve'y way. He say, 'How much you take fer yo' chicken-pie?' I low, 'Hit done sol', suh.' He say, 'I'll gi' you a quarter fer dat pie.' I low, 'De pie done sol', suh.' By dat time dey wuz a right smart clump er folks come up fer see what Salem Birch wuz hollin' 'bout, an' you know yo'se'f, suh, how a half-drunk man'll do when dey's a crowd lis'nin' at him.

"He say, 'Who done bought dat pie?' I 'low, 'Marse Tumlin Perdue.' He sorter draw'd hisse'f up, he did, an' say, 'Ain't



"An' he sot dar, suh, wid his haid 'twix' his han's fer I dunner how long."—Page 553.

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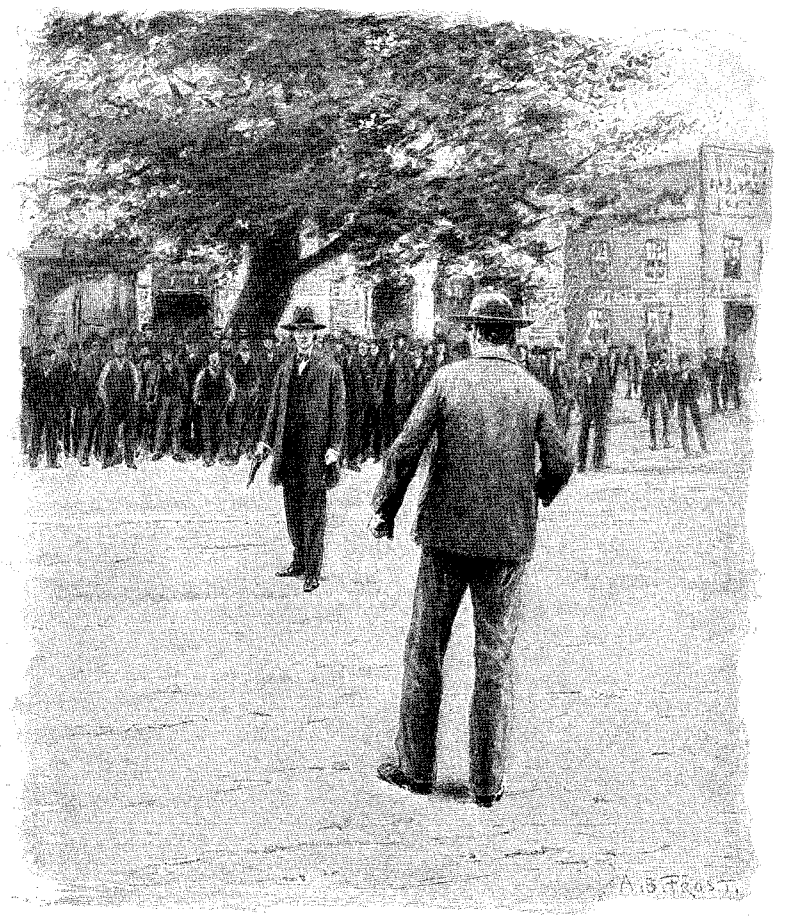
I des ez good ez Tumlin Perdue?' I 'low, 'I ain't know nothin' ter de contrary, suh, but ef you is you got ter be a monstus good man.' He say, 'I is! I'm de bes' man in de county.' I 'low, 'Dat may be, suh; I ain't 'sputin' it.' By dat time I 'gun ter feel de Ol' Boy kinder ranklin' in my gizzard. He say, 'Why can't I git dat pie?' I 'low, 'Bekaze it done sol', suh.' He say, 'Fer cash?' I 'low, 'No suh; but Marse Tumlin's word is lots better'n some folks' money.'

"Well, suh, I know'd 'fo' I open my mouf dat I ought'n ter say dat, but I could'n he'p it fer ter save my neck. He say, 'Well, blast yo' black hide, my money's better'n anybody's money!' Wid dat he flung down a shinplaster quarter an' retch fer de pie. By de time he grabbed it, I grabbed it, an' he pulled an' I pulled. I dunner whedder 'twuz de strenk in me er de dram in 'im, but in de pullin,' de box what de pie wuz on turnt over, an' my cheer turnt over, an' down come Salem Birch right spang on top er me.

"I tell you now, suh, dis skeer'd me. 'Twuz mo' dan I bargain fer. Right at de minnit, I had de idee dat de man had jumped on me an' wuz gwine ter kill me —you know how some folks is 'bout niggers. So I des give one squall——

"'*Marse Tumlin! Run here, Marse Tumlin! He killin' me! Oh, Marse Tumlin!*'

"Well, suh, dey tell me dat squall wuz so inhuman it made de country hosses break loose fum de racks. One white lady at de tavern hear it, an' *she* had ter be put ter bed. Bless yo' soul, honey!



"You'll settle dis wid me."—Page 554.

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don't never say you done hear anybody blate twel you hear ol' Minervy Ann—an' de Lord knows I hope you won't never hear me.

"Dey ain't no use talkin', suh, hit 'larmed de town. Eve'ybody broke an' run to'rds de place whar de fuss come fum. Salem Birch got up des ez quick ez he kin, an' I wuz up des ez quick ez he wuz, an' by dat time my temper done run my skeer off, an' I des blazed out at him. What I say I'll never tell you, bekaze I wuz so mad I ain't never hear myse'f talk. Some say I called 'im dis an' some say I called 'im dat, but whatsomever 'twuz, hit wa'n't no nice name—I kin promise you dat.

"'Twuz nuff ter rise his dander, an' he draw'd back his arm fer ter hit me, but des 'bout dat time Marse Tumlin shoved 'im back. Marse Tumlin 'low, 'You dirty dog! You sneakin', nasty houn'! is dis de way you does yo' fightin'?'

"Well, suh, dis kinder skeer me ag'in, kaze I hear talk dat Salem Birch went 'bout wid dirks an' pistols on 'im, ready fer ter use um. He look at Marse Tumlin, an' his face got whiter an' whiter, an' he draw'd his breff, deep an' long.

"Marse Tumlin 'low, 'You see dat nigger 'oman? Well, ef she wuz blacker dan de hinges er hell'—he say dem ve'y words, suh—'ef she wuz blacker dan de hinges er hell, she'd be whiter dan you er any er yo' thievin' gang.' An' den, suh—I 'clar' I'm mos' shame ter tell you—Marse Tumlin rise up on his tip-toes an' spit in de man's face. Yasser! Right spang in his face. You may well look 'stonish'd, suh. But ef you'd 'a' seed de way Marse Tumlin looked you'd know why Salem Birch ain't raise his han' 'cep' ter wipe his face. Ef dey ever wuz blood an' killin' in anybody's eyes, hit wuz in Marse Tumlin's right dat minnit. He stan' dar while you kin count ten, an' den he snap his thumb an' turn on his heel, an' dat ar Salem Birch tuck'n walk 'cross de public squar' an' sot down on de court-house steps, an' he sot dar, suh, wid his haid 'twix' his han's fer I dunner how long.

"Well, suh, I know in reason dat de een' er dat business ain't come. You know how our white folks is; you kin spit in one man's face an' he not take it up, but some er his kinnery er his frien's is sho ter take it up. So I say ter myse'f, 'Look here, nigger 'oman, you better keep yo' mouf shot an' bofe eyes open, kaze dey gwine ter be hot times in deze diggin's.' When I come ter look at um, suh, my ginger-cakes wa'n't hurt, an' de chicken-pie wuz safe an soun' 'cept dat er little er de gravy had sorter run out. When I git thoo brushin' an' cleanin' um, I look up, I did, an' dar wuz Marse Bolivar Blasengame walkin' up an' down right close at me. You oughter know 'im, suh, him an' Marse Tumlin married sisters, an' dey wuz ez thick ez two peas in a pod. So I 'low, 'Won't you have a ginger-cake, Marse Bolivar? I'd offer you de pie, but I'm savin' dat fer Miss Vallie.' He say he don't b'lieve his appetite run ter cakes an' pies right dat minnit. Dat make me eye 'im, suh, an' he look like he mighty glum 'bout sump'n. He des walk up an' down, up an' down, wid his han's in his pockets. It come back ter me atterwards, but I ain't pay no 'tention den, dat de folks all 'roun' town wuz kinder 'spectin' anudder fuss. Dey wuz all standin' in clumps here an' dar, some in de middle er de street, an' some on de sidewalks, but dey wa'n't nobody close ter me 'cep' Marse Bolivar. Look like dey wuz givin' us elbow room.

"De bigges' clump er folks, suh, wuz down at de public well, at de fur side er de squar', an' I notice dey kep' movin', now dis way, an' now dat, sorter swayin' like some un wuz shovin' um 'bout an' pushin' 'em 'roun'. An' dat des de way it wuz, kaze 'twan't long 'fo' somebody broke loose fum um an' come runnin' to'rds whar I wuz settin' at.

"I know'd in a minnit, suh, dat wuz Bill-Tom Birch. He wuz holdin' his han' on his wes'cut pocket fer ter keep his watch fum fallin' out. He come runnin' up, suh, an' he wuz so mad he wuz cryin'. His face wuz workin' des like it hurted 'im. He holler at me. 'Is you de——?' I won't name de name what he call me, suh. But I know ef he'd a been a nigger I'd 'a' got up fum dar an' brained 'im. I ain't say nothin'. I des sot dar an' look at 'im.

"Well, suh, he jerk a cowhide fum under his cloze—he had it run down his britches leg, an' say, 'I'll show you how you *erfuse* ter sell pies when a gemman

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want ter buy um.' I dunner what I'd a done, suh, ef he'd a hit me, but he ain't hit me. Marse Bolivar walk right 'twix' us an' 'low, 'You'll settle dis wid me, right here an' now.' Wid dat Bill-Tom Birch step back an' say, 'Colonel, does you take it up?' Marse Bolivar 'low, 'Dat's what I'm here fer.' Bill-Tom Birch step back a little furder and make as ef ter draw his pistol, but his han' ain't got ter his pocket 'fo' *bang!* went Marse Bolivar's gun, an' down went Bill-Tom Birch, des like somebody tripped 'im up.

"I know mighty well, suh, dat I ain't no hard-hearted nigger — anybody what know me will tell you dat—but when dat man drapt, I ain't keer no mo' dan ef he'd a been a mad dog. Dat's de Lord's trufe, ef I ever tol' it. I ain't know wharbouts de ball hit 'im, an' I wa'n't keerin'. Marse Bolivar ain't move out'n he tracks. He stood dar, he did, an' bresh de cap off'n de bairl what shot, an' fix it fer ter shoot ag'in. 'Twuz one er deze yer ervolvers, suh, what move up a notch er two when you pull de trigger.

"Well, suh, time de pistol went off, folks come runnin' fum eve'ywhars. Salem Birch, he come runnin' 'cross de public squar', bekaze he had de idee dat sump'n done happen. Marse Bolivar, he see Salem Birch a-comin', an' he walk out fum de crowd ter meet 'im. Dat make me feel sorter quare, kaze hit look like he wuz gwine ter shoot de man down. But Salem Birch seed 'im, an' he stop an' say, 'Colonel, what de name er God is de matter? Marse Bolivar make answer, 'Salem, I had ter shoot yo' bre'r.' Salem Birch say, 'Is he dead?' Marse Bolivar 'spon', 'He ain't nigh dead. I put de ball 'twix' de hip an' de knee-j'int. He'll be up in a week.' Salem Birch say, 'Colonel, I thank you fer dat. Will you shake han's?' Marse Bolivar say dey ain't nothin' suit 'im better, bekaze he ain't got a thing ag'in de Birches.

"An' 'twuz des like Marse Bolivar say. Bill-Tom Birch wuz wuss skeer'd dan hurt, an' 'twa'n't long 'fo' he wuz well. Salem Birch, he went off ter Texas, an' dem what been dar an' come back, say dat he's one er deze yer ervival preachers, gwine 'bout doin' good an' takin' up big collections. Dat what dey say, an' I hope it's des dat away. I don't begrudge nobody de money dey makes preachin' ter sinners, bekaze hit's des nachally w'arin' ter de flesh."

At this juncture Aunt Minervy Ann called to Hamp and informed him, in autocratic tones, that it was time to cut wood with which to cook dinner. "I don't keer ef you is been ter de legislatur'," she added, "you better cut dat wood, an' cut it quick."

I suggested that she had started to tell me about Paul Conant's shoulder, but had neglected to do so.

"Ain't I tell you 'bout dat? Well, ef dat don't bang my time! Hamp, you hear dat? You better go an' make 'rangements fer ter have me put in de as'lum, bekaze I sho' is gittin' light-headed. Well, suh, dat beats all! But I'll tell you 'bout it 'fo' you go back."

Then Aunt Minervy Ann went to see about dinner.

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SOME POLITICAL REMINISCENCES

By George F. Hoar

Senator from Massachusetts

CHARLES SUMNER always treated me with the greatest kindness and confidence and expressed repeatedly his wish that I might be his successor. But I cannot relate much of him which will add to the interest of the full and admirable biography by the lamented Edward L. Pierce. Mr. Pierce was not able to find any evidence that there was a religious service at Mr. Sumner's house on the day of his funeral. But my own memory and that of my wife are quite distinct in the matter. I give here a statement of Mrs. Hoar's put in writing some eight or ten years ago :

MRS. HOAR'S STATEMENT

"JUDGE HOAR came to our room, being evidently much moved by what he had seen, and stated to Mr. Hoar that Mr. Sumner had died at three o'clock, I believe, in the afternoon. As I entered the room the Judge turned and, with tears in his eyes, said to me, 'Our great Senator is dead.'

"Then, later, I went to see whom of the ladies of the Massachusetts delegation could be found in the city to arrange for us to make some gift of flowers for the funeral. I only found one, Miss Williams, at home, and we went together and ordered some flowers as a gift from the ladies of the Massachusetts delegation. We ordered a very handsome wreath of white flowers and some long palms, which we wanted to have lie on the coffin, and which were all which lay on the coffin at the house.

"On the morning of the funeral, all the Massachusetts delegation, and such of the ladies as were in the city, went to Mr. Sumner's house for a brief service before the body was taken to the Capitol. His body lay in the parlor of his house where he lived so many years, which is now a part of the Arlington Hotel, at the corner of H Street and Vermont Avenue. The service was early—I think at half-past eight—consisting of a short prayer. There were there only a very few of the particular friends and the members of the Massachusetts delegation present. Just as the coffin was lifted, there was a soft chime which came from the clock that stood in the hall. It struck nine, and chimed; it was a touching, sweet sound.

"The body lay in the rotunda of the Capitol for an hour before the funeral, for the general public to view. The ladies of the Massachusetts delegation sat on the floor of the Senate Chamber as mourners. It was said this was the first instance in which ladies had been admitted to the floor on such an occasion.

"It was a very cold, bleak day, and from the Capitol I hurried back to our room to get a heavy travelling rug for Mr. Hoar, who went to Boston with the delegation, as I feared he would suffer from the cold. As the procession left the Capitol, however, a great crowd was gathered about and in front of the Capitol. It was most touching to note in the crowd the large number of poor colored people—men, women, and children—who were standing there in the cold, and who followed the procession down to the railroad station, waited until the train started, and then followed the train for a long way out of the station."

My recollection, in regard to Mr. Sumner's funeral, accords with Mrs. Hoar's in all respects. I was myself notified very early in the morning of Mr. Sumner's illness. I think the message probably came from Mr. Ben. Perley Poore; that, however, I cannot affirm. At any rate, immediately after my own breakfast, I went to Mr. Sumner's house, in consequence of a message from some person that he was very sick. I found there two or three of his friends. Surgeon-General Barnes was there, and another physician, Dr. Lincoln, was there, or came in very soon. James

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Wormeley was there also, and I have no doubt Mr. Johnson, the secretary. I looked into Mr. Sumner's bed-chamber. He was lying on his side with his face turned away from the door where I entered. I went in from the large room, where he used to receive his friends and do his work. I did not go round to his bedside, so as to attract his attention. But I stood looking in at the door for a little while, and then returned to the outer room. I remained there for an hour or two, seeing a few people who came in and went out. I cannot say who these persons were. But many of them were members of the Massachusetts delegation, and, unquestionably, Mr. Henry L. Pierce was one. He was probably there before I arrived; further than this, I cannot affirm from a distinct memory.

During my stay there in the morning I was sitting alone in the outer room, when the two physicians, the Surgeon-General and Dr. Lincoln, came into the room where I was sitting. There was then no other member of the delegation in the House, and no person who sustained any relation to Mr. Sumner, that would warrant giving a direction. The doctors said they had just received a telegram from Dr. Brown-Séquard saying that he was on his way to Washington and should arrive in the afternoon, and directing that Mr. Sumner be given an electric bath. The physicians said that, in their opinion, an electric bath would do Mr. Sumner no good and would cause him great agony. They seemed, however, to think that Dr. Brown-Séquard's relations to the patient were such as to cause great embarrassment to them. They asked me to say what they ought to do. I answered that in such a case the opinion of the physicians who were present with the patient, and had seen him, ought to be followed. I considered myself as assuming a certain responsibility, as a member of the delegation, and as the person then in the house nearer to Mr. Sumner than any other. Soon after this occurrence I went to the Capitol in search of my brother, who was attending a meeting of the Committee on Foreign Relations. I called him out of the Committee-room and told him of Mr. Sumner's illness. He went back with me to the house. He went into the bed-chamber and remained with Mr. Sumner until his death. I stayed at the house till after twelve o'clock, when I went to the Capitol. After the adjournment of the House, I returned to Mr. Sumner's house and remained there until some time in the afternoon, although I went away before his death. I looked into his chamber more than once. But I did not speak to him, or go to the side of the bed where he could see me, thinking that there were enough attending upon him, whose right to be there was better than mine, and that it would only disturb him to increase the number of persons in his room. I left the house before Mr. Sumner died. My brother came around after his death, to my room, and brought the news, as has been said by Mrs. Hoar.

There was a meeting of the delegation in the evening. Mr. Hooper was not present at that meeting. I have a very confident recollection that he was out of town, and that some matters relating to the funeral were left undecided until he should return. He was the member of the delegation in the House most intimate, personally, with Mr. Sumner—with the exception of Mr. Henry L. Pierce and Judge Hoar. This fact seems very clear and distinct in my memory, although, of course, like other impressions of the kind, I should yield it to a trustworthy contemporary record.

There was a religious service at the house early in the morning of the day of the funeral. After it ended, as stated above by Mrs. Hoar, the solemn silence was broken by the ringing out of the clear, sweet chime of the clock. The profound impression of that moment will never be effaced from my memory, and is as fresh as when it happened.

I myself suggested, as there were no relatives of Mr. Sumner in Washington, and no women who were closely related to him by family ties, that the wives or other ladies of the households of the members of the Massachusetts delegation should attend the funeral as mourners. That arrangement was made, after a little resistance, which came chiefly from Mr. Roscoe Conkling.

The Massachusetts delegation attended the body to Massachusetts. Mr. Sunderland, the Chaplain of the Senate, went in the funeral train as far as New York.

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Mr. Hinckley, clergyman of the Unitarian Church in Washington, also accompanied the body in the special train. I suppose it was he who conducted the religious service at the house, although of that I will not be sure.

Mr. Rainey, a very eminent and excellent colored Representative from South Carolina, was one of the Committee who accompanied the body to Massachusetts. This Committee stayed over-night at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. Some of the persons employed at that hotel attempted to prevent Mr. Rainey from entering the breakfast-room with the other members of the Committee, but speedily desisted in consequence of the indignant remonstrance of his associates. Senator Beck of Kentucky, greatly to his credit, was one of the persons who interposed and insisted that Mr. Rainey should be treated with the same respect as his colleagues.

Large crowds assembled at the railroad stations in the large cities through which the funeral train passed, especially at Worcester. The most touching incident of the journey took place between Springfield and Worcester—I think in Brookfield or, possibly, Warren or Palmer. As the special train, bearing the body of the great statesman and liberator, was passing through a tract of country where there was no house in sight, at the rate, probably, of fully forty miles an hour, I saw from the car-window an elderly colored man neatly dressed in black, as he would have been for church on Sunday, with his wife and children, making a group of a half-dozen in all, standing with bared and bowed heads in the field near the railroad. He had evidently taken this method of paying his respect to the great liberator of his race, and to get a glimpse of the car which was bearing him to his grave. If a sculptor could preserve in bronze or marble that simple group as I saw it, there could be no more appropriate memorial to Charles Sumner, nor one that he would have liked better.

One thing was very noticeable about him during the last winter of his life. That was the gentleness with which he spoke of other men, even of those with whom he had had serious and angry conflicts. After his estrangement from Grant, he was for a good while in the habit of speaking of him in private, as he did in public, with great severity. But during this last winter, he changed the subject or was silent if anybody spoke unkindly of Grant in his presence. The last time I saw him alive, except on his death-bed, was about a week before his fatal attack. I went to his house on some business errand in the evening. I found him entirely alone. After disposing of what I had to say, I rose to depart. He took hold of my arm and forced me down into a chair and said, "Pray stay." He seemed lonesome and yearning for companionship. I sat down and remained an hour or two. He was in a most confidential mood and poured out his heart about many matters in his life. He told me his own theory of his disease. He thought the concussion of the spine, caused by Brooks's blows upon his head, had occasioned an effusion of a watery substance, holding bony particles in solution at the joint in the spine from which issues the system of nerves connected with the chest. In time this matter, being deposited, hardened into a bony substance which pressed upon the nerves at their origin in the spine, impaired their vital power, and caused the disease known as angina pectoris. He said that during his last attack, which had lasted some hours, he expected to die, and calculated in his mind how long it was possible his life could endure the intense agony which he was suffering.

He was always eagerly desirous of sympathy, although, as everybody knows, he said and did what seemed to him right, no matter who might differ from him. If he had made a speech in the Senate he liked to call my attention to it. If he saw me he would say, "Read me in the *Globe* to-morrow morning," or "Have you seen our debate in the Senate yesterday." He was especially gratified that, in an humble way, I stood by him in the matter of San Domingo. I have so frequently expressed my love and reverence for Sumner in writing and public speech that I ought not to dwell upon him here. But certainly he will ever be one of the most striking figures in the history of America and in the history of liberty. His was, as Bishop Huntington so beautifully said, "A good image and a superb life." Is there any-

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thing in the annals of eloquence more sublime than the sentences with which he begins his first speech, when he resumed his seat in the Senate after a long illness, which the crime of a ruffian had caused him?

Sumner loved his friends and associates ardently. The loss of a friendship to him was a deep wound. So much more is it to his honor that he never wavered, faltered, or flinched.

He was always a moralist. He valued a work of art for the moral lesson it conveyed. He had none of that immoral and pernicious quality of taste or intellect which values a saying because it is well phrased, or an orator because of his success as an artist, without regard to the truth of the sentiment or the justice of the cause.

It has been said that Mr. Pierce edited Sumner as if he were a constitution. He was right. If the rules of civil conduct which Charles Sumner wrote down and obeyed and exemplified were to be taken by his successors who are called to share in the government, as an inexorable and inflexible code, with an authority no more to be disputed than that of the Constitution itself, we should rise instantly into

An ampler ether, a diviner air.

It has been said that Charles Sumner was not practical. He was the most practical of modern statesmen. Everything he did ought to have been done; everything he tried to do and failed to do ought to have been done. The progress of the cause of the negro in this country stopped when he died. The progress of the cause of equal rights and equal suffrage was arrested at his death. What has been called sometimes the failure of the reconstruction policy, what has been called sometimes the error of the Republican Party in giving the negro suffrage, was due to the fact that the condition which he demanded of securing complete education by national authority was not accomplished because of the blindness or the treachery of some Republican leaders.

But he almost always succeeded. The experience of his life did not shake, but confirmed, the opinions which he formed in youth. He ever

Through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.

His principles as to peace are no exception to this statement. His doctrine did not exclude self-defence and did not exclude a just national authority. His doctrine has made great advances, as witnessed by our patient endurance of the aggravation of Canada, which we would not forty years ago have borne for a single year. Witness also the treaty with England of 1871 and the Bering Sea arbitration.

I was in Europe in the summer of 1871. I expected to remain abroad until about the time of the November election. But one evening I was invited in London to dine with Mr. Smalley, the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who had been a student in my office. Among the guests were General Walker and the late Samuel Bowles of the Springfield *Republican*. They had just come from home and told me that General Butler was pressing his candidacy with great earnestness for the Republican nomination for Governor, and that he was quite likely to succeed. His opponents were divided among half a dozen candidates, including Dr. Loring, Mr. Alexander H. Rice, Mr. Harvey Jewell, and two or three others. My first thought was that I was well out of a disagreeable scrape. But I instantly saw how destructive to honest administration and to the Republican Party would be the election of General Butler as a Republican Governor in Massachusetts, and I felt I could not honestly keep out of the canvass. I remained talking the matter over with General Walker and Mr. Bowles until a late hour in the evening, giving up another social engagement which I had made. When I went back to my room, I sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. W. W. Rice of Worcester, stating to him that, in my opinion, William B. Washburn was the only candidate on whom the opponents of General Butler could successfully unite, and urging that he should at once set about promoting his candidacy. Mr. Rice was a cousin of Governor Washburn, and a man of great influence in Worcester County. I went down to the office of the Cunard steamers early the next morning, and engaged my passage home for the first boat on which I could get a berth. I got home in August, and entered at once into the campaign. I wrote a letter,

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which was printed, stating my reasons for preferring Mr. Washburn. His friends went into the convention with Worcester County almost united in his support, and a large force from the western part of the State, and as many Middlesex delegates as were within the special influence of my brother, Judge Hoar, who also took a very earnest part in the campaign. The night before the convention, a committee of the friends of Washburn, of whom Mr. E. R. Hoar was chairman, met a committee of the friends of each of the other candidates opposed to Butler, and asked them to say who, in their judgment, would be the best candidate next to their own favorite. To which all replied, "Mr. Washburn." It then became easy to secure the withdrawal of the other candidates and the union upon Washburn. I was chosen to preside over the convention. It sat steadily from eleven o'clock in the morning until about three o'clock the next morning. It was the most difficult and anxious duty which I ever had to perform, as a presiding officer, except that of presiding over the National Convention of 1880, when Garfield was nominated over Grant and Blaine, after a strife which threatened to rend the Republican Party in twain. I supposed, when I went down to the hall in the morning, that the chances were about even that I should go home at night in considerable disgrace. Butler's scheme was, if he could not carry the convention, to split it in two on some pretext, which would enable him to insist that his partisans were the regular Republican Party, and to retain his influence with the Administration at Washington as a dispenser of patronage. Our problem was to unite the supporters of the various opponents to Butler, keep them in hand, control the convention, and so conduct it as to give Butler no pretext for a secession. This we successfully accomplished.

It is not quite time to make public the inner history of the great Chicago Convention of 1880, farther than I have given it in a preceding article. I think these two imposed probably the most difficult tasks upon the presiding officer in the history of like bodies in this country.

The most important public events in which I have taken a very considerable part were those which grew out of the dispute as to the presidential election of 1876. It is to be hoped that our institutions may never again be put to so severe a strain. When the votes in that election were counted, it appeared that Hayes and Wheeler, the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President, had received 185 votes, and their competitors, Tilden and Hendricks, had received 184 votes. So if the vote of one of the electors claimed by the Republicans to have been duly chosen should be held invalid, there would be no choice of President, and the election must be made by the House of Representatives voting by States, the result of which would have been to elect Mr. Tilden; and if more than one of the Republican votes were held invalid, the result would be a majority for Tilden in the Electoral College. It is not necessary to recall the political history of the period preceding this great controversy. But it may be worth while to state briefly the legal and constitutional history of that angry and dangerous contest.

The white Democrats of the South never submitted in good faith to the constitutional provisions giving suffrage to the blacks. The colored vote was unanimously Republican. With a fair election, without intimidation at the polls or fraud in counting, there would have been a large Republican majority in several States, including Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Tennessee, and probably North Carolina. The Democrats, however, had regained, one after another, by the processes to which I have referred, before 1876, the control of the election officers in all these States except Florida, South Carolina, and Louisiana. In that way they were able to make the South solid for the Democratic Party, without regard to the will of the majority. It is not pleasant to revive this odious history, which is to be found in the reports of numberless committees of investigation appointed by one or the other House of Congress. It is one of the most disgraceful chapters, not only in the history of this country, but in the history of mankind.

In 1876 Mr. Tilden's supporters expected to carry New York, Indiana, Connecticut, and New Jersey, which, with the solid

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South, which they also expected to carry, would give him a majority in the Electoral Colleges. The Democrats were successful in these four States. But it appeared, when the votes were counted, that the Republican electors were chosen in the three States of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. Each of these States, like all the other States of the Union, had a board of officers whose duty it was to ascertain the result of the election and to give the certificate of their election to the persons chosen. They were authorized by the laws of their respective States to inquire into any allegations of illegality in any local precinct, and to determine finally the true title of the persons claimed to be elected. The Democratic Party, especially Mr. Tilden, were not disposed to submit calmly to their defeat. If they could strike one from the column of the Republican electors they could throw the election into the House, and if they could strike off two Mr. Tilden would be chosen by a majority of the Electoral Colleges. They made their attack on South Carolina, Louisiana, and Florida In South Carolina and Louisiana there was a large majority of colored men who were unanimously Republicans, besides a considerable number of white Republicans. In Florida the two races were about equal, but there was a large number of white settlers from the North. So, upon an honest vote, there was no question in the mind of any reasonable man that the Republicans were in the majority.

The Democrats directed their attack upon the action of the election boards in each of these three States, and undertook to show that the decision had been wrong in instances enough to change the result. There was a large Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, and a Republican majority in the Senate. Two questions came up. First: Who was entitled to count the electoral vote under the Constitution? One party claimed that this power was vested in the President of the Senate, and that the two Houses were present only as spectators. Others claimed that the power to count the vote was lodged in the two Houses of Congress. The Republicans were divided upon this proposition. The Democrats were united in claiming the power for the two Houses, with, I believe, the single exception of Mr. White, Senator from Maryland and grandson and namesake of the famous orator and statesman, William Pinckney.

Second: The parties were divided as to the extent of the right of the persons clothed with the power of counting the votes. The Democrats claimed that they might go behind the decision of the State tribunals, and might declare the truth of the election contrary to that adjudication. The Republicans claimed that the Constitution gave to the State the exclusive power of appointing electors without any interference from national authority, and that the final determination who was lawfully appointed was also vested in the State without any interference from any other authority whatever; and that the duty of counting the vote, whether exercised by the President of the Senate or by the two Houses, was simply the duty of adding together the votes returned by the certificates from the States. Nobody had any suggestion as to what should be done if the two Houses, as was not unlikely, should differ in their opinion, except that some persons, who claimed the authority for the Senate and the House, thought that if they disagreed the President of the Senate must, from the necessity of the case, declare the vote according to his own opinion.

The situation was full of danger. But for the fact that our terrible civil war was so recent, it does not now seem to me that we should have found a peaceful solution. When I went to Washington in the beginning of the December session in 1876, I could see no outcome but civil war. I thought we should find some method to escape it; but I did not then see what that method would be. A committee was appointed by each House to confer with a like committee appointed by the other to prepare and report such a measure, either legislative or constitutional, as might, in their judgment, be best calculated to solve the difficulty. The resolve for that purpose was introduced in the House by Mr. McCrary, of Iowa. He introduced it at the suggestion and instigation of Mr. Blaine, who was very earnest indeed in urging upon his Republican associates the necessity for some such step. The proposition to raise the committee was adopted with entire unanimity. The joint committee consisted of the following members:

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Senators Edmunds, of Vermont; Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; Conkling, of New York; Morton, of Indiana; Thurman, of Ohio; Bayard, of Delaware; Ransom, of North Carolina. Representatives Paine, of Ohio; Hunton, of Virginia; Hewitt, of New York; Springer, of Illinois; McCrary, of Iowa; Hoar, of Massachusetts; Willard, of Michigan.

After many sessions, sometimes protracted far into the night, the committee devised the scheme known as the Electoral Commission. The other members contributed many important and valuable suggestions and criticisms; but the two persons who had, I think, most to do with perfecting the measure were Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, and Mr. McCrary, of Iowa. There was never a more perfect piece of legislative machinery. When it started, it must go through and accomplish its work with the inevitable precision and certainty of a clock. There was one slight exception to this statement, which, however, occasioned no difficulty in fact. The scheme in substance was that, on the day fixed for counting the electoral votes, the two Houses should meet for that purpose of convention. If an objection were made, signed by at least one senator and one member of the House of Representatives, the Senate should withdraw, the objection be submitted to the Senate, and the objection in like manner be submitted to the House of Representatives. No electoral vote from any State from which but one return had been received could be rejected except by the affirmative vote of the two Houses. In case of more than one return, the returns were to be submitted to a commission constituted of five representatives, five senators, and five justices of the Supreme Court. The four justices of the Supreme Court then longest in commission were designated in the act, and they were to select a fifth in such manner as a majority of them should deem fit. To this commission the returns were to be submitted. They were to determine what was the true and lawful vote of the State in dispute, their decision to prevail in the count unless the two Houses of Congress should concur to reject it. The statute provided carefully for the limitation of debate and against the possibility of delaying action by filibustering.

The bill passed the Senate, where the Republicans were in a majority, by a decisive vote. But when it came up in the House the Republicans became frightened. They saw that it was quite likely that Mr. David Davis would be chosen by the judges the fifth member from the Court. He had been formerly a Republican and was a zealous friend of Lincoln, in whose nomination he had taken an important part, and who had appointed him to the Supreme Court. But Mr. Davis, like some other men who had been loyal to the country during the war, was understood to have an eager desire for political office and to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Mr. Blaine, who had been consulted at every step, and who had personally urged upon me the importance of the legislation needed to get the country out of this difficulty, became afraid that the election which we had so clearly won would be thrown away, and that we should go home to encounter the reproach from Republicans there that the fruits of the victory they had achieved had been lost through our timidity. He concluded that it was better to defeat the bill and trust to the presiding officer of the Senate to carry us through. He was followed by the large majority of the Republicans in the House. I myself supported the bill and had the pleasure of being sustained by my Republican colleagues from Massachusetts as well as by Mr. McCrary, who had had so large a share in framing it.

The consideration which alarmed the Republicans tended to make the Democrats, both in the House and Senate, solid for the measure. But after the bill had passed, an unexpected event disturbed the Democratic calculation. Judge Davis was chosen Senator by the Legislature of Illinois on January 25th, the day before the final vote in the House, but after the Democratic leaders were thoroughly committed. Judge Davis himself saw the great impropriety of taking a place on the commission under such circumstances, and Mr. Justice Bradley, a Republican, was chosen in his stead.

This result was not accomplished, however, without a long struggle in the court. It so happened that the statute, perfect and admirable in all other respects, had

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omitted to make any provision for the assembling of the commission. I myself discovered this defect and drew up a paper and carried it to all the members of the commission for signature, agreeing to meet at eleven o'clock on the morning of January 31st. I called at Judge Clifford's room about nine o'clock in the evening the night before, to present the paper to him. There were some guests present. He took me aside and told me, apparently with much emotion, that the judges had been in session all day, and had been unable to agree upon the fifth member of the court to sit upon the commission, and that he very much feared they would be unable to agree, and that the whole matter would fall through. I was, as may be well believed, much distressed. But I went to the Supreme Court room, the place of meeting, a few minutes before eleven o'clock the next morning, and there saw Mr. Justice Bradley alone in the room without his overcoat and hat. I saw at once that he had been elected as the fifth member of the commission. That instant was one of the supreme moments which sometimes come in life, upon which great historic events hang. It assured me that the danger of civil war was over, and that we were to have a tribunal who could be trusted to declare the result according to law. I can think of no instant of my life in which so much supreme pleasure was concentrated, unless it were the time when, sitting in the chair of the great convention of 1880, at Chicago, I saw one State after another wheel into line to the support of the nomination of Garfield, and knew that the danger that that great historic party would be rent in twain had passed by.

The doctrine affirmed by that commission is very simple. I suppose no considerable number of intelligent men of any party could be found to question it now. It seems strange that it could ever have been questioned. It is

1. That the electors are State officers, and that the State, which has power to choose them, must also determine for itself whom it has chosen; and that the function of the national authority appointed to count the vote is merely to count the votes of persons so determined by the State itself to have been duly elected.

This principle disposed of the contested questions in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. Another question came up in the case of Oregon. There the official board whose duty it was to count the votes declared three Republicans to have been duly chosen. It appeared to the commission that the Secretary of State of Oregon was the officer to whom the State had intrusted the duty of determining what persons were duly chosen electors. The Secretary accordingly found these three persons duly chosen. One of them was a Mr. Watts. The question having arisen as to Mr. Watts's eligibility, he resigned, and the other two electors, according to law, chose a person in his place, and the three members of the college so made up cast their votes for Hayes and Wheeler. The Governor of the State, however, who had the duty of certifying to the election—not of deciding who was elected, but only of certifying to the fact as it should appear by the record—held that Watts was ineligible, that the votes cast for him were without effect, and accordingly that his Democratic competitor was chosen. The commission held that, while the decision of the State authority as to who was chosen was conclusive, the mere certificate of the certifying officer of the State was not conclusive; that we could go behind the Governor's certificate and find the truth, not of the election, but of the determination of the election by the competent authority. It was as if the executive of the State, who, under the constitution and laws, has the power of certifying to the election of a senator, were to disregard the truth and certify to the election of a person not duly chosen. The Senate would go behind the certificate and find the fact. Accordingly, it being undisputed that the proper authority had found Watts duly elected, we accepted that decision as final, notwithstanding the erroneous certificate of the Governor to the contrary.

I have in recent years conversed with numerous Democrats of great distinction from all parts of the country. Without an exception they have assured me that they are now satisfied with the correctness of the decision of the electoral commission, and that any other result would, in all probability, have led to the overthrow of our institutions. Indeed, it seems to

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me that no intelligent man can question, in the light of the history of the action of Congress in both houses upon election cases, that the committing to Congress the power to determine who is chosen President by inquiring into the elections in all the States, going behind the decision of the State authorities and taking evidence as to the conduct of the election, the counting of the votes, and the title to vote of individual voters, would lead in nearly every instance of a close or doubtful struggle to declaring the result of the election according to the partisan feeling of the two Houses.

Indeed, the exercise of such a power is substantially impossible. The short time after the election before the new President is to be inaugurated would make it impossible to complete such inquiries. When the State to be investigated is near the seat of government and the inquiry relates to a few election precincts only, it might be possible that Congress should act intelligently. But it would be impossible as to the great States on the Pacific Coast or as to a State like New York if the question were raised as to twenty or one hundred election districts instead of one.

One very singular fact I ought to state. It is well known that Senators Bayard and Thurman, Democratic members of the Electoral Commission, had, in debate in the Senate the year before, very earnestly combated the notion that any such power could exist in Congress. I visited Boston shortly after the decision of the Electoral Commission and dined with a law club at the house of Mr. Gray, then Chief Justice of Massachusetts. The gentlemen who were present told me that, at the meeting of the club the year before, the question of the right of Congress to go behind the decision of the State, to which the public attention had been drawn by a bill then pending in Congress, was raised. Judge Abbott, also a Democratic member of the commission, was a member of the club. He made a very earnest argument against the power of Congress and in favor of the conclusiveness of the State adjudication. Judge Thomas, also a member of the club, expressed dissent from Mr. Abbott's conclusion. Mr. Abbott was interrupted in his very earnest argument by Judge Dwight Foster, who was putting some question to him, when William G. Russell laid his hand on Foster's shoulder and said, "Let him alone, let him alone. He was never doing better in his life." On my return to Washington, Mr. Kernan, who had taken Judge Thurman's place on the commission in consequence of Thurman's sickness, sat next to me in the parlor car. I related to him this anecdote and called his attention to the fact of the speeches of Messrs. Bayard and Thurman. Kernan replied, "You will never hear me question the soundness of the principle on which the commission acted." So four of the eight Democratic members had at some time in their lives agreed in opinion with the eight Republicans.

If anything were wanting to vindicate the Electoral Commission, it will be found in the fact that Congress has since, with substantial unanimity, enacted a law which affirms precisely the principle on which the commission proceeded, and would be totally unconstitutional if that principle were wrong. Under it every presidential count since has taken place.

I wish to put on record here what I have said heretofore in public, and what has been stated also by others on my authority. Mr. Justice Clifford was probably as much disappointed by the action of the commission as any man in the United States. He was to the end of his life a very ardent partisan. But it became his duty, as president of the commission, to certify to the one or the other House the action in the various cases. It was my duty to prepare the communications to the Speaker or the President of the Senate, to be signed by Judge Clifford, president of the commission. Mr. Edmunds, to whom that duty would naturally have fallen, was quite ill during nearly the whole session of the commission from a malarial disorder contracted, I believe, in Italy. We got our work done just in time. The final action of the two Houses on the report of the commission was had early in the morning of Sunday, the 4th of March, just as the day was breaking. On two or three occasions, by delaying action for ten or fifteen minutes, which the Judge might easily have done without anybody having the right to impute to him an unreasonable procrastination, he could have made

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a motion to take a day's recess in the House in order, and so have prevented the accomplishment of the proceeding in time. But he was as conscientious, prompt, and in all respects anxious to do his duty as the certifying officer as if the decision had been in accordance with his own opinion and in favor of his own party.

I got very little sleep during all the weeks while the commission was in session. I had to be in the House of Representatives when their reports were considered. The commission sat to a late hour in the night, frequently till past midnight. When I got to my room I found there newspaper correspondents with stories of the arrival of ruffians and of large numbers of Democrats from the South and West, for the purpose of violent interference with the proceedings. Watterson of the *Louisville Journal*, a well-known Democratic editor, announced his purpose to come to Washington with 100,000 men to overawe Congress. The disabling of a single Republican member of the commission would have thrown the choice of another member into the Democratic House, where it was quite probable a successor of a different way of thinking would have been chosen. The members of the commission were guarded carefully by detectives on their way to and from the Capitol. I did not then think and do not now think there was any danger. I walked alone to the Capitol in the morning, although late at night General Garfield and I used to ride home together in a carriage accompanied by one or two of the officers of the House. I used to go to bed, and, after sleeping a few minutes, wake up and lie restless almost the whole of the night. The only good night's sleep I got was one Saturday night when we adjourned early and I attended an exhibition of marionettes in the evening, which made my sides sore with laughing. Hearty laughter is the best cure for insomnia which I ever discovered.

Considering the intense excitement, the Democratic Party submitted to their disappointment in a manner which was, on the whole, quite creditable to them. This was due very largely to the influence of Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, and, I suppose, to that of Mr. Bayard, of Delaware. There was an attempt in the House of Representatives in the next Congress, led by Mr. Clarkson N. Potter, to reopen the question. A committee was appointed. The Republicans were exceedingly alarmed.

Shortly after Mr. Potter's committee was appointed, it was expected that a report would be made denying the validity of President Hayes's title, and that the Democratic House of Representatives would be advised to refuse to acknowledge him as President. This would have thrown the government into great confusion and would have made a square issue. A caucus of Republican senators was held and a committee raised with directions to report what action, if any, ought to be taken by the Senate in the matter. I was a member of that committee and was requested by my associates to prepare an address to the people, to be signed by the Republican senators, arraigning the Democratic leaders for their unjustifiable and revolutionary course, and pointing out the public danger. The committee had a second meeting. I read them the address which I had prepared, which I still have in my possession. They had pretty much agreed to it when Mr. Conkling, a member of the committee who had not attended the previous meeting, came in late. The document was read to him. He opposed the whole plan with great earnestness and indignation, spoke with great severity of President Hayes, and said that he hoped it would be the last time that any man in the United States would attempt to steal the Presidency. Mr. Conkling's influence in the Senate and in the country was then quite powerful. It was thought best not to issue the appeal unless it were to have the unanimous support of the Republicans. But the discovery of some cipher dispatches implicating some well-known persons in an attempt to bribe the canvassing boards in the South and to purchase some Republican electors in the South and one in Oregon, tended to make the leading members of that party sick of the whole matter. President Hayes served out his term peacefully and handed over the executive power, not only to a Republican successor, but to a member of the majority of the electoral commission. So it seems clear that the bulk of the American people had little sympathy with the complaints.

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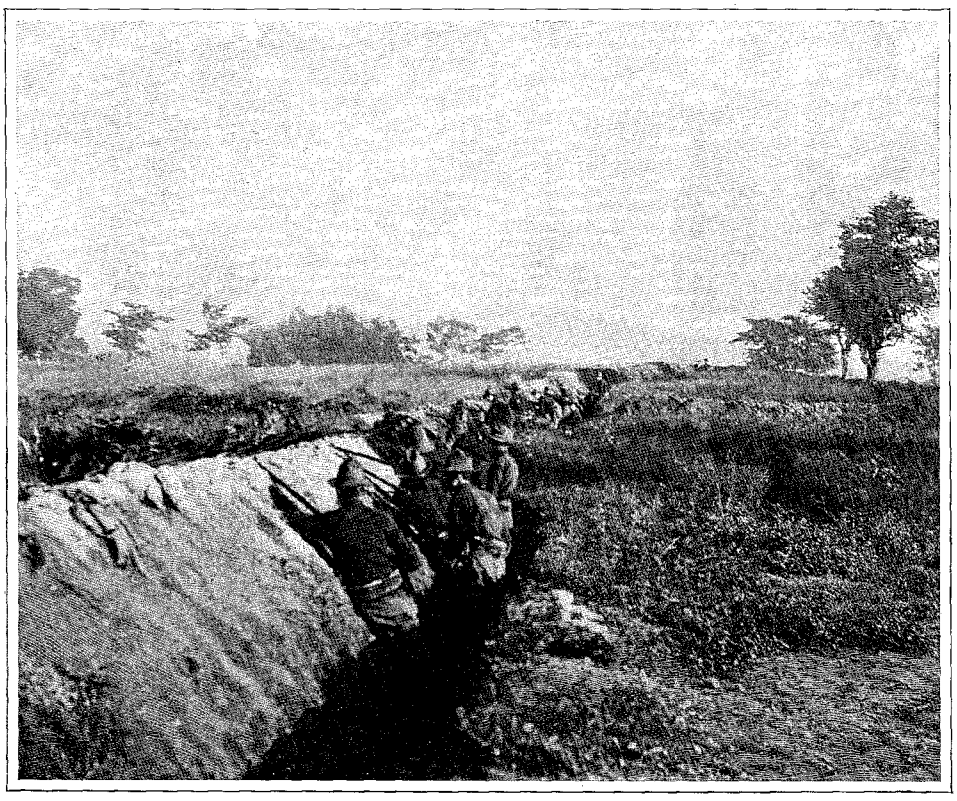

Rough Riders in the Trenches.

THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

IN THE TRENCHES

The Mascot "Josephine."

WHEN the shrapnel burst among us on the hill-side we made up our minds that we had better settle down to solid siege work. All of the men who were not in the trenches I took off to the right, back of the Gatling guns, where there was a valley, and dispersed them by troops in sheltered parts. It took us an hour or two's experimenting to find out exactly what spots were free from danger, because some of the Spanish sharp-shooters were in trees in our front, where we could not possibly place them from the trenches; and these were able to reach little hollows and depressions where the men were entirely safe from the Spanish artillery and from their trench-fire. Moreover, in one hollow, which we thought safe, the Spaniards succeeded in dropping a shell, a fragment of which went through the head of one of my men, who, astonishing to say, lived, although unconscious, for two hours afterward. Finally, I got all eight troops settled, and the men promptly proceeded to

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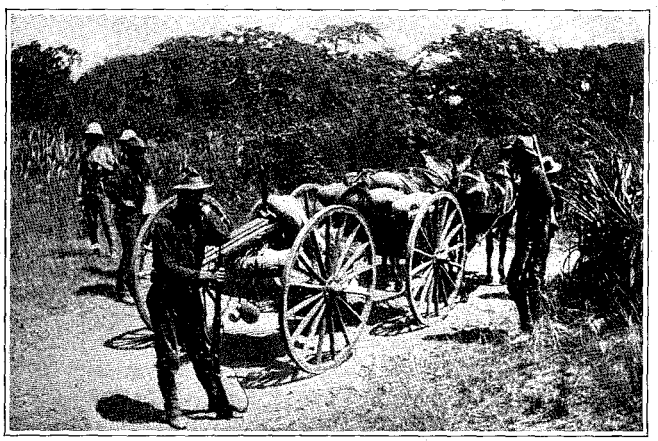
make themselves as much at home as possible. For the next twenty-four hours, however, the amount of comfort was small, as in the way of protection and covering we only had what blankets, rain-coats, and hammocks we took from the dead Spaniards. Ammunition, which was, of course, the most vital need, was brought up in abundance; but very little food reached us. That afternoon we had just enough to allow each man for his supper two hardtacks, and one hardtack extra for every four men.

During the first night we had dug trenches sufficient in length and depth to shelter our men and insure safety against attack, but we had not put in any traverses or approaches, nor had we arranged the trenches at all points in the best places for offensive work; for we were working at night on ground which we had but partially explored. Later on an engineer officer stated that he did not think our work had been scientific; and I assured him that I did not doubt that he was right, for I had never before seen a trench, excepting those we captured from the Spaniards, or heard of a traverse, save as I vaguely remembered reading about them in books. For such work as we were engaged in, however, the problem of intrenchment was comparatively simple, and the work we did proved entirely adequate. No man in my regiment was ever hit in the trenches or going in or out of them.



One of Lieutenant Parker's Gatlings.

But on the first day there was plenty of excitement connected with relieving the firing-line. Under the intense heat, crowded down in cramped attitudes in the rank, newly dug, poisonous soil of the trenches, the men needed to be relieved every six hours or so. Accordingly, in the late morning, and again in the afternoon, I arranged for their release. On each occasion I waited until there was a lull in the firing and then started a sudden rush by the relieving party, who tumbled into the trenches every which way. The movement resulted on each occasion in a terrific outburst of fire from the Spanish lines, which proved quite harmless; and as it gradually died away the men who had been relieved got out as best they could. Fortunately, by the next day I was able to abandon this primitive, though thrilling and wholly novel, military method of relief.

When the hardtack came up that afternoon I felt much sympathy for the hungry unfortunates in the trenches and hated to condemn them to six hours more without food; but I did not know how to get food into them. Little McGinty, the broncobuster, volunteered to make the attempt, and I gave him permission. He simply took a case of hardtack in his arms and darted toward the trenches. The distance was but short, and though there was an outburst of fire, he was actually missed. One bullet, however, passed through the case of hardtack just before he disappeared with it into the trench. A trooper named Shanafelt repeated the feat, later, with a pail of coffee. Another trooper, George King, spent a leisure hour in the rear making soup out of some rice and other stuff he found in a Spanish house; he brought some of it to General Wood, Jack Greenway, and myself, and nothing could have tasted more delicious.

At this time our army in the trenches numbered about 11,000 men; and the Spaniards in Santiago about 9,000, their reinforcements having just arrived. Nobody on the firing-line, whatever was the case in the rear, felt the slightest uneasiness as

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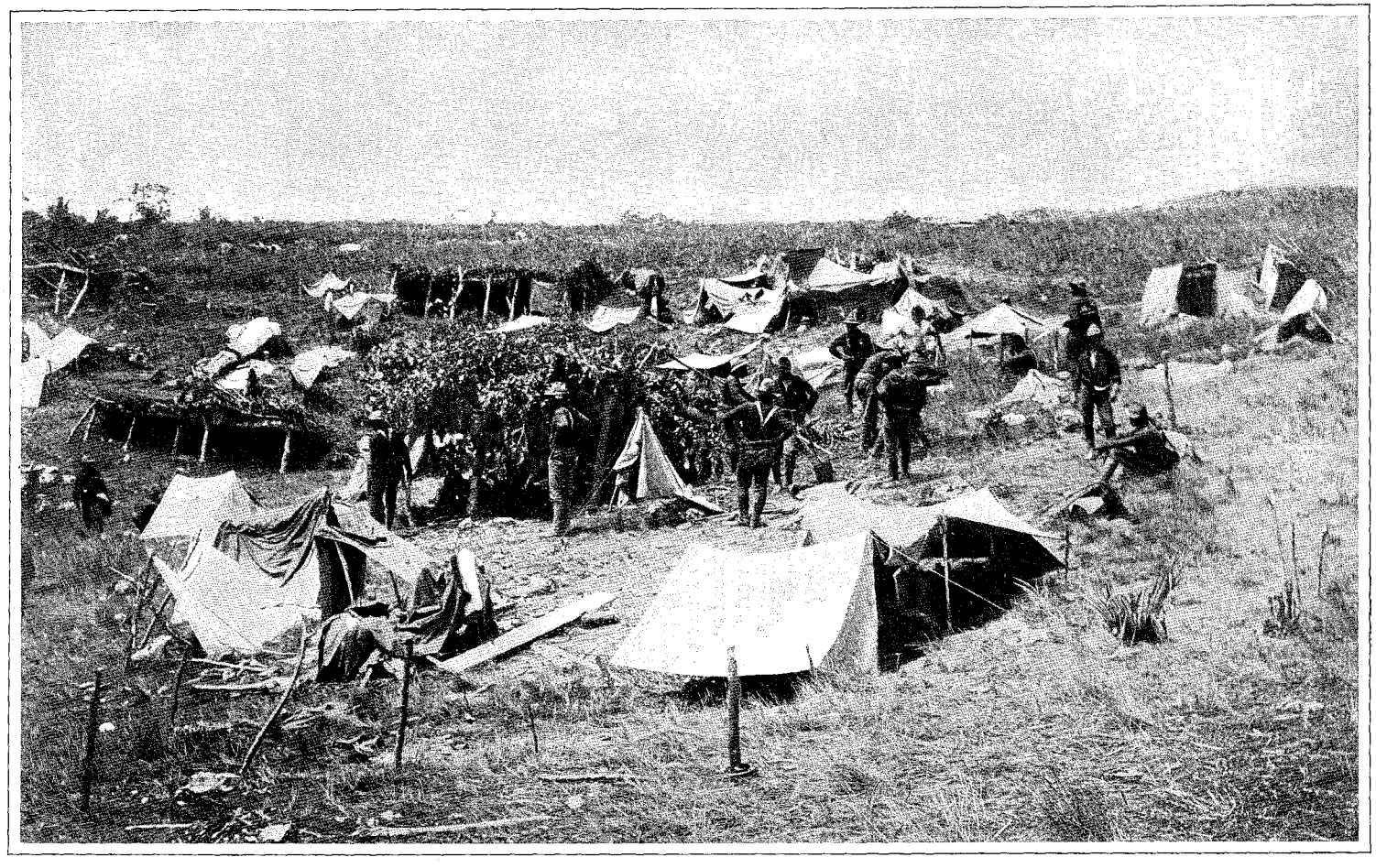

Bomb-proofs Behind the Main Trenches Before Santiago.

(The position taken by the Rough Riders in their second charge on July 1st.)

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to the Spaniards being able to break out; but there were plenty who doubted the advisability of trying to rush the heavy earthworks and wire defences in our front.

All day long the firing continued—musketry and cannon. Our artillery gave up the attempt to fight on the firing-line, and was withdrawn well to the rear out of range of the Spanish rifles; so far as we could see, it accomplished very little. The dynamite gun was brought up to the right of the regimental line. It was more effective than the regular artillery because it was fired with smokeless powder, and as it was used like a mortar from behind the hill, it did not betray its presence, and those firing it suffered no loss. Every few shots it got out of order, and the Rough Rider machinists and those furnished by Lieutenant Parker—whom we by this time began to consider as an exceedingly valuable member of our own regiment—would spend an hour or two in setting it right. Sergeant Borrowe had charge of it and handled it well. With him was Sergeant Guitilias, a gallant old fellow, a veteran of the Civil War, whose duties were properly those of standard-bearer, he having charge of the yellow cavalry standard of the regiment; but in the Cuban campaign he was given the more active work of helping run the dynamite gun. The shots from the dynamite gun made a terrific explosion, but they did not seem to go accurately. Once one of them struck a Spanish trench and wrecked part of it. On another occasion one struck a big building, from which there promptly swarmed both Spanish cavalry and infantry, on whom the Colt automatic guns played with good effect, during the minute that elapsed before they could get other cover.

Sergeant Guitilias, a Veteran of the Civil War.

The standard-bearer of the Rough Riders, and attached to dynamite-gun.

These Colt automatic guns were not, on the whole, very successful. The gun detail was under the charge of Sergeant (afterward Lieutenant) Tiffany, assisted by some of our best men, like Stephens, Crowninshield, Bradley, Smith, and Herrig. The guns were mounted on tripods. They were too heavy for men to carry any distance, and we could not always get mules. They would have been more effective if mounted on wheels, as the Gatlings were. Moreover, they proved more delicate than the Gatlings, and very readily got out of order. A further and serious disadvantage was that they did not use the Krag ammunition, as the Gatlings did, but the Mauser ammunition. The Spanish cartridges which we captured came in quite handily for this reason. Parker took the same fatherly interest in these two Colts that he did in the dynamite gun, and finally I put all three and their men under his immediate care, so that he had a battery of seven guns.

In fact, I think Parker deserved rather more credit than any other one man in the entire campaign. I do not allude especially to his courage and energy, great though they were, for there were hundreds of his fellow-officers of the cavalry and infantry who possessed as much of the former quality, and scores who possessed as much of the latter; but he had the rare good judgment and foresight to see the possibilities of the machine-guns, and, thanks to the aid of General Shafter, he was able to organize his battery. He then, by his own exertions, got it to the front and proved that it could do invaluable work on the field of battle, as much in attack as in defence. Parker's Gatlings were our inseparable companions throughout the siege. After our trenches were put in final shape, he took off the wheels of a couple and placed them with our own two Colts in the trenches. His gunners slept beside the Rough Riders in the bomb-proofs, and the men shared with one another when either side got a supply of beans or of coffee and sugar; for Parker was as wide-awake and energetic in getting food for his men as we prided ourselves upon being in getting food for ours. Besides, he got oil, and let our men have plenty for their rifles. At no hour of the day or night was Parker anywhere but

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The Dynamite Gun on the Right of the Regimental Line.

where we wished him to be in the event of an attack. If I was ordered to send a troop of Rough Riders to guard some road or some break in the lines, we usually got Parker to send a Gatling along, and whether the change was made by day or by night, the Gatling went, over any ground and in any weather. He never exposed the Gatlings needlessly or unless there was some object to be gained, but if serious fighting broke out, he always took a hand. Sometimes this fighting would be the result of an effort on our part to quell the fire from the Spanish trenches; sometimes the Spaniards took the initiative; but at whatever hour of the twenty-four serious fighting began, the drumming of the Gatlings was soon heard through the cracking of our own carbines.

I have spoken thus of Parker's Gatling detachment. How can I speak highly enough of the regular cavalry with whom it was our good fortune to serve? I do not believe that in any army of the world could be found a more gallant and soldierly body of fighters than the officers and men of the First, Third, Sixth, Ninth, and Tenth United States Cavalry, beside whom we marched to blood-bought victory under the tropic skies of Santiago. The American regular sets the standard of excellence. When we wish to give the utmost possible praise to a volunteer organization, we say that it is as good as the regulars. I was exceedingly proud of the fact that the regulars treated my regiment as on a complete equality with themselves, and were as ready to see it in a post of danger and responsibility as to see any of their own battalions. Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst, a man from whom praise meant a good deal, christened us "the Eleventh United States Horse," and we endeavored, I think I may say successfully, to show that we deserved the title by our conduct, not only in fighting and in marching, but in guarding the trenches and in policing camp. In less than sixty days the regiment had been raised, organized, armed, equipped, drilled, mounted, dismounted, kept for a fortnight on transports, and put through two victorious aggressive fights in very difficult country, the loss in killed and wounded amounting to a quarter of those engaged. This

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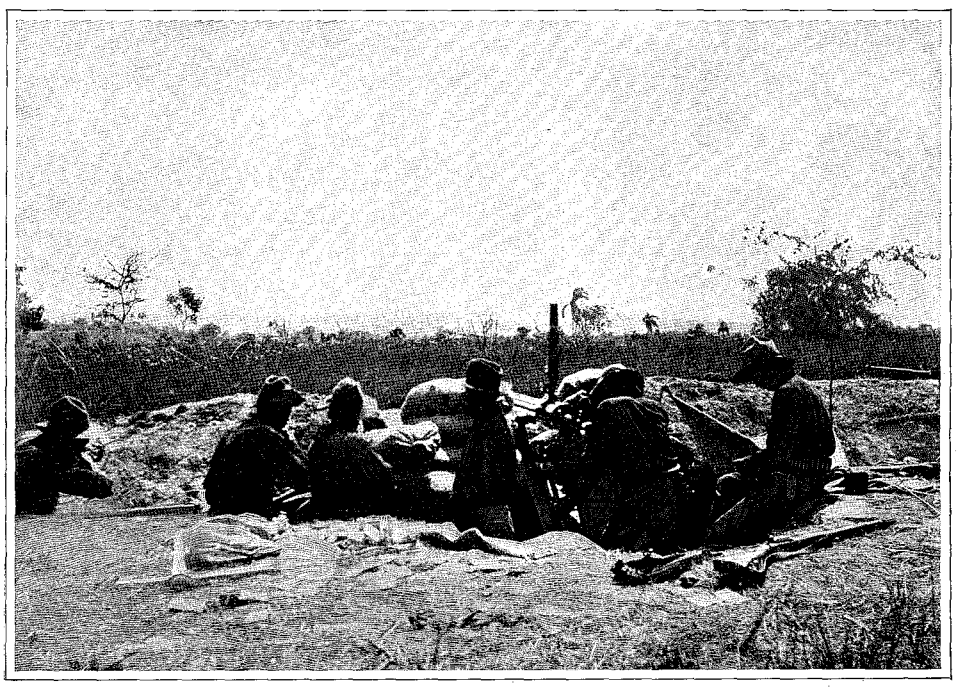
is a record which it is not easy to match in the history of volunteer organizations. The loss was but small compared to that which befell hundreds of regiments in some of the great battles of the later years of the Civil War; but it may be doubted whether there was any regiment which made such a record during the first months of any of our wars.

After the battle of San Juan my men had really become veterans; they and I understood each other perfectly, and trusted each other implicitly; they knew I would share every hardship and danger with them, would do everything in my power to see that they were fed, and so far as might be, sheltered and spared; and in return I knew that they would endure every kind of hardship and fatigue without a murmur, and face every danger with entire fearlessness. I felt utter confidence in them, and would have been more than willing to put them to any task which any crack regiment of the world, at home or abroad, could perform. They were natural fighters, men of great intelligence, great courage, great hardihood, and physical prowess; and I could draw on these qualities and upon their spirit of ready soldierly obedience to make up for any deficiencies in the technique of the trade which they had temporarily adopted. It must be remembered that they were already good individual fighters, skilled in the use of the horse and the rifle, so that there was no need of putting them through the kind of training in which the ordinary raw recruit must spend his first year or two.

On July 2d, as the day wore on, the fight, though raging fitfully at intervals, gradually died away. The Spanish guerillas were causing us much trouble. They showed great courage, exactly as did their soldiers who were defending the trenches. In fact, the Spaniards throughout showed precisely the qualities they did early in the century, when, as every student will remember, their fleets were a helpless prey to the English war-ships, and their armies utterly unable to stand in the open against those of Napoleon's marshals, while on the other hand their guerillas performed marvellous feats, and their defence of intrenchments and walled towns, as at Saragossa and Gerona, were the wonder of the civilized world.



A Dismounted Gatling in the Trenches.

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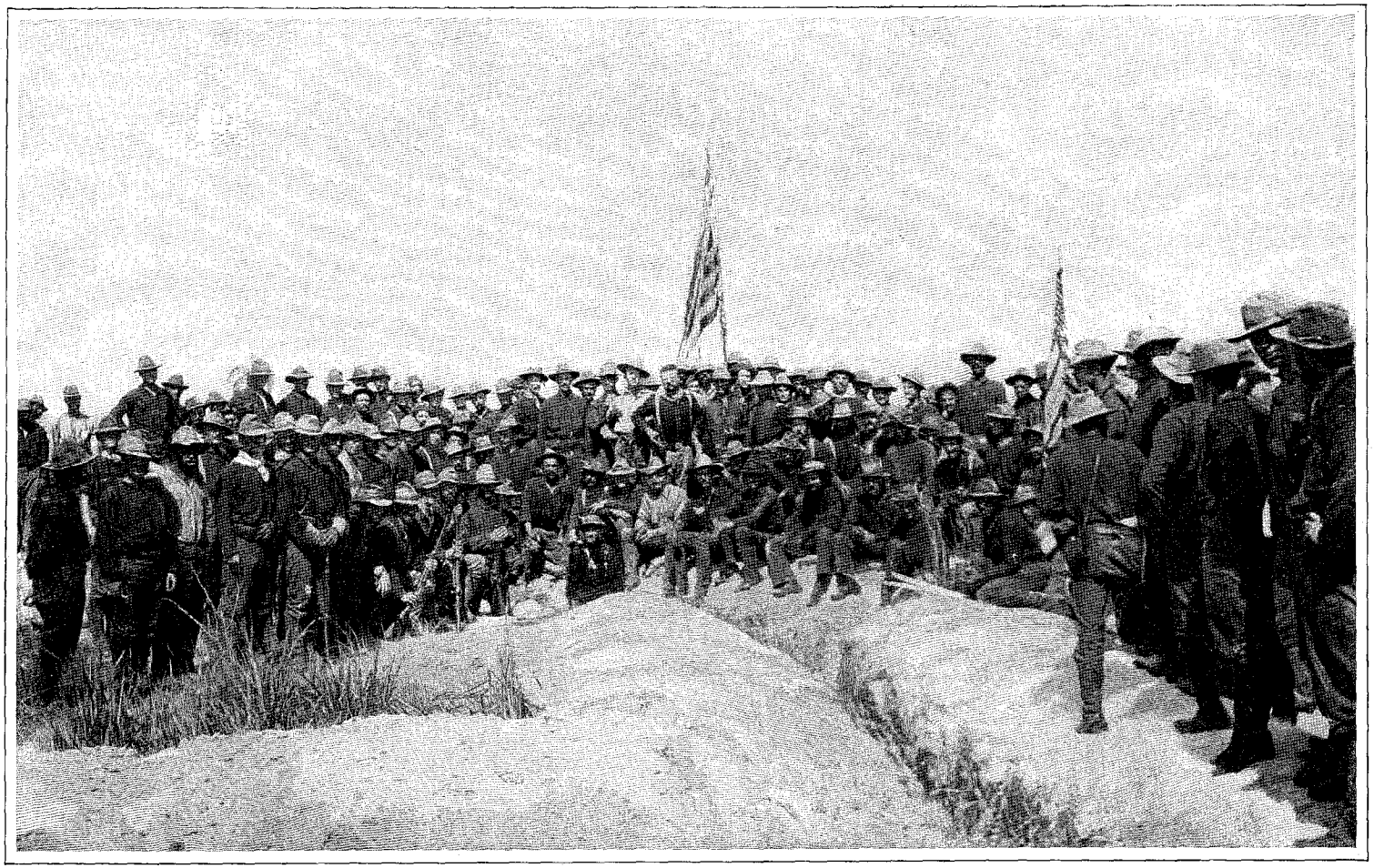

Colonel Roosevelt and Rough Riders at the Point where they Charged Over the Hill at San Juan.

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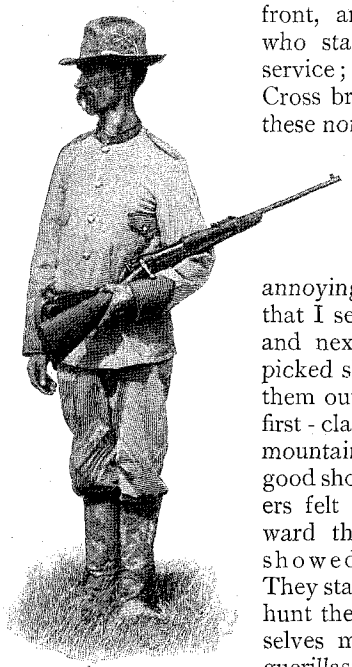
In our front their sharp-shooters crept up before dawn and either lay in the thick jungle or climbed into some tree with dense foliage. In these places it proved almost impossible to place them, as they kept cover very carefully, and their smokeless powder betrayed not the slightest sign of their whereabouts. They caused us a great deal of annoyance and some little loss, and though our own sharp-shooters were continually taking shots at the places where they supposed them to be, and though occasionally we would play a Gatling or a Colt all through the top of a suspicious tree, I but twice saw Spaniards brought down out of their perches from in front of our lines—on each occasion the fall of the Spaniard being hailed with loud cheers by our men.



Trooper Morrison, formerly a Baptist Minister.

These sharp-shooters in our front did perfectly legitimate work, and were entitled to all credit for their courage and skill. It was different with the guerillas in our rear. Quite a number of these had been posted in trees at the time of the San Juan fight. They were using, not Mausers, but Remingtons, which shot smokeless powder and a brass-coated bullet. It was one of these bullets which had hit Winslow Clark by my side on Kettle Hill; and though for long-range fighting the Remingtons were, of course, nothing like as good as the Mausers, they were equally serviceable for short-range bush work, as they used smokeless powder. When our troops advanced and the Spaniards in the trenches and in reserve behind the hill fled, the guerillas in the trees had no time to get away and in consequence were left in the rear of our lines. As we found out from the prisoners we took, the Spanish officers had been careful to instil into the minds of their soldiers the belief that the Americans never granted quarter, and I suppose it was in consequence of this that the guerillas did not surrender; for we found that the Spaniards were anxious enough to surrender as soon as they became convinced that we would treat them mercifully. At any rate, these guerillas kept up in their trees and showed not only courage but wanton cruelty and barbarity. At times they fired upon armed men in bodies, but they much preferred for their victims the unarmed attendants, the doctors, the chaplains, the hospital stewards. They fired at the men who were bearing off the wounded in litters; they fired at the doctors who came to the front, and at the chaplains who started to hold burial service; the conspicuous Red Cross brassard worn by all of these non-combatants, instead of serving as a protection, seemed to make them the special objects of the guerilla fire. So annoying did they become that I sent out that afternoon and next morning a detail of picked sharp-shooters to hunt them out, choosing, of course, first-class woodsmen and mountain men who were also good shots. My sharp-shooters felt very vindictively toward these guerillas and showed them no quarter. They started systematically to hunt them, and showed themselves much superior at the guerillas' own game, killing eleven, while not one of my men was scratched. Two of the men who did conspicuously good service in this work were Troopers Goodwin and Proffit, both of Arizona, but one by birth a Californian and the other a North Carolinian. Goodwin was a natural shot, not only with the rifle and revolver, but with the sling. Proffit might have stood as a type of the mountaineers described by John Fox and Miss Murfree. He was a tall, sinewy, handsome man of remarkable strength, an excellent shot and a thoroughly good soldier. His father had been a Confederate officer, rising from the ranks, and if the war had lasted long enough the son would have risen in the same manner. As it was, I should have been glad to have given him a commission, exactly as I should have been glad to have

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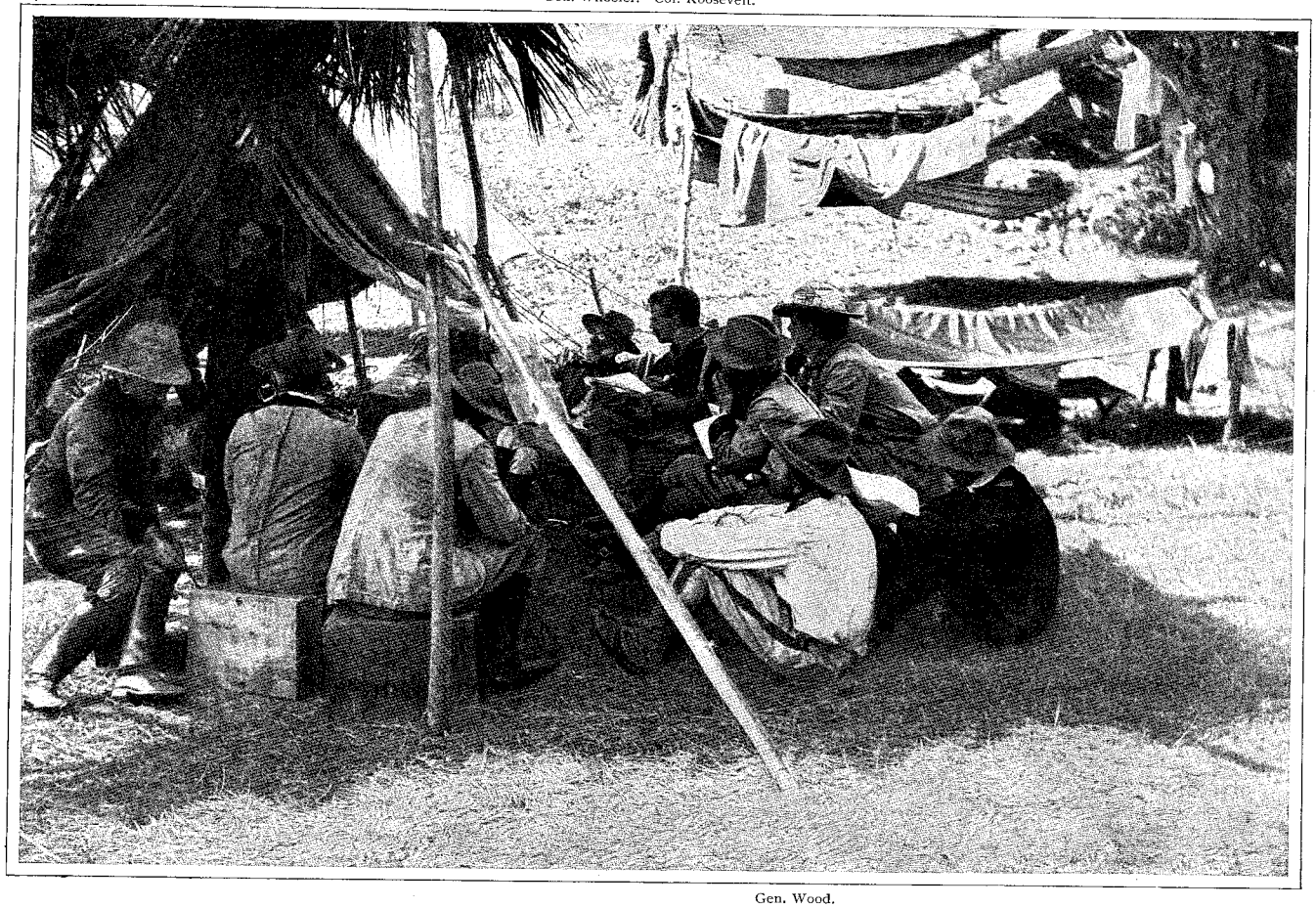
Gen. Wheeler. Col. Roosevelt.



Gen. Wood.

A Consultation at General Wheeler's Head-quarters.

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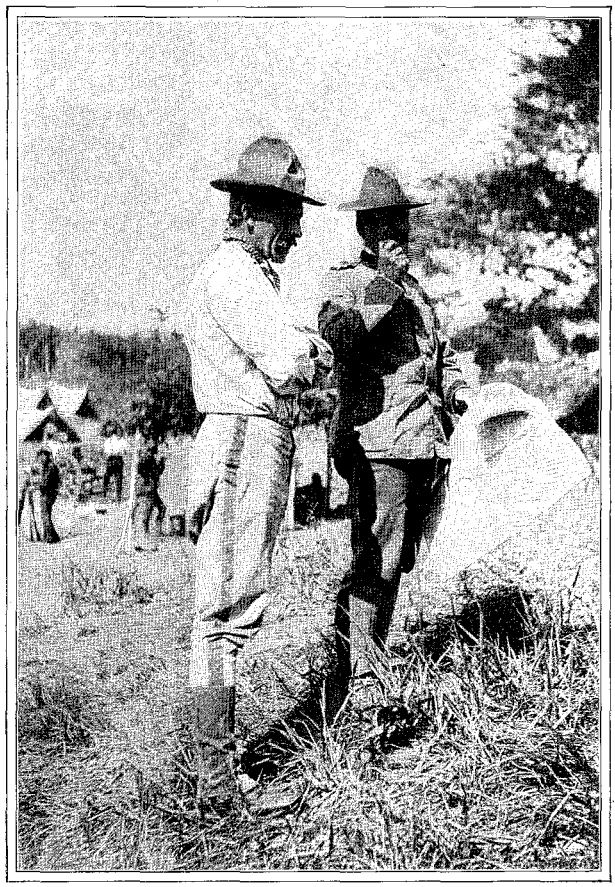
given a number of others in the regiment commissions, if I had only had them. Proffit was a saturnine, reserved man, who afterward fell very sick with the fever, and who, as a reward for his soldierly good conduct, was often granted unusual privileges; but he took the fever and the privileges with the same iron indifference, never grumbling and never expressing satisfaction.



General Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst.

The sharp-shooters returned by nightfall. Soon afterward I established my pickets and outposts well to the front in the jungle, so as to prevent all possibility of surprise. After dark, fires suddenly shot up on the mountain-passes far to our right. They all rose together and we could make nothing of them. After a good deal of consultation, we decided they must be some signals to the Spaniards in Santiago, from the troops marching to reinforce them from without—for we were ignorant that the reinforcements had already reached the city, the Cubans being quite unable to prevent the Spanish regulars from marching wherever they wished. While we were thus pondering over the watch-fires and attributing them to Spanish machinations of some sort, it appears that the Spaniards, equally puzzled, were setting them down as an attempt at communication between the insurgents and our army. Both sides were accordingly on the alert, and the Spaniards must have strengthened their outlying parties in the jungle ahead of us, for they suddenly attacked one of our pickets, wounding Crockett seriously. He was brought in by the other troopers. Evidently the Spanish lines felt a little nervous, for this sputter of shooting was immediately followed by a tremendous fire of great guns and rifles from their trenches and batteries. Our men in the trenches responded heavily, and word was sent back, not only to me, but to the commanders in the rear of the regiments along our line, that the Spaniards were attacking. It was imperative to see what was really going on, so I ran up to the trenches and looked out. At night it was far easier to place the Spanish lines than by day, because the flame spurts shone in the darkness. I could soon tell that there were bodies of Spanish pickets or skirmishers in the jungle-covered valley, between their lines and ours, but that the bulk of the fire came from their trenches and showed not the slightest symptom of advancing; moreover, as is generally the case at night, the fire was almost all high, passing well overhead, with an occasional bullet near by.

I came to the conclusion that there was no use in our firing back under such circumstances; and I could tell that the same

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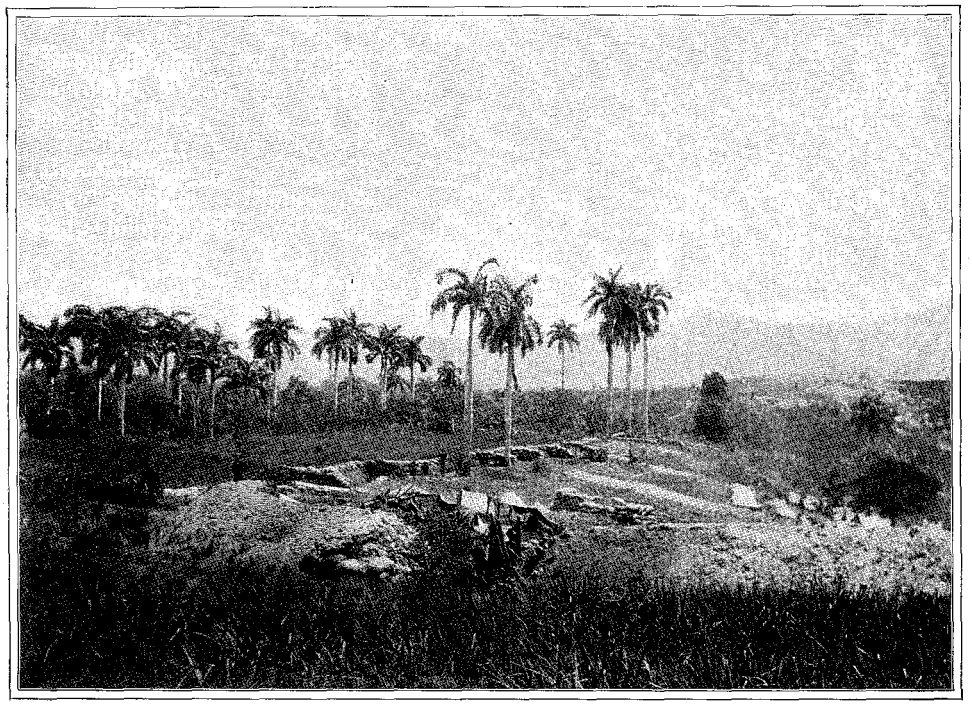

One of the Picturesque Points on the Extreme Right of the Left Wing of the Army.

conclusion had been reached by Captain Ayres of the Tenth Cavalry on the right of my line, for even above the cracking of the carbines rose the Captain's voice as with varied and picturesque language he bade his black troopers cease firing. The Captain was as absolutely fearless as a man can be. He had command of his regimental trenches that night, and, having run up at the first alarm, had speedily satisfied himself that no particular purpose was served by blazing away in the dark, when the enormous majority of the Spaniards were simply shooting at random from their own trenches, and, if they ever had thought of advancing, had certainly given up the idea. His troopers were devoted to him, would follow him anywhere, and would do anything he said; but when men get firing at night it is rather difficult to stop them, especially when the fire of the enemy in front continues unabated. When he first reached the trenches it was impossible to say whether or not there was an actual night attack impending, and he had been instructing his men, as I instructed mine, to fire low, cutting the grass in front. As soon as he became convinced that there was no night attack, he ran up and down the line adjuring and commanding the troopers to cease shooting, with words and phrases which were doubtless not wholly unlike those which the Old Guard really did use at Waterloo. As I ran down my own line, I could see him coming up his, and he saved me all trouble in stopping the fire at the right, where the lines met, for my men there all dropped everything to listen to him and cheer and laugh. Soon we got the troopers in hand, and made them cease firing; then, after awhile, the Spanish fire died down. At the time, we spoke of this as a night attack by the Spaniards, but it really was not an attack at all. Ever after my men had a great regard for Ayres, and would have followed him anywhere. I shall never forget the way in which he scolded his huge, devoted black troopers, generally ending with "I'm ashamed of you, ashamed of you! I wouldn't have believed it! Firing; when I told you to stop! I'm ashamed of you!"

That night we spent in perfecting the trenches and arranging entrances to them,

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doing about as much work as we had the preceding night. Greenway and Goodrich, from their energy, eagerness to do every duty, and great physical strength, were peculiarly useful in this work; as, indeed, they were in all work. They had been up practically the entire preceding night, but they were too good men for me to spare them, nor did they wish to be spared; and I kept them up all this night too. Goodrich had also been on guard as officer of the day the night we were at El Poso, so that it turned out that he spent nearly four days and three nights with practically hardly any sleep at all.

Next morning, at daybreak, the firing began again. This day, the 3d, we suffered nothing save having one man wounded by a sharp-shooter, and, thanks to the approaches to the trenches, we were able to relieve the guards without any difficulty. The Spanish sharp-shooters in the trees and jungle nearby, however, annoyed us very much and I made preparations to fix them next day. With this end in view I chose out some twenty first-class men, in many instances the same that I had sent after the guerillas, and arranged that each should take his canteen and a little food. They were to slip into the jungle between us and the Spanish lines before dawn next morning, and there to spend the day, getting as close to the Spanish lines as possible, moving about with great stealth, and picking off any hostile sharp-shooter, as well as any soldier who exposed himself in the trenches. I had plenty of men who possessed a training in wood-craft that fitted them for this work; and as soon as the rumor get abroad what I was planning, volunteers thronged to me. Daniels and Love were two of the men always to the front in any enterprise of this nature; so were Wadsworth, the two Bulls, Fortescue, and Cowdin. But I could not begin to name all the troopers who so eagerly craved the chance to win honor out of hazard and danger.

Among them was good, solemn Fred Herrig, the Alsatian. I knew Fred's patience and skill as a hunter from the trips we had taken together after deer and mountain-sheep through the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. He still spoke English with what might be called Alsatian variations—he always spoke of the gun detail as the "góndêtle" with the accent on the first syllable—and he expressed a wish to be allowed "a holiday from the gondetle to go after dem gorrillas." I told him he could have the holiday, but to his great disappointment the truce came first, and then Fred asked that, inasmuch as the "gorrillas" were now forbidden game, he might be allowed to go after guinea-hens instead.

Even after the truce, however, some of my sharp-shooters had occupation, for two guerillas in our rear took occasional shots at the men who were bathing in a pond, until one of our men spied them, when they were both speedily brought down. One of my riflemen who did best at this kind of work, by the way, got into trouble because of it. He was much inflated by my commendation of him, and when he went back to his troop he declined to obey the first Sergeant's orders on the ground that he was "the Colonel's sharp-shooter." The Lieutenant in command, being somewhat puzzled, brought him to me, and I had to explain that if the offence, disobedience of orders in face of the enemy, was repeated he might incur the death penalty; whereat he looked very crestfallen. That afternoon he got permission, like Fred Herrig, to go after guinea-hens, which were found wild in some numbers round about; and he sent me the only one he got as a peace offering. The few guinea-hens thus procured were all used for the sick.

Dr. Church had established a little field hospital under the shoulder of the hill in our rear. He was himself very sick and had almost nothing in the way of medicine or supplies or apparatus of any kind, but the condition of the wounded in the big field hospitals in the rear was so horrible, from the lack of attendants as well as of medicines, that we kept all the men we possibly could at the front. Some of them had now begun to come down with fever. They were all very patient, but it was pitiful to see the sick and wounded soldiers lying on their blankets, if they had any, and if not then simply in the mud, with nothing to eat but hardtack and pork, which of course they could not touch when their fever got high, and with no chance to get more than the rudest attention. Among the very sick here was gallant Captain Llewellen. I feared he was going

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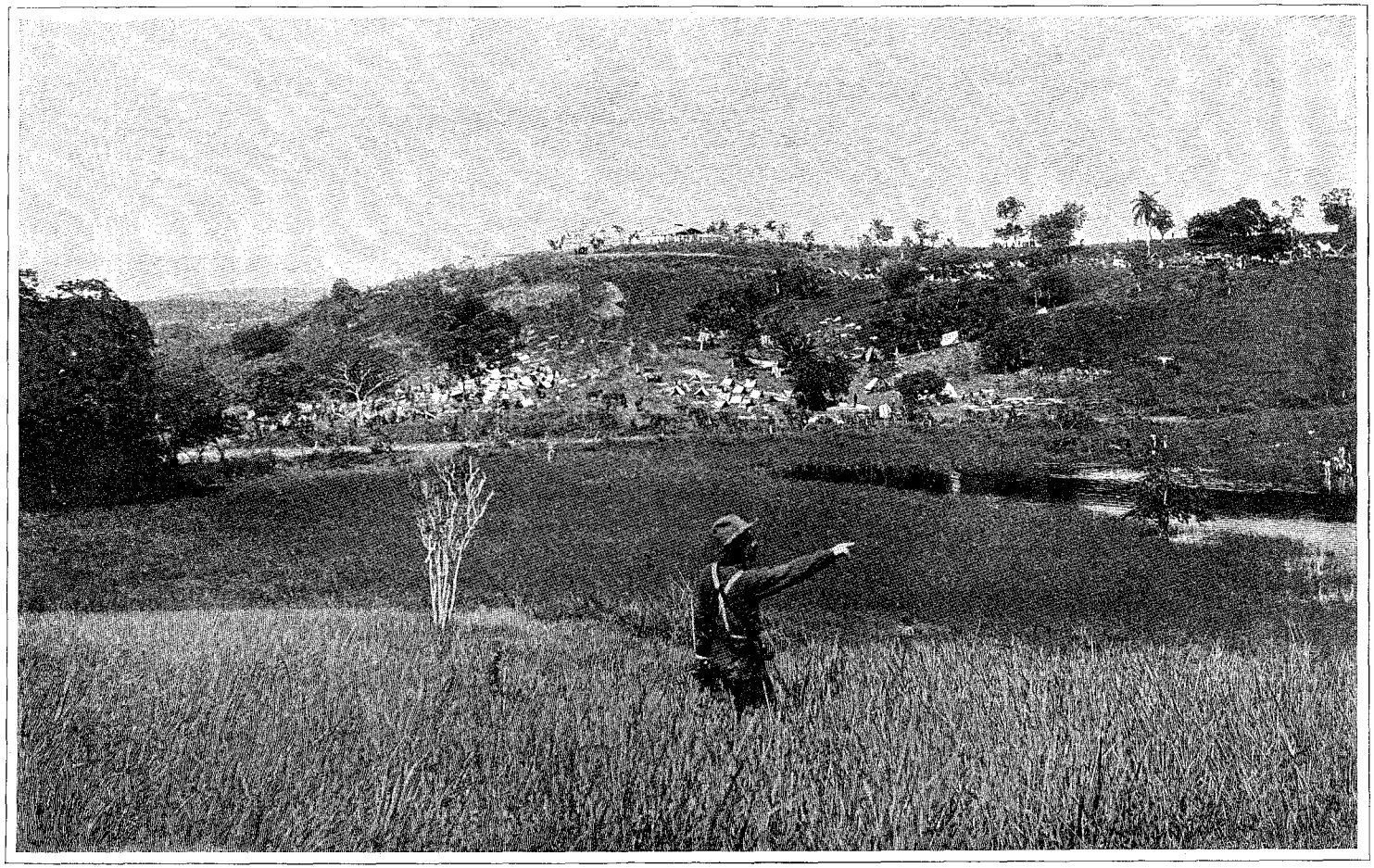

View of San Juan Hill and Block-house, showing the Camp of the United States Forces.

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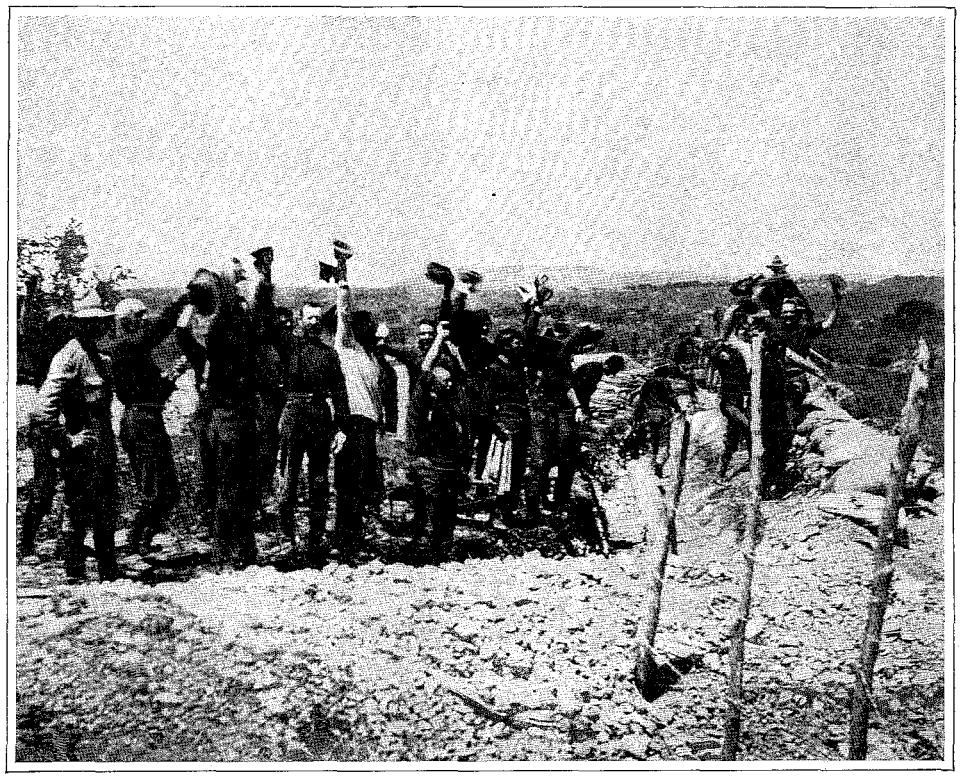

Troops in the Trenches Cheering at the News of the Surrender of Santiago.

to die. We finally had to send him to one of the big hospitals in the rear. Doctors Brewer and Fuller of the Tenth had been unwearying in attending to the wounded, including many of those of my regiment.

At twelve o'clock we were notified to stop firing, and a flag of truce was sent in to demand the surrender of the city. The negotiations gave us a breathing spell.

That afternoon I arranged to get our baggage up, sending back strong details of men to carry up their own goods, and, as usual, impressing into the service a kind of improvised pack-train consisting of the officers' horses, of two or three captured Spanish cavalry horses, two or three mules which had been shot and abandoned and which our men had taken and cured, and two or three Cuban ponies. Hitherto we had simply been sleeping by the trenches or immediately in their rear, with nothing in the way of shelter and only one blanket to every three or four men. Fortunately there had been little rain. We now got up the shelter tents of the men and some flies for the hospital and for the officers; and my personal baggage appeared. I celebrated its advent by a thorough wash and shave.

Later, I twice snatched a few hours to go to the rear and visit such of my men as I could find in the hospitals. Their patience was extraordinary. Kenneth Robinson, a gallant young trooper, though himself severely (I supposed at the time mortally) wounded, was noteworthy for the way in which he tended those among the wounded who were even more helpless, and the cheery courage with which he kept up their spirits. Gievers, who was shot through the hips, rejoined us at the front in a fortnight. Captain Day was hardly longer away. Jack Hammer, who, with poor Race Smith, a gallant Texas lad who was mortally hurt beside me on the summit of the hill, had been on kitchen detail, was wounded and sent to the rear; he was ordered to go to the United States, but he heard that we were to assault Santiago, so he struggled out to rejoin us, and there-

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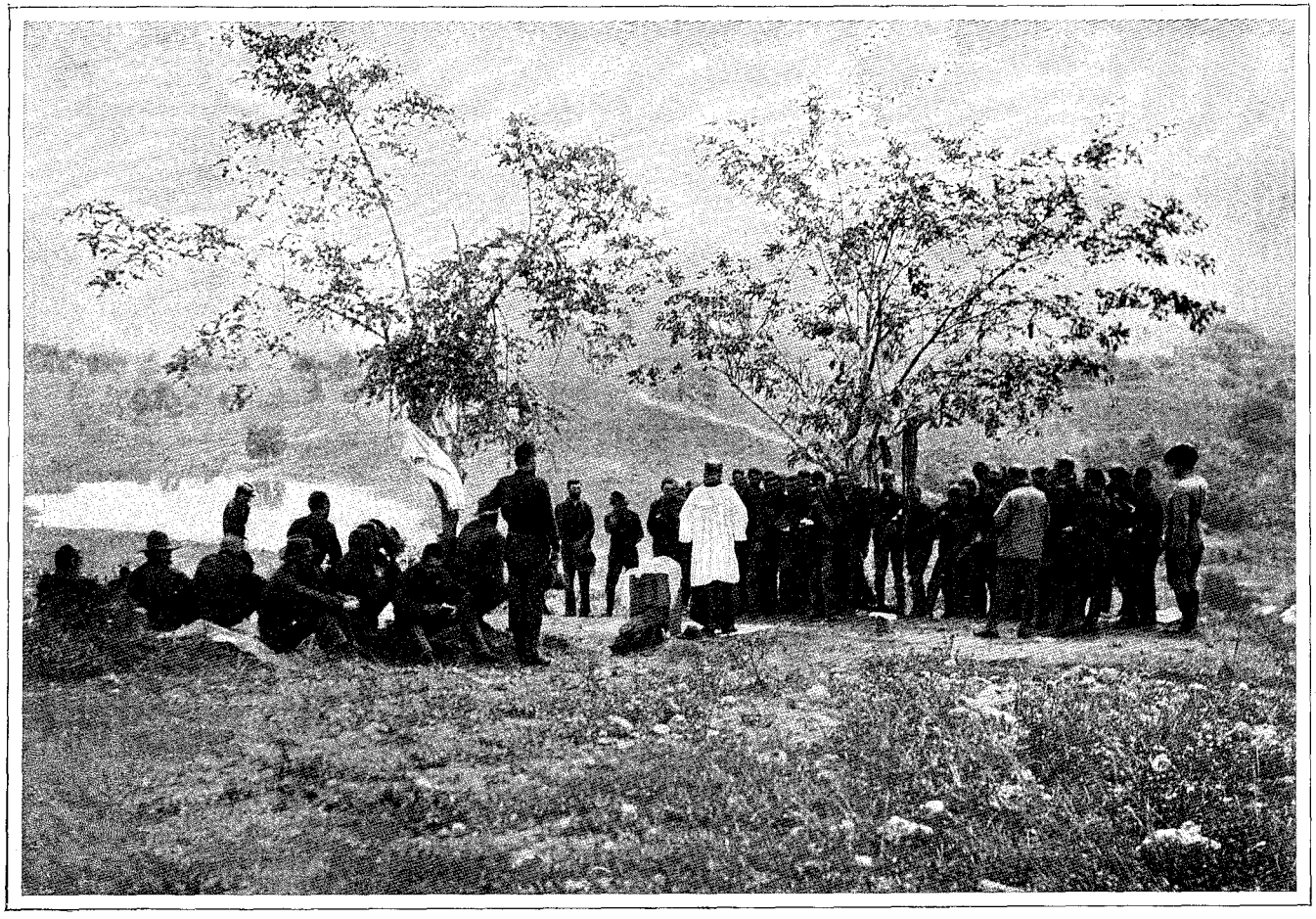

Religious Service held on San Juan Hill.

At the conclusion of this service General Wheeler said, "I am pleased to say there will be no more fighting, the enemy has surrendered."

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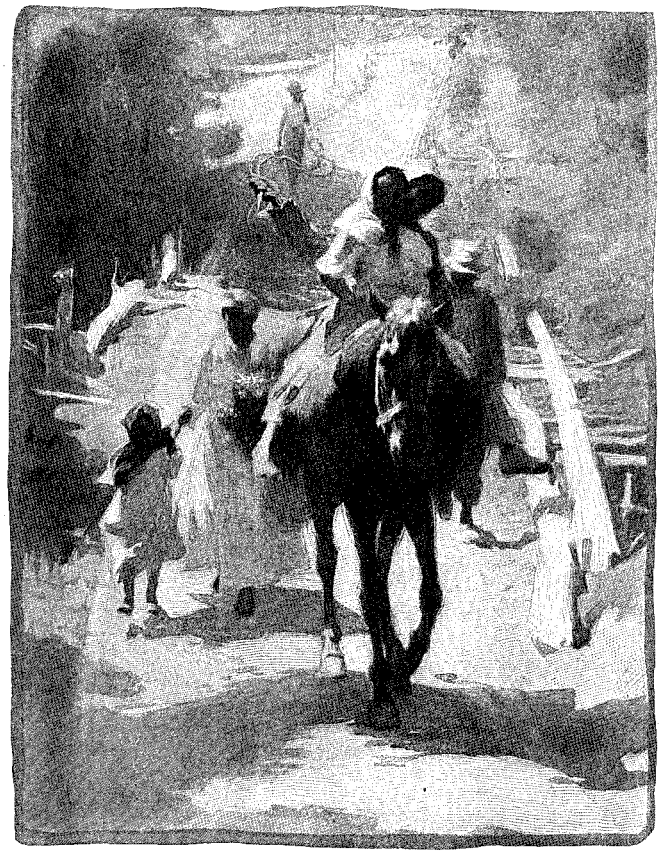

Drawn from photograph by Walter Appleton Clark.

Refugees from Santiago on the Road to El Caney.

after stayed at the front. Cosby, badly wounded, made his way down to the sea-coast in three days, unassisted.

With all volunteer troops, and I am inclined to think with regulars too, in time of trial, the best work can be got out of the men only if the officers endure the same hardships and face the same risks. In my regiment, as in the whole cavalry division, the proportion of loss in killed and wounded was considerably greater among the officers than among the troopers, and this was exactly as it should be. Moreover, when we got down to hard pan, we all, officers and men, fared exactly alike as regards both shelter and food. This prevented any grumbling. When the troopers saw that the officers had nothing but hardtack, there was not a man in the regiment who would not have been ashamed to grumble at faring no worse, and when all alike slept out in the open, in the rear of the trenches, and when the men always saw the field officers up at night, during the digging of the trenches, and going the rounds of the outposts, they would not tolerate, in any of their number, either complaint or shirking work. When things got easier I put up my tent and lived a little apart, for it is a mistake for an officer ever to grow too familiar with his men, no matter how good they are; and it is of course the greatest possible mistake to seek popularity either by showing weakness or by mollycoddling the men. They will never respect a commander who does not enforce discipline, who does not know his duty, and who is not willing both himself to encounter and to make them encounter every species of danger and hardship when necessary. The soldiers who do not feel this way are not worthy of the name and should be handled with iron severity until they become fighting men and not shams. In return the

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officer should carefully look after his men, should see that they are well fed and well sheltered, and that, no matter how much they may grumble, they keep the camp thoroughly policed.

After the cessation of the three days' fighting we began to get our rations regularly and had plenty of hardtack and salt pork, and usually about half the ordinary amount of sugar and coffee. It was not a very good ration for the tropics, however, and was of very little use indeed to the sick and half sick. On two or three occasions during the siege I got my improvised pack-train together and either took or sent it down to the sea-coast for beans, canned tomatoes, and the like. We got these either from the transports which were still landing stores on the beach or from the Red Cross. If I did not go myself I sent some man who had shown that he was a driving, energetic, tactful fellow, who would somehow get what we wanted. Chaplain Brown developed great capacity in this line, and so did one of the troopers named Knoblauch, he who had dived after the rifles that had sunk off the pier at Daiquiri. The supplies of food we got in this way had a very beneficial effect, not only upon the men's health, but upon their spirits. To the Red Cross we owe a great deal. We also owed much to Colonel Weston of the Commissary Department, who always helped us and never let himself be hindered by red tape; thus he always let me violate the absurd regulation which forbade me, even in war-time, to purchase food for my men from the stores, although letting me purchase for the officers. I, of course, paid no heed to the regulation when by violating it I could get beans, canned tomatoes, or tobacco. Sometimes I used my own money, sometimes what was given me by Woody Kane, or what was sent me by my brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson, or by the other Red Cross people in New York. My regiment did not fare very well; but I think it fared better than any other. Of course no one would have minded in the least such hardships as we endured had there been any need of enduring them; but there was none. System and sufficiency of transportation were all that were needed.

On one occasion a foreign military attaché visited my head-quarters together with a foreign correspondent who had been through the Turco-Greek war. They were both most friendly critics, and as they knew I was aware of this, the correspondent finally ventured the remark, that he thought our soldiers fought even better than the Turks, but that on the whole our system of military administration seemed rather worse than that of the Greeks. As a nation we had prided ourselves on our business ability and adroitness in the arts of peace, while outsiders, at any rate, did not credit us with any especial warlike prowess; and it was curious that when war came we should have broken down precisely on the business and administrative side, while the fighting edge of the troops certainly left little to be desired.

I was very much touched by the devotion my men showed to me. After they had once become convinced that I would share their hardships, they made it a point that I should not suffer any hardships at all; and I really had an extremely easy time. Whether I had any food or not myself made no difference, as there were sure to be certain troopers, and, indeed, certain troop messes, on the lookout for me. If they had any beans they would send me over a cupful, or I would suddenly receive a present of doughnuts from some ex-roundup cook who had succeeded in obtaining a little flour and sugar, and if a man shot a guinea-hen it was all I could do to make him keep half of it for himself. Wright, the color sergeant, and Henry Bardshar, my orderly, always pitched and struck my tent and built me a bunk of bamboo poles, whenever we changed camp. So I personally endured very little discomfort; for, of course, no one minded the two or three days preceding or following each fight, when we all had to get along as best we could. Indeed, as long as we were under fire or in the immediate presence of the enemy, and I had plenty to do, there was nothing of which I could legitimately complain; and what I really did regard as hardships, my men did not object to—for later on, when we had some leisure, I would have given much for complete solitude and some good books.

Whether there was a truce, or whether, as sometimes happened, we were notified that there was no truce but merely a further cessation of hostilities by tacit agree-

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ment, or whether the fight was on, we kept equally vigilant watch, especially at night. In the trenches every fourth man kept awake, the others sleeping beside or behind him on their rifles; and the cossack posts and pickets were pushed out in advance beyond the edge of the jungle. At least once a night at some irregular hour I tried to visit every part of our line, especially if it was dark and rainy, although sometimes, when the lines were in charge of some officer like Wilcox or Kane, Greenway or Goodrich, I became lazy, took off my boots, and slept all night through. Sometimes at night I went not only along the lines of our own brigade, but of the brigades adjoining. It was a matter of pride, not only with me, but with all our men, that the lines occupied by the Rough Riders should be at least as vigilantly guarded as the lines of any regular regiment.

Sometimes at night, when I met other officers inspecting their lines, we would sit and talk over matters, and wonder what shape the outcome of the siege would take. We knew we would capture Santiago, but exactly how we would do it we could not tell. The failure to establish any depot for provisions on the fighting-line, where there was hardly ever more than twenty-four hours' food ahead, made the risk very serious. If a hurricane had struck the transports, scattering them to the four winds, or if three days of heavy rain had completely broken up our communication, as they assuredly would have done, we would have been at starvation point on the front; and while, of course, we would have lived through it somehow and would have taken the city, it would only have been after very disagreeable experiences. As soon as I was able I accumulated for my own regiment about forty-eight hours' hardtack and salt pork, which I kept so far as possible intact to provide against any emergency.

If the city could be taken without direct assault on the intrenchments and wire entanglements, we earnestly hoped it would be, for such an assault meant, as we knew by past experience, the loss of a quarter of the attacking regiments (and we were bound that the Rough Riders should be one of these attacking regiments, if the attack had to be made). There was, of course, nobody who would not rather have assaulted than have run the risk of failure; but we hoped the city would fall without need arising for us to suffer the great loss of life which a further assault would have entailed.

Naturally, the colonels and captains had nothing to say in the peace negotiations which dragged along for the week following the sending in the flag of truce. Each day we expected either to see the city surrender, or to be told to begin fighting again, and toward the end it grew so irksome that we would have welcomed even an assault in preference to further inaction. I used to discuss matters with the officers of my own regiment now and then, and with a few of the officers of the neighboring regiments with whom I had struck up a friendship—Parker, Stevens, Beck, Ayres, Morton, and Boughton. I also saw a good deal of the excellent officers on the staffs of Generals Wheeler and Sumner, especially Colonel Dorst, Colonel Garlington, Captain Howze, Captain Steele, Lieutenant Andrews, and Captain Astor Chanler, who, like myself, was a volunteer. Chanler was an old friend and a fellow big-game hunter, who had done some good exploring work in Africa. I always wished I could have had him in my regiment. As for Dorst, he was peculiarly fitted to command a regiment. Although Howze and Andrews were not in my brigade, I saw a great deal of them, especially of Howze, who would have made a nearly ideal regimental commander. They were both natural cavalry-men and of most enterprising natures, ever desirous of pushing to the front and of taking the boldest course. The view Howze always took of every emergency (a view which found prompt expression in his actions when the opportunity offered) made me feel like an elderly conservative.

The week of non-fighting was not all a period of truce; part of the time was passed under a kind of nondescript arrangement, when we were told not to attack ourselves, but to be ready at any moment to repulse an attack and to make preparations for meeting it. During these times I busied myself in putting our trenches into first-rate shape and in building bomb-proofs and traverses. One night I got a detail of sixty men from the First, Ninth, and Tenth, whose officers always helped us in

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every way, and with these, and with sixty of my own men, I dug a long, zigzag trench in advance of the salient of my line out to a knoll well in front, from which we could command the Spanish trenches and block-houses immediately ahead of us. On this knoll we made a kind of bastion consisting of a deep, semi-circular trench with sand-bags arranged along the edge so as to constitute a wall with loop-holes. Of course, when I came to dig this trench, I kept both Greenway and Goodrich supervising the work all night, and equally of course I got Parker and Stevens to help me. By employing as many men as we did we were able to get the work so far advanced as to provide against interruption before the moon rose, which was about midnight. Our pickets were thrown far out in the jungle, to keep back the Spanish pickets and prevent any interference with the diggers. The men seemed to think the work rather good fun than otherwise, the possibility of a brush with the Spaniards lending a zest that prevented its growing monotonous.

Parker had taken two of his Gatlings, removed the wheels, and mounted them in the trenches; also mounting the two automatic Colts where he deemed they could do best service. With the completion of the trenches, bomb-proofs, and traverses, and the mounting of these guns, the fortifications of the hill assumed quite a respectable character, and the Gatling men christened it Fort Roosevelt, by which name it afterward went.*

During the truce various military attachés and foreign officers came out to visit us. Two or three of the newspaper men, including Richard Harding Davis, Caspar Whitney, and John Fox, had already been out to see us, and had been in the trenches during the firing. Among the others were Captains Lee and Paget of the British army and navy, fine fellows, who really seemed to take as much pride in the feats of our men as if we had been bound together by the ties of a common nationality instead of the ties of race and speech kinship. Another English visitor was Sir Bryan Leighton, a thrice-welcome guest, for he most thoughtfully brought to me half a dozen little jars of devilled ham and potted fruit, which enabled me to summon various officers down to my tent and hold a feast. Count von Götzen, and a Norwegian attaché, Gedde, very good fellows both, were also out. One day we were visited by a travelling Russian, Prince X., a large, blond man, smooth and impenetrable. I introduced him to one of the regular army officers, a capital fighter and excellent fellow, who, however, viewed foreign international politics from a strictly trans-Mississippi standpoint. He hailed the Russian with frank kindness and took him off to show him around the trenches, chatting volubly, and calling him "Prince," much as Kentuckians call one another "Colonel." As I returned I heard him remarking: "You see, Prince, the great result of this war is that it has united the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon people; and now that they are together they can whip the world, Prince! they can whip the world!"—being evidently filled with the pleasing belief that the Russian would cordially sympathize with this view.

Shortly after midday on the 10th, fighting began again, but it soon became evident that the Spaniards did not have much heart in it. The American field artillery was now under the command of General Randolph, and he fought it effectively. A mortar battery had also been established, though with an utterly inadequate supply of ammunition, and this rendered some service. Almost the only Rough Riders who had a chance to do much firing were the men with the Colt's automatic guns, and the twenty picked sharpshooters, who were placed in the newly dug little fort out at the extreme front. Parker had a splendid time with the Gatlings and the Colts. With these machine guns he completely silenced the battery in front of us. This battery had caused us a good deal of trouble at first, as we could not place it. It was immediately in front of the hospital, from which many Red Cross flags were flying, one of them floating just above this battery, from where we looked at it. In consequence, for some time, we did not know it was a hostile battery at all, as, like all the other Spanish batteries, it was using smokeless powder. It was only by the aid of powerful glasses that we finally discovered its real nature. The Gatlings and Colts then actually put it out of action, silencing the big guns and

* See Parker's "With the Gatlings at Santiago."

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the two field-pieces. Furthermore the machine guns and our sharp-shooters together did good work in supplementing the effects of the dynamite gun; for when a shell from the latter struck near a Spanish trench, or a building in which there were Spanish troops, the shock was seemingly so great that the Spaniards almost always showed themselves, and gave our men a chance to do some execution.

As the evening of the 10th came on, the men began to make their coffee in sheltered places. By this time they knew how to take care of themselves so well that not a man was touched by the Spaniards during the second bombardment. While I was lying with the officers just outside one of the bomb-proofs I saw a New Mexican trooper named Morrison making his coffee under the protection of a traverse high up on the hill. Morrison was originally a Baptist preacher who had joined the regiment purely from a sense of duty, leaving his wife and children, and had shown himself to be an excellent soldier. He had evidently exactly calculated the danger zone, and found that by getting close to the traverse he could sit up erect and make ready his supper without being cramped. I watched him solemnly pounding the coffee with the butt end of his revolver, and then boiling the water and frying his bacon, just as if he had been in the lee of the roundup wagon somewhere out on the plains.

By noon of next day, the 11th, my regiment with one of the Gatlings was shifted over to the right to guard the Caney road. We did no fighting in our new position, for the last straggling shot had been fired by the time we got there. That evening there came up the worst storm we had had, and by midnight my tent blew over. I had for the first time in a fortnight undressed myself completely, and I felt fully punished for my love of luxury when I jumped out into the driving downpour of tropic rain, and groped blindly in the darkness for my clothes as they lay in the liquid mud. It was Kane's night on guard, and I knew the wretched Woody would be out along the line and taking care of the pickets, no matter what the storm might be; and so I basely made my way to the kitchen tent, where good Holderman, the Cherokee, wrapped me in dry blankets, and put me to sleep on a table which he had just procured from an abandoned Spanish house.

On the 17th the city formally surrendered and our regiment, like the rest of the army, was drawn up on the trenches. When the American flag was hoisted the trumpets blared and the men cheered, and we knew that the fighting part of our work was over.

Shortly after we took our new position the First Illinois Volunteers came up on our right. The next day, as a result of the storm and of further rain, the rivers were up and the roads quagmires, so that hardly any food reached the front. My regiment was all right, as we had provided for just such an emergency; but the Illinois new-comers had of course not done so, and they were literally without anything to eat. They were fine fellows and we could not see them suffer. I furnished them some beans and coffee for the elder officers and two or three cases of hard-tack for the men, and then mounted my horse and rode down to head-quarters, half fording, half swimming the streams; and late in the evening I succeeded in getting half a mule-train of provisions for them.

On the morning of the 3d the Spaniards had sent out of Santiago many thousands of women, children, and other non-combatants, most of them belonging to the poorer classes, but among them not a few of the best families. These wretched creatures took very little with them. They came through our lines and for the most part went to El Caney in our rear, where we had to feed them and protect them from the Cubans. As we had barely enough food for our own men the rations of the refugees were scanty indeed and their sufferings great. Long before the surrender they had begun to come to our lines to ask for provisions, and my men gave them a good deal out of their own scanty stores, until I had positively to forbid it and to insist that the refugees should go to head-quarters; as, however hard and merciless it seemed, I was in duty bound to keep my own regiment at the highest pitch of fighting efficiency.

As soon as the surrender was assured the refugees came streaming back in an endless squalid procession down the Ca-

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ney Road to Santiago. My troopers, for all their roughness and their ferocity in fight, were rather tender-hearted than otherwise, and they helped the poor creatures, especially the women and children, in every way, giving them food and even carrying the children and the burdens borne by the women. I saw one man, Happy Jack, spend the entire day in walking to and fro for about a quarter of a mile on both sides of our lines along the road, carrying the bundles for a series of poor old women, or else carrying young children. Finally the doctor warned us that we must not touch the bundles of the refugees for fear of infection, as disease had broken out and was rife among them. Accordingly I had to put a stop to these acts of kindness on the part of my men; against which action Happy Jack respectfully but strongly protested upon the unexpected ground that "The Almighty would never let a man catch a disease while he was doing a good action." I did not venture to take so advanced a theological stand.

(To be concluded in June.)

BETWEEN SHOWERS IN DORT

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR

THERE be inns in Holland—not hotels, not pensions, nor stopping-places—just inns. The "Bellevue" at Dort is one, and the "Holland Arms" is another, and the—no, there are no others. Dort only boasts these two, and Dort to me is Holland.

The rivalry between these two inns has been going on for years, and it still continues. The "Bellevue," fighting for place, elbowed its way years ago to the water-line, and took its stand on the river-front, where the windows and porticos could overlook the Maas dotted with boats. The "Arms," discouraged, shrank back into its corner, and made up in low windows, smoking-rooms and private bath-room—one for the whole house—what was lacking in porticos and sea view. Then followed a slight skirmish in paint; red for the "Arms" and yellow-white for the "Bellevue," and a flank movement of shades and curtains; linen for the "Arms" and lace for the "Bellevue." Scouting parties were next ordered out of porters in caps, banded with silk ribbons, bearing the names of their respective hostelries. Yacob of the "Arms" was to attack weary travellers on alighting from the train, and acquaint them with the delights of the down-stairs bath, and the dark-room for the kodakers, all free of charge. And Johan of the "Bellevue" was to give minute descriptions of the boats landing in front of the dining-room windows and of the superb view of the river.

It is always summer when I arrive in Dordrecht. I don't know what happens in winter, and I don't care. The ground-hog knows enough to go into his hole when the snow begins to fly, and to stay there until the sun thaws him out again. Some tourists could profit by following his example.

It is summer then, and the train has rolled into the station at Dordrecht, or beside it, and the traps have been thrown out, and Peter, my boatman—he of the "Red Tub," a craft with an outline like a Dutch vrou, quite as much beam as length (we go a-sketching in this boat)—Peter, I say, who has come to the train to meet me, has swung my belongings over his shoulder, and Johan, the porter of the "Bellevue," with a triumphant glance at Yacob of the "Arms," has stowed the trunk on the rear platform of the street tram—no cabs or trucks, if you please, in this town—and the one-horse car has jerked its way around short curves and up through streets embowered in trees and paved with cobble-stones scrubbed as clean as china plates, and over quaint

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bridges with glimpses of sluggish canals and queer houses, and so on to my lodgings.

And mine host, Heer Boudier, waiting on the steps, takes me by the hand and says the same room is ready and has been for a week.

Inside these two inns, the only inns in Dort, the same rivalry exists. But my parallels must cease. Mine own inn is the "Bellevue," and my old friend of fifteen years, Heer Boudier, is host, and so loyalty compels me to omit mention of any luxuries but those to which I am accustomed in his hostelry.

Its interior has peculiar charms for me. Scrupulously clean, simple in its appointments and equipment, it is comfort itself. Tyne is responsible for its cleanliness—or rather, that particular portion of Tyne which she bares above her elbows. Nobody ever saw such a pair of sledge-hammer arms as Tyne's, on any girl outside of Holland. She is eighteen; short, square-built, solid as a Dutch cheese, fresh and rosy as an English milkmaid; moon-faced, mild-eyed as an Alderney heifer, and as strong as a three-year-old. Her back and sides are as straight as a plank; the front side is straight too. The main joint in her body is at the hips. This is so flexible that, wash-cloth in hand, she can lean over the floor without bending her knees and scrub every board in it till it shines like a Sunday dresser. She wears a snow-white cap as dainty as the finest lady's in the land; an apron that never seems to lose the crease of the iron, and a blue print dress bunched up behind to keep it from the slop. Her sturdy little legs are covered by gray yarn stockings which she knits herself; the feet thrust into wooden sabots. These clatter over the cobbles as she scurries about with a crab-like movement, sousing, dousing, and scrubbing as she goes; for Tyne attacks the sidewalk outside with as much gusto as she does the hall and floors.

Johan the porter moves the chairs out of Tyne's way when she begins work, and, lately, I have caught him lifting her bucket up the front steps—a wholly unnecessary proceeding when Tyne's muscular developments are considered. Johan and I had a confidential talk one night, when he brought the mail to my room—the room on the second floor overlooking the Maas—in which certain personal statements were made. When I spoke to Tyne about them the next day, she looked at me with her big blue eyes, and then broke into a laugh, opening her mouth so wide that every tooth in her head flashed white (they always reminded me somehow of peeled almonds). With a little bridling twist of her head she answered that—but, of course, this was a strictly confidential communication, and of so entirely private a nature that no gentleman under the circumstances would permit a single word of it to——

Johan is taller than Tyne, but not so thick through. When he meets you at the station, with his cap and band in his hand, his red hair trimmed behind as square as the end of a whisk-broom; his thin, parenthesis legs and Vienna guardsman waist—each detail the very opposite you will note from Tyne's—you recall immediately one of George Boughton's typical Dutchmen. The only thing lacking is his pipe; he is too busy for that.

When he dons his dress-suit for dinner, and bending over your shoulder asks, in his best English: "Mynheer, don't it now de feesh you haf?" you lose sight of Boughton's Dutchman and see only the cosmopolitan. The transformation is due entirely to continental influences — Dort being one of the main highways between London and Paris—influences so strong that even in this water-logged town on the Maas, bonnets are beginning to replace caps, and French shoes sabots.

The guests that Johan serves at this inn of my good friend Boudier are as odd looking as its interior. They line both sides and the two ends of the long table. Stout Germans in horrible clothes, with stouter wives in worse; Dutchmen from up-country in brown coats and green waistcoats; clerks off on a vacation with kodaks and Cook's tickets; bicyclists in knickerbockers; painters, with large kits and small handbags, who talk all the time and to everybody; gray-whiskered, red-faced Englishmen, with absolutely no conversation at all, who prove to be distinguished persons attended by their own valets, and on their way to Aix or the Engadine, now that the salmon-fishing in

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Norway is over; school-teachers from America, just arrived from Antwerp or Rotterdam, or from across the channel by way of Harwich, their first stopping-place really since they left home—one travelling-dress and a black silk in the bag; all the kinds and conditions and sorts of people who seek out precious little places like Dort, either because they are cheap or comfortable, or because they are known to be picturesque.

I sought out Dort years ago because it was untouched by the hurry that makes life miserable, and the shams that make it vulgar, and I go back to it now every year of my life, in spite of other foreign influences.

And there is no real change in fifteen years. Its old trees still nod over the sleepy canals in the same sleepy way they have done, no doubt, for a century. The rooks—the same rooks, they never die—still swoop in and out of the weather-stained arches high up in the great tower of the Groote Kerk, the old twelfth century church, the tallest in all Holland; the big-waisted Dutch luggers with rudders painted arsenic green—what would painters do without this green?—doze under the trees, their mooring lines tied to the trunks; the girls and boys, with arms locked, a dozen together, clatter over the cobbles, singing as they walk; the steamboats land and hurry on—"Fop Smit's boats" the signs read—it is pretty close, but I am not part owner in the line; the gossips lean in the doorways or under the windows banked with geraniums and nasturtiums; the cumbersome state carriages with the big ungainly horses with untrimmed manes and tails—there are only five of these carriages in all Dordrecht—wait in front of the great houses eighty feet wide and four stories high, some dating as far back as 1512, and still occupied by descendants of the same families; the old women dress in ivory black, with dabs of Chinese white for sabots and caps, and push the same carts loaded with Hooker's green vegetables from door to door; the town crier rings his bell; the watchman calls the hour.

Over all bends the ever-changing sky, one hour close-drawn, gray-lined with slanting slashes of blinding rain, the next piled high with great domes of silver-white clouds inlaid with turquoise blue or hemmed in by low-lying ranges of purple peaks capped with gold.

. . . . . .

I confess that an acute sense of disappointment came over me when I first looked down these gray canals, rain-varnished streets, and rows of green trees. I saw at a glance that it was not my Holland; not the Holland of my dreams; not the Holland of Mesdag nor Poggenbeck nor Kever. It was a fresher, sweeter, more wholesome land, and with a more breathable air. These Dutch painters had taught me to look for dull, dirty skies, soggy wharves, and dismal perspectives of endless dykes. They had shown me countless windmills, scattered along stretches of wind-swept moors backed by lowering skies, cold gray streets, quaint, leanover houses, and smudgy, grimy interiors. They had enveloped all this in the stifling, murky atmosphere of a western city slowly strangling in clouds of coal-smoke.

These Dutch artists were, perhaps, not alone in this falsification. It is one of the peculiarities of modern art, that many of its masters cater to the taste of a public who want something that *is not* in preference to something that *is*. Ziem, for instance, had, up to the time of my enlightenment, taught me to love an equally untrue and impossible Venice—a Venice all red and yellow and deep ultra-marine blue—a Venice of unbuildable palaces and blazing red walls.

I do not care to say so aloud, where I can be heard over the way, but if you will please come inside my quarters, and shut the door and putty up the key-hole, and draw down the blinds, I will whisper in your ear that my own private opinion is that even Turner himself would have been an infinitely greater artist had he built his pictures on Venice instead of building them on Turner. I will also be courageous enough to assert that the beauty and dignity of Venetian architecture—an architecture which has delighted many appreciative souls for centuries—finds no place in his canvases, either in detail or in mass. The details may be unimportant, for the soft vapor of the lagoons ofttimes conceals them, but the correct outline of the mass—that is, for instance, the true

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proportion of the dome of the Salute, that incomparable, incandescent pearl, or the vertical line of the Campanile compared to the roofs of the connecting palaces—should never be ignored, for they are as much a part of Venice, the part that makes for beauty, as the shimmering light of the morning or the glory of its sunsets. So it is that when most of us for the first time reach the water-gates of Venice, the most beautiful of all cities by the sea, we feel a certain shock and must begin to fall in love with a new sweetheart on the spot.

So with many painters of the Holland school—not the old Dutch school of landscape-painters, but the more modern group of men who paint their native skies with zinc-white toned with London fog, or mummy dust and bitumen. It is all very artistic and full of "tone," but it is not Holland.

There is Clays for instance. Of all modern painters Clays has charmed and wooed us best with certain phases of Holland life, particularly the burly brown boats lying at anchor, their red and white sails reflected in the water. I love these boats of Clays. They are superbly drawn, strong in color, and admirably painted; the water treatment, too, is beyond criticism. But where are they in Holland? I know Holland from the Zuyder Zee to Rotterdam, but I have never yet seen one of Clays's boats in the original wood.

Thus by reason of these smeary, up and down fairy-tales in paint have we gradually become convinced that vague trees, and black houses with staring patches of whitewash, and Vandyke brown roofs are thoroughly characteristic of Holland, and that the blessed sun never shines in this land of sabots.

But doesn't it rain? Yes, about half the time, perhaps three-quarters of the time. Well, now that I think of it, about all the time. But not continuously; only in intermittent downpours, floods, gushes of water—not once a day but every half hour. Then comes the quick drawing of a gray curtain from a wide expanse of blue, framing ranges of snow-capped cumuli; streets swimming in great pools; drenched leaves quivering in dazzling sunlight, and millions of raindrops flashing like diamonds.

II

But Peter, my boatman, is waiting on the cobbles outside the inn door, cap in hand. He has served me these many years. He is a wiry, thin, pinch-faced Dutchman, of perhaps sixty, who spent his early life at sea as man-o'-war's-man, common sailor, and then mate, and his later years at home in Dort, picking up odd jobs of ferriage or stevedoring, or making early gardens. While on duty he wears an old white travelling-cap pulled over his eyes, and a flannel shirt without collar or tie, and sail-maker's trousers. These trousers are caught at his hips by a leather strap supporting a sheath which holds his knife. He cuts everything with this knife, from apples and navy plug to ship's cables and telegraph wire. His clothes are water-proof; they must be, for no matter how hard it rains, Peter is always dry. The water may pour in rivulets from off his cap, and run down his forehead and from the end of his gargoyle of a nose, but no drop ever seems to wet his skin. When it rains the fiercest, I, of course, retreat under the poke-bonnet awning made of cotton duck stretched over barrel hoops that protects the stern of my boat, but Peter never moves. This Dutch rain does not in any way affect him. It is like the Jersey mosquito—it always spares the natives.

Peter speaks two languages, both Dutch. He says that one is English, but he cannot prove it—nobody can. When he opens his mouth you know all about his pretensions. He says—"Mynheer, dot manus ist er blowdy rock." He has learned this expression from the English sailors unloading coal at the big docks opposite Pappendrecht, and he has incorporated this much of their slang into his own nut-cracking dialect. He means of course "that man is a bloody rogue." He has a dozen other phrases equally obscure.

Peter's mission this first morning after my arrival is to report that the Red Tub is now lying in the harbor fully equipped for active service. That her aft awning has been hauled taut over its hoops; that her lockers of empty cigar-boxes (receptacles for brushes) have been clewed up; the cocoa-matting rolled out

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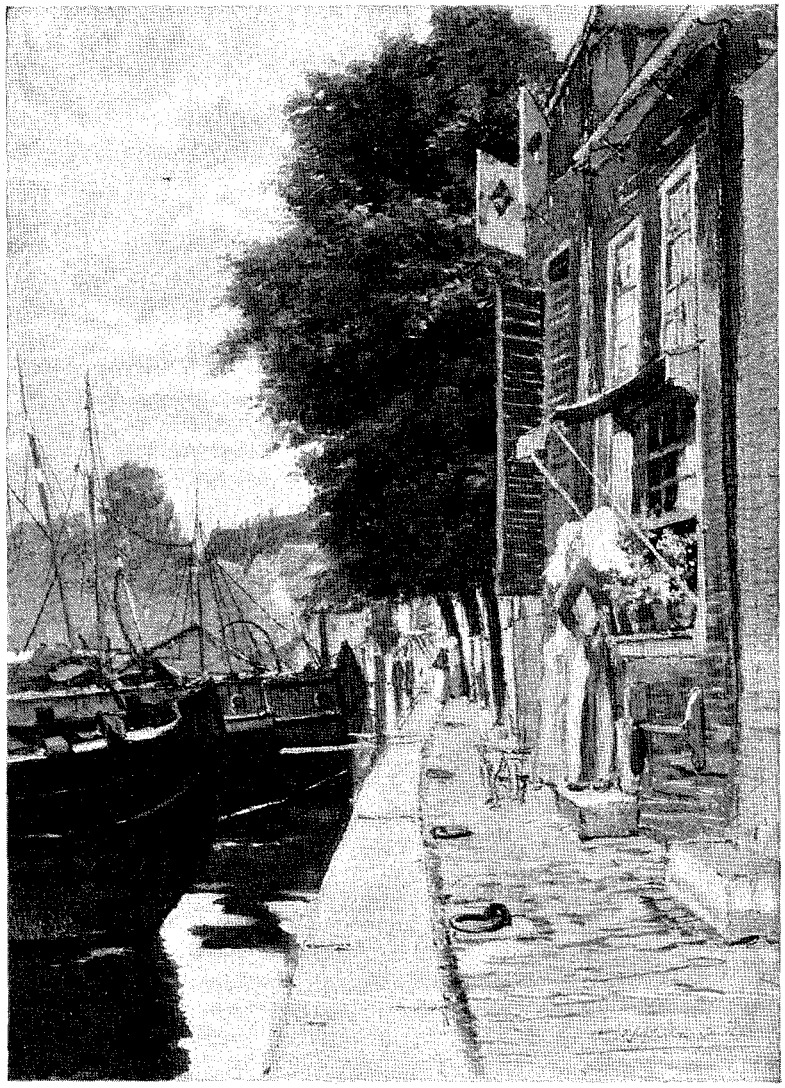

The gossips lean in the doorways.—Page 587.

the whole length of her keel, and finally that the water-bucket and wooden-chair (I use a chair instead of an easel) have been properly stowed.

Before the next raincloud spills over its edges, we must loosen the painter from the iron ring rusted tight in the square stone in the wharf, man the oars and creep under the little bridge that binds Boudier's landing to the sidewalk over the way, and so set our course for the open Maas. For I am in search of Dutch boats to-day, as near like Clays's as I can find, and as I round the point above the old India warehouses I catch sight of the topmasts of two old luggers anchored in midstream, their long red pennants flattened against the gray sky. The wind is fresh from the east, filling the sails of the big windmills blown tight against their whirling arms. The fishing-smacks lean over like dipping gulls; the yellow water of the Maas is flecked with wavy lines of beer foam.

The good ship Red Tub is not adapted to out-door sketching under these conditions. The poke-bonnet awning acts as a wind-drag that no amount of hard pulling can overcome. So I at once convene the Board of Strategy, Lieutenant-

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Commander Peter Jansen, Red Tub Navy, in the chair. That distinguished naval expert rises from his water-soaked seat on the cocoa-matting outside, the poke-bonnet, sweeps his eye around the horizon and remarks sententiously :

" It no tam goot day. Blow all dime ; we go ba'd-hoose," and he turns the boat toward a low-lying building anchored out from the main shore by huge chains secured to floating buoys.

In some harbors sea-faring men are warned not to "anchor over the water-pipes." In others particular directions are given to avoid "submarine cables planted here." In Dort, where none of these modern conveniences exist, you are notified as follows : "No boats must land at this Bath."

If Peter knew of this rule he said not one word to me as I sat back out of the wet, hived under the poke-bonnet, squeezing color-tubes and assorting my brushes. He rowed our craft toward the bath-house with the skill of a man-o'-war's-man, twisted the painter around a short post and unloaded my paraphernalia on a narrow ledge or plank walk some three feet wide, and which ran around the edge of the floating bath-house.

Lieutenant-Commander Peter Jansen, Red Tub Navy.—Page 589.

It never takes me long to get to work, once my subject is selected. I sprang from the boat while Peter handed me the chair, stool, and portfolio containing my stock of gray papers of different tones ; opened my sketch frame, caught a sheet of paper tight between its cleets ; spread palettes and brushes on the floor at my side ; placed the water-bucket within reach of my hand, and in five minutes I was absorbed in my sketch.

Immediately the customary thing happened. The big bank of gray cloud that hung over the river split into feathery masses of white framed in blue, and out blazed the glorious sun.

Meantime, Peter had squatted close beside me, sheltered under the lee of the side wall of the bath-house, protected equally from the slant of the driving rain and the glare of the blinding sun. Safe too from the watchful eye of the High Pan-Jam who managed the bath, and who at the moment was entirely oblivious of the fact that only two inches of pine board separated him from an enthusiastic painter working like mad, and an equally alert marine assistant who supplied him with fresh water and charcoal points, both at the moment defying the law of the land, one in ignorance and the other in a spirit of sheer bravado. For Peter must have known the code and the penalty.

The world is an easy place for a painter to live and breathe in when he is sitting far from the madding crowd—of boys—protected from the wind and sun, watching a sky piled up in mountains of snow and inhaling ozone that is a tonic to his lungs ; when the outline of his sketch is complete and the colors flow and blend, and the heart is on fire ; when the bare paper begins to lose itself in purple distances and long stretches of tumbling water, and the pictured boats take definite shape and the lines of the rigging begin to tell ; when little by little, with a pat here and a dab there, there comes from out this flat space a something that thrilled him when he first determined to paint the thing that caught his eye ; not the thing itself, but the spirit, the soul, the feeling, and meaning of the

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Through streets embowered in trees.—Page 585.

color-poem unrolled before him. When a painter feels a thrill like this, all the fleets of Spain might bombard him, and his eye would never waver nor his touch hesitate.

I felt it to-day.

Peter didn't. If he had he would have kept still and passed me fresh water and rags and new tubes and whatever I wanted—and I wanted something every minute—instead of disporting himself in an entirely idiotic and disastrous way. Disastrous, because you might have seen this same sketch reproduced in these pages had the Lieutenant-Commander, R. T. N., only carried out the orders of the Lord High Admiral commanding the fleet.

A sunbeam began it. It peeped over the edge of the side wall—the wall really was but little higher than Peter's head when he stood erect—and started in to creep down my half-finished sketch. Peter rose in his wrath, reached for my white umbrella and at once opened it and screwed together the jointed handle. Then he began searching for some convenient supporting hook on which to hang his shield of defence. Next a brilliant, intellectual dynamite-bomb of a thought split his cranium. He would hoist the umbrella *above* the top of the thin wall of the bath-house, resting one-half upon its upper edge, drive the iron spike into the plank under our feet, and secure the handle by placing his back against it. No sunbeam should pass him!

My old friend, Heer Boudier. —Page 586.

The effect can be imagined on the High Pan-Jam inside the bath-house—an amphibious guardian, oblivious naturally to sun and rain—when his eye fell upon this flag of defiance thrust up above his ramparts. You can imagine, too, the consternation of the peaceful inmates of the open pools, whose laughter had now and then risen above the sough of the wind and splash of the water. Almost immediately I heard the sound of hurrying footsteps from a point where no sound had come before, and there followed the scraping of a pair of toes on the planking behind me—as if someone was drawing himself up.

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I looked around and up and saw eight fingers clutching the top of the planking, and a moment later the round face of an astonished Dutchman. I haven't the faintest idea what he said. I didn't know then and I don't know now. I only remember that his dialect sounded like the traditional crackling of thorns under a pot, including the spluttering, and suggesting the equally heated temperature. When his fingers gave out he would drop out of sight, only to rise again and continue the attack.

Here Peter, I must say, did credit to his Dutch ancestors. He did not temporize. He did not argue. He ignored diplomacy at the start, and blazed out that we were out of everybody's way and on the lee side of the structure; that there was no sign up on that side; that I was a most distinguished personage of blameless life and character, and that, rules or no rules, he was going to stay where he was and so was I.

"You tam blowdy rock. It's s'welve o'clook now—no rule aft' s'welve o'clook,—nopody ba'd now—" this in Dutch, but it meant that, then turning to me—"You stay—you no go—I brek tam head him——"

None of this interested me. I had heard Peter explode before. I was trying to match the tone of an opalescent cloud inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the shadow side all purplish gray. Its warm high-lights came all right, but I was half out of my head trying to get its shadow-tones true with Payne's gray and cobalt. The cloud itself had already cast its moorings and was fast drifting over the English Channel. It would be out of sight in five minutes.

"Peter — *Peter!*" I cried. "Don't talk so much. Here, give him half a gulden and tell him to dry up. Hand me that sky brush—quick now!"

The High Pan-Jam dropped with a thud to his feet. His swinging footsteps could be heard growing fainter, but no stiver of my silver had lined his pocket.

I worked on. The tea-rose cloud had disappeared entirely, only its poor counterfeit remained. The boats were nearly finished; another wash over their sails would bring them all right—then the tramp as of armed men came from the inshore side of the bath-house. Peter stood up and craned his neck around the edge of the planking, and said, in an undertone:

"Tam b'lice, he come now; nev' mind, you stay 'ere—no go. Tam blowdy rock no mak' you go."

Behind me stood the High Pan-Jam who had scraped his toes on the fence, and an officer of police!

Peter was now stamping his feet, swearing in Dutch, English, and polyglot, and threatening to sponge the Dutch Government from the face of the universe.

My experience has told me that it is never safe to monkey with a gendarme. He is generally a perfectly cool, self-poised, unimpressionable individual, with no animosity whatever toward you or anybody else, but who intends to be obeyed, not because it pleases him, but because the power behind him compels it. I instantly rose from my stool, touched my hat in respectful military salute, and opened my cigarette-case. The gendarme selected a cigarette with perfect coolness and good-humor, and began politely to unfold to me his duties in connection with the municipal laws of Dordrecht. The manager of the bath, he said, had invoked his services. I might not be aware that it was against the law to land on this side of the bath-house, etc.

But the blood of the Jansens was up. Some old Koop or De Witt or Von Somebody was stirring Peter.

"No ba'd aft' s'welve o'clook"— this to me, both fists in the air, one perilously near the officer's face. The original invective was in his native tongue, hurled at Pan-Jam and the officer alike.

Tyne.—Page 586.

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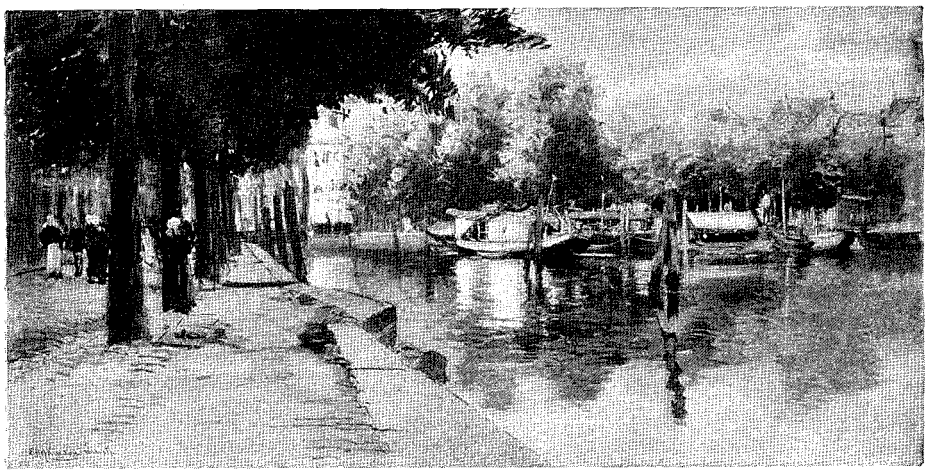

Over sluggish canals.—Page 585.

"What difference does it make, your Excellency," I asked, "whether I sit in my boat and paint or sit here where there is less motion?"

"None, honored sir—" and he took a fresh cigarette (Peter was now interpreting)—"except for the fact that you have taken up your position on the *woman's* side of the bath-house. They bathe from twelve o'clock till four. When the ladies saw the umbrella they were greatly disturbed. They are now waiting for you to go away!"

III

My room at Heer Boudier's commands a full view of the Maas, with all its varied shipping. Its interior fittings are so scrupulously clean that one feels almost uncomfortable lest some of the dainty appointments might be soiled in the using. The bed is the most remarkable of all its comforts. It is more of a box than a bed, and so high at head and foot, and so solid at its sides, that it only needs a lid to

With glimpses of queer houses.—Page 586.

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make the comparison complete. There is always at its foot an inflated eider-down quilt puffed up like a French soufflé potato. And there are always at its head two little oval pillows solid as hard-boiled eggs, surmounting a bolster that slopes off to an edge. I have never yet found out what this bolster is stuffed with. The bed itself would be bottomless but for the slats. When you first fall overboard into this slough you begin to sink through its layers of feathers and instinctively throw out your hands, catching at the side boards as a drowning man would clutch at the gunwales of a suddenly capsized boat.

The second night after my arrival, I, in accordance with my annual custom, deposited the contents of this bed in a huge pile outside my door, making a bottom layer of the feathers, then the bolster, and last the soufflé with the hard-boiled eggs on top.

Then I rang for Tyne.

She had forgotten all about the way I liked my sleeping arrangements until she saw the pile of bedding. Tyne held her sides with laughter, and the tears streamed down her red cheeks. Of course, the Heer should have a mattress and big English pillows, and no bouncy-bounce, speaking the words not with her lips, but with a gesture of her hand. Then she called Johan to help. I never can see why Tyne always calls Johan to help when there is anything to be done about my room out of the usual order of things — the sweeping, dusting, etc. — but she does. I know full well that if she so pleased she could tuck the whole pile of bedding under her chin, pick up the bureau in one hand and the bed in the other, and walk down-stairs without even mussing her cap-strings.

When Johan returns with a hair mattress and English pillows—you can get anything you want at Boudier's—he asks me if I have heard the news about Peter. Johan, by the way, speaks very good English—for Johan. The Burgomaster, he says, has that day served Peter with a writ. If I had looked out of the window an hour ago I could have seen the Lieutenant-Commander of the Red Tub under charge of an officer of the law on his way to the Town Hall. Peter, he added, had just returned and was at the present moment engaged in scrubbing out the R. T. for active service in the morning.

I at once sent for Peter.

Johan.—Page 585.

He came up, hat in hand. But there was no sign of weakening. The blood of the Jansens was still in his eye.

"What did they arrest you for, Peter?"

"For make jaw wid de tam bolice. He say I mos' pay two gulden or one tay in jail. Oh, it is notting; I no pay. Dot bolice lie ven he say vimmen ba'd. Nopoty ba'd in de hoose aft' s'welve 'clook."

Later, Heer Boudier tells me that because of Peter's action in resisting the officer in the discharge of his duty, he is under arrest, and that he has but *five days in which to make up his mind* as to whether he will live on bread and water for a day and night in the town jail, or whether he will deplete his slender savings in favor of the state to the extent of two gulden.

"But don't they lock him up, meanwhile?" I asked.

Boudier laughed. "Where would he run to, and for what? To save two gulden?"

My heart was touched. I could not possibly have allowed Peter to spend five minutes in jail on my account. I could not have slept one wink that night even in my luxurious bed-box with English pillows, knowing that the Lieutenant-Commander was stretched out on a cold floor with a cobble-stone under his cheek. I knew, too, how slender was his store, and what a godsend my annual visit had been to his butcher and baker. The Commander of the Red Tub might be impetu-

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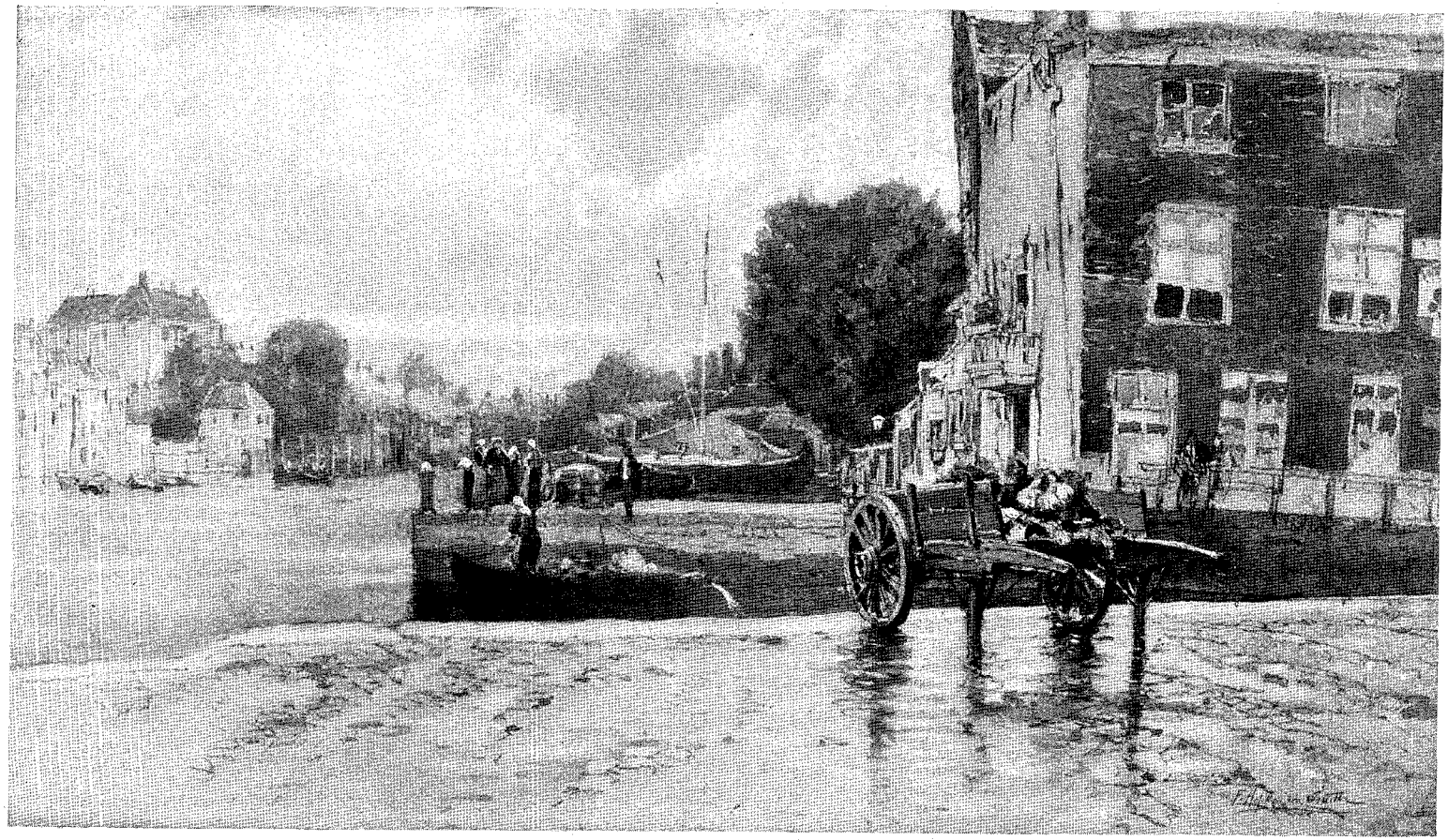

Quaint canals and rain-washed streets.—Page 596.

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ous, even aggressive, but by no possible stretch of the imagination could he be considered criminal.

That night I added these two gulden (about eighty cents) to Peter's wages. He thanked me with a pleased twinkle in his eye, and a wrinkling of the leathery skin around his nose and mouth. Then he put on his cap and disappeared up the street.

But the inns, quaint canals, and rain-washed streets are not Dort's only distinctions. There is an ancient Groote Kerk, overlaid with colors that are rarely found outside of Holland. It is built of brick, with a huge square tower that rises above the great elms pressing close about it, and which is visible for miles. The moist climate not only encrusts its twelfth-century porch with lichen brown-and-green patches over the red tones, but dims the great stained-glass windows with films of mould, and covers with streaks of cinnabar the shadow sides of the long sloping roofs. Even the brick pavements about it are carpeted with strips of green, as fresh in color as if no passing foot had touched them. And few feet ever do touch them, for it is but a small group of worshippers that gather weekly within the old kerk's whitewashed walls. These faithful few do not find the rich interior of the olden time, for many changes have come over it since its cathedral days—the days of its pomp and circumstance.

All its old-time color is gone. When you enter its portals only staring white walls and rigid, naked columns remain; only dull-gray stone floors and hard, stiff-backed benches. I have often sat upon these same boards in the gloom of a fast-fading twilight and looked about me, bemoaning the bareness, and wondering what its *ensemble* must have been in the days of its magnificence. There is nothing left of it now but its architectural lines. The walls have been stripped of their costly velvets, tapestries, and banners of silk and gold. The uplifted cross is gone. The haze of swinging censers no longer blurrs the vistas, nor the soft light of many tapers illumines their gloom.

Streets swimming in great pools.—Page 588.

I have always believed that duty and beauty should ever go hand and hand in our churches. To me there is nothing too rich in tone, too luxurious in color, too exquisite in line for the House of God. Nothing that the brush of the painter can make glorious, the chisel of the sculptor beautify, or the T-square of the architect ennoble, can never be out of place in the one building of all others that we dedicate to the Creator of all beauty. I have always thanked Him for His goodness in giving as much thought to the flowers that cover the hill-sides as He did to the dull

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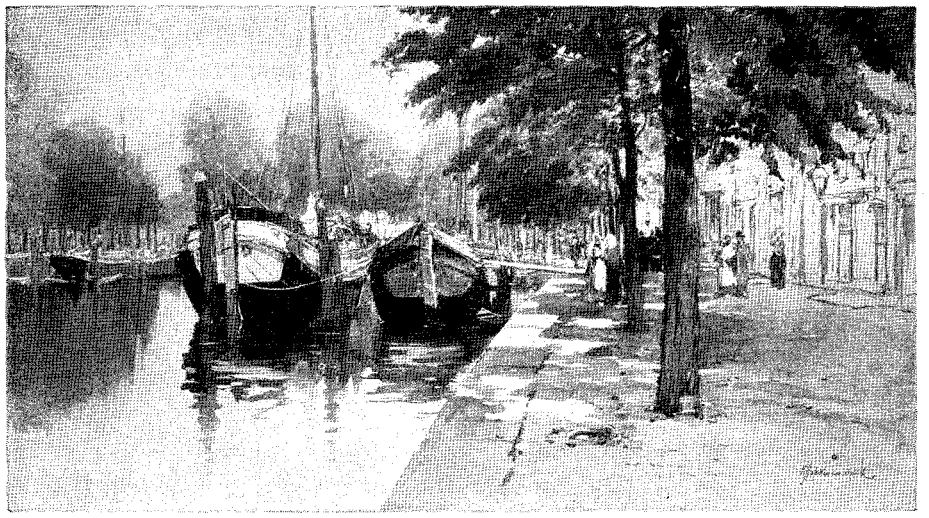
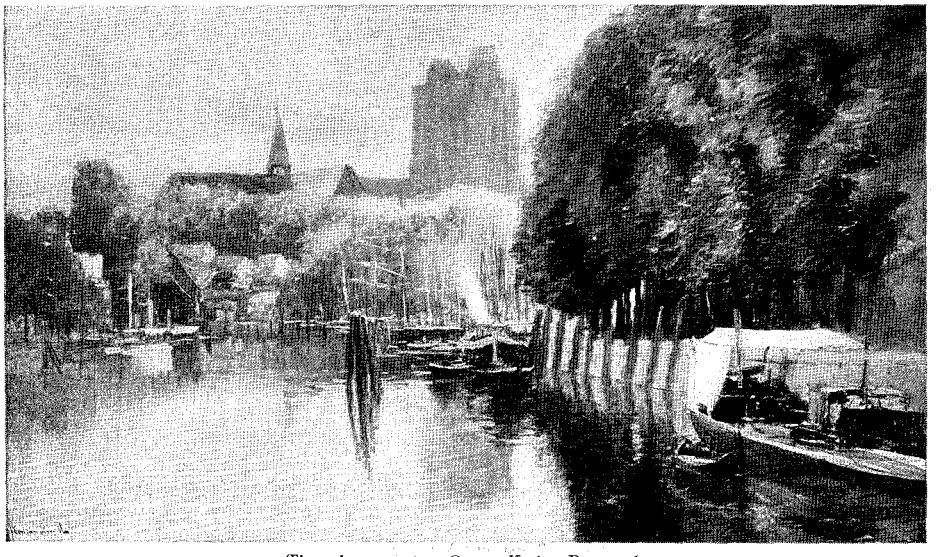


Drenched leaves quivering.—Page 588.

earth that lies beneath; as much care to the matchings of purples and gold in the sunsets as to the blue-black crags that are outlined against them. With these feelings in my heart I have never understood that form of worship which contents itself with a bare barn filled with seats of pine, a square box of a pulpit, a lone pitcher of ice-water, and a popular edition of the hymns. But then, I am not a Dutchman.

Besides this town of Dort, filled with queer warehouses, odd buildings, and cobbled streets, and dominated by this majestic cathedral, there is across the river—just a little way (Peter rows me over in ten minutes)—the Noah's Ark town of Papendrecht, surrounded by great stretches of green meadow, dotted with black and white cows, and acres and acres of cabbages and garden-truck and tiny farm-houses and absurdly big barns; and back of these, and in order to keep all these dry, is a big dyke that goes on forever and is lost in the perspective. On both sides of this dyke (its top is a road) are built the toy houses facing each other; each one cleaner and better scrubbed than its neighbor, their big windows gay with geraniums.

Farther down is another 'recht — I cannot for the life of me remember the first part of its name—where there is a ship-yard and big windlasses and a horse



There is an ancient Groote Kerk.—Page 596.

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hitched to a sweep, which winds up water-soaked luggers on to rude ways, and great pots of boiling tar, the yellow smoke drifting away toward the sea.

And between these towns of Dort, Pappendrecht, and the other 'recht moves a constant procession of water-craft; a never-ceasing string of low, rakish barges that bear the commerce of Germany out to the sea, each in charge of a powerful tug puffing eagerly in its hurry to reach tide-water, besides all the other boats and luggers that sail and steam up and down the forked Maas in front of Boudier's Inn —for Dort is really on an island, the water of the Rhine being divided here. You would never think, were you to watch these ungainly boats, that they could ever arrive anywhere. They look as if they were built to go sideways, endways, or both ways; and yet they mind their helms and dodge in and out and swoop past the long points of land ending in the waving marsh-grass, and all with the ease of a steam-yacht.

These and a hundred other things make me love this quaint old town on the Maas. There is everything within its borders for the painter who loves form and color—boats, queer houses, streets, canals, odd, picturesque interiors, figures, brass milk-cans, white-capped girls, and stretches of marsh. If there were not other places on the earth I love equally as well—Venice, for instance—I would be content never to leave its shower-drenched streets. But I know that my gondola, gay in its new *tenta* and polished brasses, is waiting for me in the little canal next the bridge, and I must be off.

Tyne has already packed my trunk and Johan is ready to take it down the stairs. Tyne sent for him. I did not.

When Johan, like an overloaded burro, stumbling down the narrow defile of the staircase, my trunk on his back, disappears through the lower door, Tyne re-enters my room, closes the door softly, and tells me that Johan's wages have been raised and that before I return next summer she and——

But this is another strictly confidential communication. Under no possible circumstances could a man of honor permit one word—certainly not.

Peter, to my surprise, is not in his customary place when I reach the outer street-door. Johan, at my inquiring gesture, grins the width of his face, but has no information to impart regarding Peter's unusual absence.

Heer Boudier is more explicit.

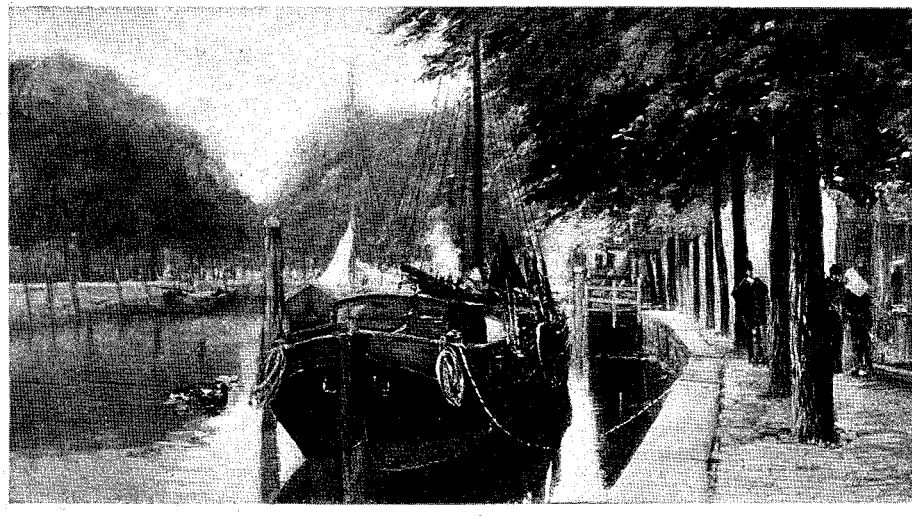
"Where's Peter?" I cry with some impatience.

My host shrugs his shoulders with a helpless movement, and opens wide the fingers of both hands.

"Mynheer, the five days are up. Peter has gone to jail."

"What for?" I ask in astonishment.

"To save two gulden."



These ungainly boats.

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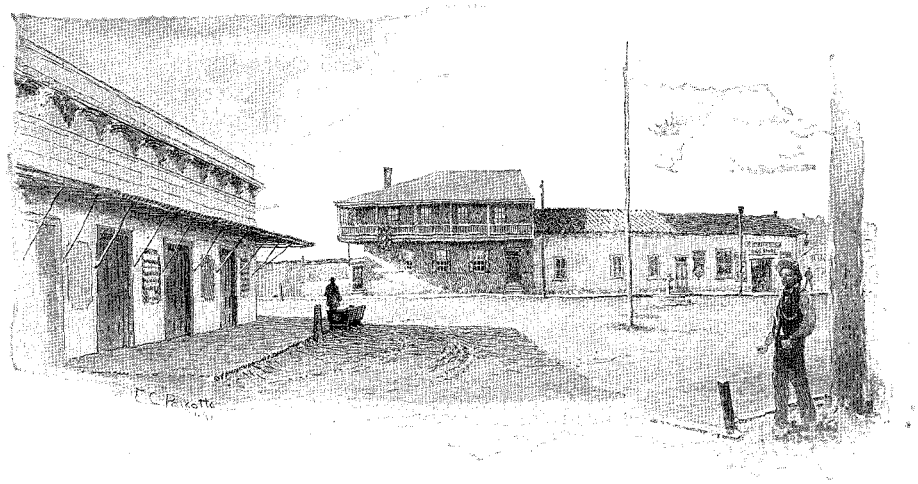

Monterey Square.
Showing on the left the old Simoneau restaurant building as remodelled.

THE
LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

MONTEREY AND SAN FRANCISCO: 1879–1880

OUR last two groups of letters were both dated, as readers will remember, from the Mediterranean coast of France, the one from Mentone in the winter of 1873–74, and the other from Hyères between March, 1883, and May, 1884. In the nine years' interval Stevenson had been much of a wanderer, partly from choice and partly from compulsion. Outside his native Scotland, his chief places of sojourn had been successively the forest of Fontainebleau, the Pacific coast of California, and the winter health-resort of Davos in eastern Switzerland. The Fontainebleau visits had taken place at frequent intervals between the spring of 1875 and the winter of 1878. But this was the time when Stevenson truly earned among his friends the name of a bad correspondent, writing more rarely and scrappily than at any other period of his life: partly, no doubt, because he saw us oftener, staying in London as he passed backwards and forwards on his way between France and Scotland; partly because of his increasing absorption in the interests of his life and literary work. At any rate, impressions of Fontainebleau scenery and society are to be sought much less in his private letters than in his printed writings—particularly the essays called "Forest Notes" and "Village Communities of Painters," and the stories "Providence and the Guitar" and the "Treasure of Franchard." For the present purpose, accordingly, I shall pass over the correspondence of the Fontainebleau period altogether, and go straight to the emigrant journey of 1879 and the subsequent nine months' stay on the Pacific coast.

In the artist haunts of the forest, as is well known, Stevenson had met the American lady who was afterward to become to him so devoted a wife and helpmate. She had returned with her children to California in the autumn of 1878. Absence and ill news of her health brought home to him the conviction that his life was indissolubly

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bound to hers, and in July, 1879, he determined to follow. For what must seem so wild an errand he would ask for no supplies from home, but resolved, as a part of the adventure, to test his power of supporting himself, and eventually others, by his own labors in literature. Accordingly he made the journey in the steerage, and afterward in the emigrant train. To the prime motive of economy was added a second—that of learning for himself the pinch of life as it is felt by the unprivileged and the poor (he had long ago disclaimed for himself the character of a "consistent first-class passenger in life")—and, it should be added a third, that of turning his experiences to literary account. On board ship he took daily notes with this intent, and wrote, moreover, "The Story of a Lie" for an English magazine. Arrived at his destination, he found his health, as was natural, badly shaken by the hardships of the journey; tried his favorite open-air cure for a short while at an Angora goat-ranch; and then lived from mid-August to December at the old Californian town of Monterey, under the conditions set forth in the earlier of the following letters, and under a heavy combined strain of personal anxiety and literary effort. At the end of the year he moved to San Francisco, where he lived for four months in a workman's lodging, leading a

"The Plaza" (Portsmouth Square).

The favorite lounging-place of Robert Louis Stevenson in San Francisco—with the memorial to him designed by Bruce Porter and Willis Polk.

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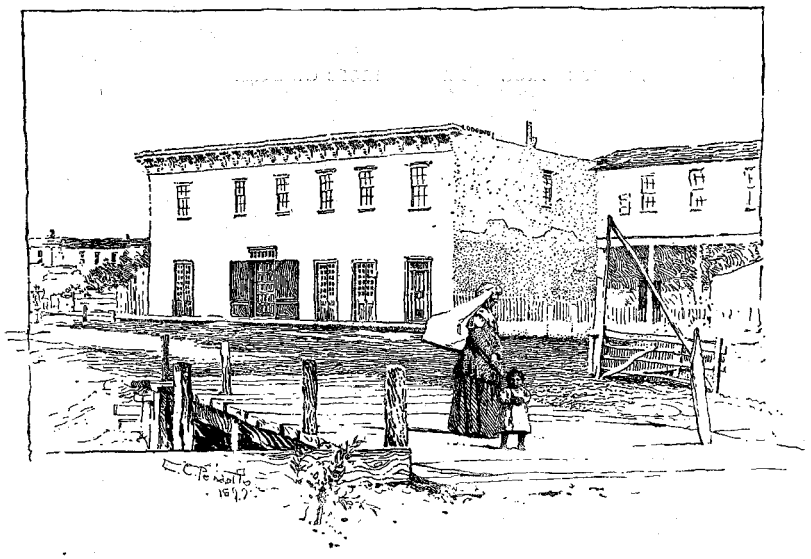

Giradine House, Monterey.

Here Robert Louis Stevenson lived while he boarded with Simoneau. With this house he was most intimately associated.

life of frugality amounting, it will be seen, to self-imposed penury, and working always with the same intensity of application, until his health utterly broke down. From this illness he was tended into life again by the joint ministrations of his future wife and the physician to whom his letter of thanks will be found below. His marriage ensued in May; immediately afterward, to try and consolidate his recovery, he moved to a deserted mining camp in the Californian coast range; and has recorded the aspects and humors of his life there with a master's touch in the "Silverado Squatters." The following letters, chosen from among those written during the period in question, depict his way of life, and reflect at once the anxiety of his friends and the strain of the time upon himself. SIDNEY COLVIN.

CROSSING INDIANA [August, 1879].

DEAR COLVIN,—I am in the cars between Pittsburgh and Chicago, just now bowling through Ohio. I am taking charge of a kid, whose mother is asleep, with one eye, while I write you this with the other. I reached New York Sunday night; and by five o'clock Monday was under way for the West. It is now about ten on Wednesday morning, so I have already been about forty hours in the cars. It is impossible to lie down in them, which must end by being very wearying.

I had no idea how easy it was to commit suicide. There seems nothing left of me; I died a while ago; I do not know who it is that is travelling.

Of where or how, I nothing know;
  And why, I do not care;
  Enough if, even so,
My travelling eyes, my travelling mind can go
By flood and field and hill, by wood and meadow fair,
Beside the Susquehannah and along the Delaware.

I think, I hope, I dream no more
  The dreams of otherwhere,
The cherished thoughts of yore;
I have been changed from what I was before;
And drunk too deep perchance the lotus of the air
Beside the Susquehannah and along the Delaware.

Unweary God me yet shall bring
  To lands of brighter air,
  Where I, now half a king,
Shall with enfranchised spirit loudlier sing,
And wear a bolder front than that which now I wear
Beside the Susquehannah and along the Delaware.

Exit Muse, hurried by child's games. . . .

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Have at you again, being now well through Indiana. In America you eat better than anywhere else: fact. The food is heavenly.

No man is any use until he has dared everything; I feel just now as if I had, and so might become a man. "If ye have faith like a grain of mustard seed." That is so true! Just now I have faith as big as a cigar-case; I will not say die, and do not fear man or fortune.

R. L. S.

CROSSING NEBRASKA [August, 1879].

MY DEAR HENLEY,—I am sitting on the top of the cars with a mill party from Missouri going west for his health. Desolate flat prairie upon all hands. Here and there a herd of cattle, a yellow butterfly or two, a patch of wild sunflowers, a wooden house or two; then a wooden church alone in miles of waste; then a windmill to pump water. When we stop, which we do often, for emigrants and freight travel together, the kine first, the men after, the whole plain is heard singing with cicadas. This is a pause, as you may see from the writing. What happened to the old pedestrian emigrants, what was the tedium suffered by the Indians and trappers of our youth, the imagination trembles to conceive. This is now Saturday, 23d, and I have been steadily travelling since I parted from you at St. Pancras. It is a strange vicissitude from the Savile Club to this; I sleep with a man from Pennsylvania who has been in the States navy, and mess with him and the Missouri bird already alluded to. We have a tin wash-bowl among four. I wear nothing but a shirt and a pair of trousers, and never button my shirt. When I land for a meal, I pass my coat and feel dressed. This life is to last till Friday, Saturday, or Sunday next. It is a strange affair to be an emigrant, as I hope you shall see in a future work. I wonder if this will be legible; my present station on the wagon roof, though airy compared to the cars, is both dirty and insecure. I can see the track straight before and straight behind me to either horizon. Peace of mind I enjoy with extreme serenity; I am doing right; I know no one will think so; and don't care. My body, however, is all to whistles; I don't eat; my blood has broken out into a kind of blister, blain, and blight business, which is more distressing than you might fancy; but, man, I can sleep. The car in front of mine is chock full of Chinese.

Monday.

What it is to be ill in an emigrant train let those declare who know. I slept none till late in the morning, overcome with laudanum, of which I had luckily a little bottle. All to-day I have eaten nothing, and only drunk two cups of tea, for each of which, on the pretext that the one was breakfast, and the other dinner, I was charged fifty cents. Our journey is through ghostly deserts, sage-brush and alkali and rocks without form or color, a sad corner of the world. I confess I am not jolly, but mighty calm, in my distresses. My illness is a subject of great mirth to some of my fellow-travellers, and I smile rather sickly at their jests.

We are going along Bitter Creek just now, a place infamous in the history of emigration, a place I shall remember myself among the blackest. I hope I may get this posted at Ogden, Utah. You might give my news to Sidney Colvin.

[August, 1879.]

MY DEAR COLVIN,—Here is another curious start in my life. I am living at an Angora goat-ranche, in the Coast-Line Mountains, eighteen miles from Monterey. I was camping out, but got so sick that the two rancheros took me in and tended me. One is an old bear-hunter, seventy-two years old, and a captain from the Mexican war; the other, a pilgrim, and one who was out with the bear flag and under Fremont when California was taken by the States. They are both true frontiersmen, and most kind and pleasant. Captain Smith, the bear-hunter, is my physician, and I obey him like an oracle.

The business of my life stands pretty nigh still. I work at my notes of the voyage. It will not be very like a book of mine; but perhaps none the less successful for that. I will not deny that I feel lonely to-day; but I do not fear to go on, for I am doing right. I have not yet had a word from England, partly, I suppose, because I have not yet written for my letters to New York; do not blame me

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for this neglect; if you knew all I have been through, you would wonder I had done so much as I have. I teach the ranche children reading in the morning, for the mother is from home sick.—Ever your affectionate friend, R. L. S.

MONTEREY, MONTEREY CO.,
CALIFORNIA, August or September, 1879.

MY DEAR COLVIN,—I received your letter with delight; it was the first word that reached me from the old country. I am in good health now; I have been pretty seedy, for I was exhausted by the journey and anxiety below even my point of keeping up; I am still a little weak, but that is all; I begin to ingrease, it seems, already. My book is about half-drafted: the *Amateur Emigrant*, that is. Can you find a better name? I believe it will be more popular than any of my others; the canvas is so much more popular and larger too. Fancy, it is my fourth. That voluminous writer. I was vexed to hear about the last chapter of *the Lie*, and pleased to hear about the rest; It would have been odd if it had no birthmark, born where and how it was. It should by rights have been called the *Devonia*, for that is the habit with all children born in a steerage.

I write to you, hoping for more. Pour out the Perth office writing ink—let it flow. Give me news of all who concern me, near or far, or big or little. Here, sir, in Cal., you have a willing hearer.

Monterey is a place where there is no summer or winter, and pines and sand and distant hills and a bay all filled with real water from the Pacific. You will perceive that no expense has been spared. I now live with a little French doctor; I take one of my meals in a little French restaurant; for the other two, I sponge. The population of Monterey is about that of a dissenting chapel on a wet Sunday in a strong church neighborhood. They are mostly Mexican and Indian—mixed.—Ever yours, R. L. S.

[With reference to the following letter and others similarly addressed—Weg or Wegg, it should be stated, was a nickname fastened by Stevenson on Mr. Gosse, while that gentleman was suffering from a transient fit of lameness. It alludes, of course, to Silas Wegg, the immortal literary gentleman "*with* a wooden leg" of "Our Mutual Friend."]

MONTEREY, MONTEREY CO.,
CALIFORNIA, October 8, 1879.

MY DEAR WEG,—I know I am a rogue and the son of a dog. Yet let me tell you, when I came here I had a week's misery and a fortnight's illness, and since then I have been more or less busy in being content. This is a kind of excuse for my laziness. I hope you will not excuse yourself. My plans are still very uncertain, and it is not likely that anything will happen before Christmas. In the meanwhile, I believe I shall live on here "between the sandhills and the sea," as I think Mr. Swinburne hath it. I was pretty nearly slain; my spirit lay down and kicked for three days; I was up at an Angora goat-ranche in the Santa Lucia Mountains, nursed by an old frontiersman, a mighty hunter of bears, and I scarcely slept, or ate, or thought for four days. Two nights I lay out under a tree in a sort of stupor, doing nothing but fetch water for myself and horse, light a fire and make coffee, and all night awake hearing the goat-bells ringing and the tree-frogs singing, when each new noise was enough to set me mad. Then the bear-hunter came round, pronounced me "real sick," and ordered me up to the ranche.

It was an odd, miserable piece of my life; and according to all rule, it should have been my death; but after awhile my spirit got up again in a divine frenzy, and has since kicked and spurred my vile body forward with great emphasis and success.

My new book, *The Amateur Emigrant*, is about half-drafted. I don't know that it will be good, but I think it ought to sell in spite of the de'il and the publishers; for it tells an odd enough experience, and one I think never yet told before. Look for my "Burns" in the *Cornhill*, and for my "Story of a Lie" in Paul's withered babe, the *New Quarterly*. You may have seen the latter ere this reaches you: tell me if it has any interest, like a good boy, and remember that it was written at sea in great anxiety of mind. What is your news? Send me your works, like an angel, *au fur et à mesure* of their apparition, for I am

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naturally short of literature, and I do not wish to rust.

I fear this can hardly be called a letter. To say truth, I feel already a difficulty of approach; I do not know if I am the same man I was in Europe, perhaps I can hardly claim acquaintance with you. My head went round and looks another way now; for when I found myself over here in a new land, and all the past uprooted in the one tug, and I neither feeling glad nor sorry, I got my last lesson about mankind; I mean my latest lesson, for of course I do not know what surprises there are yet in store for me. But that I could have so felt astonished me beyond description. There is a wonderful callousness in human nature which enables us to live. I had no feeling one way or another, from New York to California, until, at Dutch Flat, a mining camp in the Sierra, I heard a cock crowing with a home voice; and then I fell to hope and regret both in the same moment.

Is there a boy or a girl? and how is your wife? I thought of you more than once, to put it mildly.

I live here comfortably enough; but I shall soon be left all alone, perhaps till Christmas. Then you may hope for correspondence—and may not I?—Your friend, R. L. S.

MONTEREY, MONTEREY CO., CAL.
[Autumn], 1879.

MY DEAR HENLEY,—Many thanks for your good letter, which is the best way to forgive you for your previous silence. I hope Colvin or somebody has sent me the *Cornhill* and the *New Quarterly*, though I am trying to get them in San Francisco. I think you might have sent me (1) some of your articles in the *P. M. G.*, (2) a paper with the announcement of second edition, and (3) the announcement of the essays in *Athenæum*. This to prick you in the future. Again, choose, in your head, the best volume of Labiche there is, and post it to Jules Simoneau, Monterey, Monterey Co., California: do this at once, as he is my restaurant man, a most pleasant old boy, with whom I discuss the universe and play chess daily. He has been out of France for thirty-five years, and never heard of Labiche. I have eighty-three pages written of a story about as bad as Ouida, and not so good, called a *Vendetta in the West*, and about sixty pages of the first draft of the *Amateur Emigrant*. They should each cover from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty pages when done. (If you have not coin for the Labiche, Colvin can advance you some of mine that I told him to take for such expenses.) That is all my literary news. Do keep me posted, won't you? Your letter and Bob's made the fifth and sixth I have had from Europe in three months.

At times I get terribly frightened about my work, which seems to advance too slowly. I hope soon to have a greater burthen to support, and must make money a great deal quicker than I used. I may get nothing for the *Vendetta;* I may only get some forty quid for the *Emigrant;* I cannot hope to have them both done much before the end of November. That would make £40 in three months, or about £12 a month; and I spend, as it is, nearly ten, and shall likely spend a little more in the future. That looks grave; I must avert my thoughts.

Oh, and look here; why did you not send me the *Spectator* which slanged me? Rogues and rascals, is that all you are worth?

Yesterday I set fire to the forest, for which, had I been caught, I should have been hung out of hand to the nearest tree, Judge Lynch being an active person hereaway. You should have seen my retreat (which was entirely for strategical purposes). I ran like hell. It was a fine sight. At night I went out again to see it; it was a good fire, though I say it that should not. I also had a near escape for my life with a revolver: I fired six charges, and the six bullets all remained in the barrel, which was choked from end to end, from muzzle to breach, with solid lead; it took a man three hours to drill them out. Another shot, and I'd have gone to kingdom come.

This is a lovely place, which I am growing to love. The Pacific licks all other oceans out of hand; there is no place but the Pacific Coast to hear eternal roaring surf. When I get to the top of the woods behind Monterey, I can hear the seas breaking all round over ten or twelve miles of coast, from near Carmel on my

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left, out to Point Pinas in front, and away to the right along the sands of Monterey to Castroville and the mouth of the Salinas. I was wishing yesterday that the world could get—no, what I mean was that you should be kept in suspense like Mahomet's coffin until the world had made half a revolution, then dropped here at the station as though you had stepped from the cars; you would then comfortably enter Walter's waggon (the sun has just gone down, the moon beginning to throw shadows, you hear the surf rolling, and smell the sea and the pines). The waggon shall deposit you at The Bohemian saloon, where we take a drink; you are introduced to Bronson, the local editor ("I have no brain music," he says; "I'm a mechanic you see;" but he's a nice fellow); to Adolpho Sanchez, who is delightful, although no brain-musician either; meantime I go to the P. O. for my mail; thence we walk up Alvarado Street together, you now floundering in the sand, now merrily stumping on the wooden sidewalks; I call at Hadsell's for my paper; at length behold us installed in Simoneau's little whitewashed back-room, round a dirty table-cloth, with François the baker, perhaps an Italian fisherman, perhaps Augustin Dutra, and Simoneau himself. Simoneau, François, and I are the three sure cards; the others mere waifs. Then home to my great airy rooms, with five windows opening on a balcony; I sleep on the floor in my camp blankets; you install yourself abed; in the morning, coffee with the little doctor and his little wife; we hire a waggon, and make a day of it; and by night I should let you up again into the air, to be returned to Mrs. Henley in the forenoon following. By God, you would enjoy yourself. So should I. I have tales enough to keep you going till five in the morning, and then they would not be at an end. Will you remember me most affectionately to your wife, the celebrated lady of the castle. Shake hands with Anthony from me; and God bless your mother.—Ever your affectionate friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MONTEREY, MONTEREY COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, [Autumn, 1879].

MY DEAR HENLEY,—Herewith the *Pavillion on the Links*, grand carpentry story in nine chapters, and I should hesitate to say how many tableaux. Where is it to go? God knows. It is the dibbs that are wanted. It is not bad, though I say it; carpentry, of course, but not bad at that; and who else can carpenter in England, now that Wilkie Collins is played out? It might be broken for magazine purposes at the end of Chapter IV. I send it to you, as I daresay Payn may help, if all else fails. Dibbs and speed are my mottoes.

Do acknowledge the *Pavillion* by return. I shall be so nervous till I hear, as of course I have no copy except of one or two places where the vein would not run. God prosper it, poor *Pavillion!* May it bring me money for myself and my sick one, who may read it, I do not know how soon.

Love to your wife, Anthony and all. I shall write to Colvin to-day or to-morrow. —Yours ever, R. L. S.

[MONTEREY, Autumn, 1879.]

To-day, my dear Colvin, I send you the first part of the *Amateur Emigrant*, 71 pp.: by far the longest and the best of the whole. It is not a monument of eloquence; indeed, I have sought to be prosaic in view of the nature of the subject; but I almost think it is interesting. . . .

Whatever is done about any book publication, two things remember: I must keep a royalty; and second, I must have all my books advertised, in the French manner, on the leaf opposite the title. I know from my own experience how much good this does an author with book *buyers*.

The entire *A. E.* will be a little longer than the two others, but not very much. Here and there I fancy you will laugh as you read it; but it seems to me rather a *clever* book, than anything else: the book of a man, that is, who has paid a great deal of attention to contemporary life, and not through the newspapers.

I have never seen my *Burns!* the darling of my heart!

This is all business; but some had to be done some time. I await your promised letter. Papers, magazines, articles by friends; reviews of myself, all would be very welcome. I am reporter for the *Monterey Californian*, at a salary of 2 dollars a week! *Comment trouvez vous ça?*

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I am also in a conspiracy with the American editor, a French restaurant man, and an Italian fisherman against the Padre. The enclosed poster is my last literary appearance. It was put up to the number of 200 exemplaries at the witching hour; and they were almost all destroyed by eight in the morning. But I think the nickname will stick. *Dos Reales; deux réaux;* two bits; twenty-five cents; about a shilling; but in practice it is worth from ninepence to threepence: thus two glasses of beer would cost two bits. The Italian fisherman, an old Garibaldian, is a splendid fellow. R. L. S.

MONTEREY, MONTEREY CO.,
CALIFORNIA, November 15, 1879.

MY DEAR GOSSE,—Your letter was to me such a bright spot that I answer it right away to the prejudice of other correspondents or -dants (don't know how to spell it) who have prior claims. . . . Your letter was like a warm shake of the hands in the midst of all these concerns. You may believe me, I should be as sorry to see the last of you as ever you could be to see the last of me, and your kind letter, coming when it did, was an act of friendship of far greater importance than you could have dreamed when you wrote. It is the history of our kindnesses that alone makes this world tolerable. If it were not for that, for the effect of kind words, kind looks, kind letters, multiplying, spreading, making one happy through another and bringing forth benefits, some thirty, some fifty, some a thousandfold, I should be tempted to think our life a practical jest in the worst possible spirit. So your four pages have confirmed my philosophy as well as consoled my heart in these ill hours.

Yes, you are right; Monterey is a pleasant place; but I see I can write no more to-night. I am tired and sad, and being already in bed, have no more to do but turn out the light.—Your affectionate friend, R. L. S.

I try it again by daylight. Once more in bed however; for to-day it is *mucho piro*, as we Spaniards say; and I had no other means of keeping warm for my work. I have done a good spell, 9½ foolscap pages; at least 8 of *Cornhill;* ah, if I thought that I could get 8 guineas for it. My trouble is that I am all too ambitious just now. A book whereof 70 out of 120 are scrolled. A novel whereof 85 out of, say, 140 are pretty well-nigh done. A short story of 50 pp., which shall be finished to-morrow, or I'll know the reason why. This may bring in a lot of money: but I dread to think that it is all on three chances. If the three were to fail, I am in a bog. The novel is called *A Vendetta in the West;* it is about as bad as Ouida, but not quite, for it is not so eloquent. I see I am in a grasping, dismal humor, and should, as we Americans put it, quit writing. In truth, I am so haunted by anxieties that one or other is sure to come up in all that I write.

I will send you herewith a Monterey paper where the works of R. L. S. appear, nor only that, but all my life, on studying the advertisements will become clear. I lodge with Dr. Heintz; take my meals with Simoneau; have been only two days ago shaved by the tonsorial artist Michaels; drink daily at the Bohemia saloon; get my daily paper from Hadsel's; was stood a drink to-day by Albano Rodriguez; in short, there is scarce a person advertised in that paper but I know him, and I may add scarce a person in Monterey but is there advertised. The paper is the marrow of the place. Its bones—pooh, I am tired of writing so sillily.

R. L. S.

MONTEREY, MONTEREY CO.,
CALIFORNIA, December 8, 1879.

MY DEAR WEG,—I received your book last night as I lay abed with a pleurisy, the result, I fear, of overwork, gradual decline of appetite, etc. You know what a wooden-hearted curmudgeon I am about contemporary verse. I like none of it, except some of my own. (I look back on that sentence with pleasure; it comes from an honest heart.) Hence you will be kind enough to take this from me in a kindly spirit; the piece *To my Daughter* is delicious. And yet even here I am going to pick holes. I am a *beastly* curmudgeon. It is the last verse. "Newly budded" is off the venue; and haven't you gone ahead to make a poetry daybreak instead of sticking to your muttons, and comparing with the mysterious light

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of stars the plain, friendly, perspicuous, human day? But this is to be a beast. The little poem is eminently pleasant, human, and original.

I have read nearly the whole volume, and shall read it nearly all over again; you have no rivals!

Bancroft's *History of the United States*, even in a centenary edition, is essentially heavy fare; a little goes a long way; I respect Bancroft, but I do not love him; he has moments when he feels himself inspired to open up his improvisations upon universal history and the designs of God; but I flatter myself I am more nearly acquainted with the latter than Mr. Bancroft. A man, in the words of my Plymouth Brother, "who knows the Lord," must needs, from time to time, write less emphatically. It is a fetter dance to the music of minute guns—not at sea, but in a region not a thousand miles from the Sahara. Still, I am half-way through volume three, and shall count myself unworthy of the name of an Englishman if I do not see the back of volume six. The countryman of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Drake, Cook, etc.!

I have been sweated not only out of my pleuritic fever, but out of all my eating cares, and the better part of my brains (strange coincidence!), by aconite. I have that peculiar and delicious sense of being born again in an expurgated edition which belongs to convalescence. It will not be for long; I hear the breakers roar; I shall be steering head first for another rapid before many days; *nitor aquis*, said a certain Eton boy, translating for his sins a part of the *Inland Voyage* into Latin elegiacs; and from the hour I saw it, or rather a friend of mine, the admirable Jenkin, saw and recognised its absurd appropriateness, I took it for my device in life. I am going for thirty now; and unless I can snatch a little rest before long, I have, I may tell you in confidence, no hope of seeing thirty-one. My health began to break last winter, and has given me but fitful times since then. This pleurisy, though but a slight affair in itself, was a huge disappointment to me, and marked an epoch. To start a pleurisy about nothing, while leading a dull, regular life in a mild climate, was not my habit in past days; and it is six years, all but a few months, since I was obliged to spend twenty-four hours in bed. I may be wrong, but if the niting is to continue, I believe I must go. It is a pity in one sense, for I believe the class of work I *might* yet give out is better and more real and solid than people fancy. But death is no bad friend; a few aches and gasps, and we are done; like the truant child, I am beginning to grow weary and timid in this big jostling city, and could run to my nurse, even although she should have to whip me before putting me to bed.

Will you kiss your little daughter from me, and tell her that her father has written a delightful poem about her? Remember me, please, to Mrs. Gosse, to Middlemore, to whom some of these days I will write, to ——, to ——, yes, to ——, and to ——. I know you will gnash your teeth at some of these; wicked, grim, catlike old poet. If I were God, I would sort you—as we say in Scotland.

R. L. S.

"Too young to be our child:" blooming good.

[The following refers to Mr. Hamerton's candidature (which was not successful) for the professorship of Fine Art at Edinburgh University.]

MONTEREY, MONTEREY CO., CALIFORNIA [1879].

MY DEAR MR. HAMERTON,—Your letter to my father was forwarded to me by mistake, and by mistake I opened it. The letter to myself has not yet reached me. This must explain my own and my father's silence. I shall write by this or next post to the only friends I have who, I think, would have an influence, as they are both professors. I regret exceedingly that I am not in Edinburgh, as I could perhaps have done more, and I need not tell you that what I might do for you in the matter of the election is neither from friendship nor gratitude, but because you are the only man (I beg your pardon) worth a damn. I shall write to a third friend, now I think of it, whose father will have great influence.

I find here (of all places in the world) your *Essays on Art*, which I have read with signal interest. I believe I shall dig an essay of my own out of one of them,

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for it set me thinking; if mine could only produce yet another in reply, we could have the marrow cut between us.

I hope, my dear sir, you will not think badly of me for my long silence. My head has scarce been on my shoulders. I had scarce recovered from a long fit of useless ill-health than I was whirled over here double-quick time and by cheapest conveyance.

I have been since pretty ill, but pick up, though still somewhat of a mossy ruin. If you would view my countenance aright, come—view it by the pale moonlight. But that is on the mend. I believe I have now a distant claim to tan.

A letter will be more than welcome in this distant clime, where I have a box at the post-office—generally, I regret to say, empty. Could your recommendation introduce me to an American publisher? My next book I should really try to get hold of here, as its interest is international, and the more I am in this country the more I understand the weight of your influence. It is pleasant to be thus most at home abroad, above all when the prophet is still not without honour in his own land.

R. L. S.

[The remaining letters are dated from San Francisco, whither Stevenson had moved in the last days of 1879.]

Postmark 18 / 1 / 80.--608 Bush Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

My dear Colvin,—This is a circular letter to tell my estate fully. You have no right to it, being the worst of correspondents; but I wish to efface the impression of my last, so to you it goes.

Any time between eight and half-past nine in the morning a slender gentleman in an ulster, with a volume buttoned into the breast of it, may be observed leaving No. 608 Bush and descending Powell with an active step. The gentleman is R. L. S.; the volume relates to Benjamin Franklin, on whom he meditates one of his charming essays. He descends Powell, crosses Market, and descends in Sixth on a branch of the original Pine Street Coffee House, no less; I believe he would be capable of going to the original itself, if he could only find it. In the branch he seats himself at a table covered with wax-cloth, and a pampered menial, of High-Dutch extraction and indeed as yet only partially extracted, lays before him a cup of coffee, a roll and a pat of butter, all, to quote the deity, very good. A while ago, and R. L. S. used to find the supply of butter insufficient; but he has now learned the art to exactitude, and butter and roll expire at the same moment. For this refection he pays ten cents or five pence sterling (£0. 0s. 5d.).

Half an hour later, the inhabitants of Bush Street observe the same slender gentlemen armed, like George Washington, with his little hatchet, splitting kindling, and breaking coal for his fire. He does this quasi-publicly upon the window-sill; but this is not to be attributed to any love of notoriety, though he is indeed vain of his prowess with the hatchet (which he persists in calling an axe) and daily surprised at the perpetuation of his fingers. The reason is this: that the sill is a strong supporting beam, and that blows of the same emphasis in other parts of his room might knock the entire shanty into hell. Thenceforth for from three to four hours, he is engaged darkly with an ink-bottle. Yet he is not blacking his boots, for the only pair that he possesses are innocent of lustre and wear the natural hue of the material turned up with caked and venerable slush. The youngest child of his landlady remarks several times a day as this strange occupant enters or quits the house, "Dere's de author." Can it be that this bright-haired innocent has found the true clue to the mystery? The being in question is, at least, poor enough to belong to that honorable craft.

His next appearance is at the restaurant of one Donadieu, in Bush Street, between Dupont and Kearney, where a copious meal, half a bottle of wine, coffee and brandy may be procured for the sum of four bits, alias fifty cents, £0 2s. 2d. sterling. The wine is put down in a whole bottleful, and it is strange and painful to observe the greed with which the gentleman in question seeks to secure the last drop of his allotted half, and the scrupulousness with which he seeks to avoid taking the first drop of the other. This is partly explained by the fact that if he were to go over the mark—bang would go to a tenpence. He is again armed with

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a book, but his best friends will learn with pain that he seems at this hour to have deserted the more serious studies of the morning. When last observed, he was studying with apparent zest the exploits of one Rocambole by the late Vicomte Ponson du Terrail. This work, originally of prodigious dimensions, he has had cut into liths or thicknesses, apparently for convenience of carriage.

Then the being walks, where is not certain. But by about half-past four, a light beams from the windows of 608 Bush; and he may be observed sometimes engaged in correspondence, sometimes once again plunged in the mysterious rites of the forenoon. About six he returns to the Branch Original, where he once more imbrues himself to the worth of fivepence in coffee and roll. The evening is devoted to writing and reading, and by eleven or half-past darkness closes over this weird and truculent existence.

As for coin, you see I don't spend much, only you and Henley both seem to think my work rather bosh now-a-days, and I do want to make as much as I was making, that is £200, if I can do that, I can swim; last year with my ill health I touched only £109, that would not do, I could not fight it through on that; but on £200, as I say, I am good for the world and can even in this quiet way save a little, and that I must do. The worst is my health; it is suspected I had an ague chill yesterday, I shall know by to-morrow, and you know if I am to be laid down with ague the game is pretty well lost. But I don't know; I managed to write a good deal down in Monterey, when I was pretty sickly most of the time, and, by God, I'll try, ague and all. I have to ask you frankly when you write, to give me any good news you can, and chat a little, but *just in the meantime*, give me no bad. If I could get *Thoreau*, *Emigrant* and *Vendetta* all finished and out of my hand, I should feel like a man who had made half a year's income in a half year; but until the two last are *finished*, you see, they don't fairly count.

I am afraid I bore you sadly with this perpetual talk about my affairs, I will try and stow it; but you see, it touches me nearly; I'm the miser in earnest now; last night when I felt so ill, the supposed ague chill, it seemed strange not to be able to afford a drink. I would have walked half a mile, tired as I felt, for a brandy and soda. R. L. S

[With reference to the following, it must be explained that the first draught of the first part of the *Amateur Emigrant*, when it reached me about Christmas, had seemed to me, compared to his previous travel papers, but a spiritless record of squalid experiences, little likely to advance his still only half-established reputation; and I had written him to that effect, inopportunely enough, with a fuller measure even than usual of the frankness which always marked our intercourse.]

608 Bush Street, San Francisco,
California [January, 1880].

My dear Colvin,—I received this morning your long letter from Paris. Well, God's will be done; if it's dull, it's dull; it was a fair fight, and it's lost, and there's an end. But fortunately dulness is not a fault the public hates; perhaps they may like this vein of dulness. If they don't, damn them, we'll try them with another. I sat down on the back of your letter, and wrote twelve *Cornhill* pages this day as ever was of that same despised *Emigrant*; so you see my moral courage has not gone down with my intellect. Only, frankly, Colvin, do you think it a good plan to be so eminently descriptive, and even eloquent in dispraise? You rolled such a lot of polysyllables over me that a better man than I might have been disheartened. —However, I was not, as you see, and am not. The *Emigrant* shall be finished and leave in the course of next week. And then, I'll stick to stories. I am not frightened. I know my mind is changing; I have been telling you so for long; and I suppose I am fumbling for the new vein. Well, I'll find it.

The *Vendetta* you will not much like, I daresay: and that must be finished next: but I'll knock you with *The Forest State: A Romance*.

I'm vexed about my letters; I know it is painful to get these unsatisfactory things. But at least I have written often enough. And not one soul ever gives me any *news*, about people or things; everybody writes me sermons; it's good for me, but hardly

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the food necessary for a man who lives all alone on forty-five cents a day, and sometimes less, with quantities of hard work and many heavy thoughts. If one of you could write me a letter with a jest in it, a letter like what is written to real people in this world—I am still flesh and blood—I should enjoy it. Simpson did, the other day, and it did me as much good as a bottle of wine. A lonely man gets to feel like a pariah after awhile; or no, not that, but like a saint and martyr, or a kind of macerated clergyman with pebbles in his boots, a pillared Simeon, I'm damned if I know what, but, man alive, I want gossip.

My health is better, my spirits steadier, I am not the least cast down. If the *Emigrant was* a failure, the *Pavilion*, by your leave, was not; it was a story quite adequately and rightly done, I contend; and when I find Stephen, for whom certainly I did not mean it, taking it in, I am better pleased with it than before. I know I shall do better work than ever I have done before; but, mind you, it will not be like it. My sympathies and interests are changed. There shall be no more books of travel for me. I care for nothing but the moral and the dramatic, not a jot for the picturesque, or the beautiful, other than about people. It bored me hellishly to write the *Emigrant;* well, it's going to bore others to read it; that's only fair.

I should also write to others; but indeed I am jack-tired, and must go to bed to a French novel to compose myself for slumber.—Ever your affectionate friend,

R. L. S.

608 Bush Street,
San Francisco, Cal., 1880.

My dear Henley,—Before my work or anything I sit down to answer your long and kind letter.

I am well, cheerful, busy, hopeful; I cannot be knocked down; I do not mind about the *Emigrant*. I never thought it a masterpiece. It was written to sell, and I believe it will sell; and if it does not, the next will. You need not be uneasy about my work; I am only beginning to see my true method.

(1) As to *Studies*. There are two more already gone to Stephen. *Yoshida Torajiro*, which I think temperate and adequate; and *Thoreau*, which will want a really Balzacian effort over the proofs. But I want *Benj. Franklin and the Art of Virtue* to follow; and perhaps also *William Penn*, but this last may be perhaps delayed for another volume—I think not though. The *Studies* will be an intelligent volume; and in their latter numbers more like what I mean to be my style, or I mean what my style means to be, for I am passive. (2) The *Essays*. Good news indeed. I think *Ordered South* must be thrown in. It always swells the volume, and it will never find a more appropriate place. It was May, 1874, Macmillan I believe. (3) *Plays*. I did not understand you meant to try the draught. I shall make you a full scenario as soon as the *Emigrant* is done. (4) *Emigrant*. He shall be sent off next week. (5) Stories. You need not be alarmed that I am going to imitate Meredith. You knew I was a story-teller in grain; did not that reassure you? The *Vendetta*, which falls next to be finished, is not entirely pleasant. But it has points. *The Forest State* or *The Greenwood State: A Romance*, is another pair of shoes. It is my old *Semiramis*, our half-seen Duke and Duchess, which suddenly sprang into sunshine clearness as a story the other day. The kind, happy *dénouement* is unfortunately absolutely undramatic, which will be our only trouble in quarrying out the play. I mean we shall quarry from it. *Characters*—Otto Frederick John, hereditary Prince of Grünwald; Amelia Seraphina, Princess; Conrad, Baron Gondremarck, Prime Minister; Cancellarius Greisengesang; Killian Gottesacker, Steward of the River Farm; Ottilie, his daughter; the Countess von Rosen. Seven in all. A brave story, I swear; and a brave play too, if we can find the trick to make the end. The play, I fear, will have to end darkly, and that spoils the quality as I now see it of a kind of crockery, eighteenth century, high-life-below-stairs life, breaking up like ice in spring before the nature and the certain modicum of manhood of my poor, clever, feather-headed Prince, whom I love already. I see Seraphina too. Gondremarck is not quite so clear. The Countess von Rosen, I have; I'll never tell you who she is; it's a secret; but I have known the countess; well, I will tell you; it's

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my old Russian friend, Madame Z. Certain scenes are, in conception, the best I have ever made, except for *Hester Noble*. Those at the end, Von Rosen and the Princess, the Prince and Princess, and the Princess and Gondremarck, as I now see them from here, should be nuts, Henley, nuts. It irks me not to go to them straight. But the *Emigrant* stops the way; then a reassured scenario for *Hester;* then the *Vendetta;* then two (or three) Essays—*B. Franklin, Thoughts on Literature as an Art, Dialogue on Character and Destiny between two Puppets, The Human Compromise;* and then, at length—come to me, my Prince. O Lord, it's going to be courtly! And there is not an ugly person nor an ugly scene in it. The *Slate* both Fanny and I have damned utterly; it is too morbid, ugly, and unkind; better starvation. R. L. S.

[Between the date of this letter and the next, Stevenson had lain for many weeks at death's door from a complication of lung and other troubles, and had been bravely pulled through by the care of Dr. Bamford and Mrs. Osbourne, and with the help of his own invincible courage.]

S. Francisco [Spring, 1880].

My Dear Colvin,—You must be sick indeed of my demand for books, for you have seemingly not yet sent me one. Still I live on promises; waiting for *Penn*, for H. James's *Hawthorne*, for my *Burns*, etc.; and now, to make matters worse, pending your *Centuries*, etc., I do earnestly desire the best book about mythology (if it be German, so much the worse, send a bunctionary along with it and pray for me). This is why. If I recover, I feel called on to write a volume of gods and demi-gods in exile; Pan, Jove, Cybele, Venus, Charon, etc.; and though I should like to take them very free, I should like to know a little about 'em to begin with. For two days, till last night, I had no night-sweats, and my cough is almost gone, and I digest well; so all looks hopeful. However, I was near the other side of Jordan. I send the proof of *Thoreau* to you, so that you may correct and fill up the quotation from Goethe. It is a pity I was ill, as, for matter, I think I prefer that to any of my essays except *Burns;* but the style, though quite manly, never attains any melody or lenity. So much for consumption: I begin to appreciate what the *Emigrant* must be. As soon as I have done the last few pages of the *Emigrant* shall go to you. But when will that be? I know not quite yet—I have to be so careful.—Ever yours, R. L. S.

Post Office, San Francisco, Cal., April 16 [1880].

My dear Gosse,—You have not answered my last; and I know you will repent when you hear how near I have been to another world. For about six weeks I have been in utter doubt; it was a toss up for life or death all that time; but I won the toss, sir, and Hades went off once more discomfited. This is not the first time, nor will it be the last, that I have a friendly game with that gentleman; I know he will end by cleaning me out; but the rogue is insidious, and the habit of that sort of gambling seems to be a part of my nature; it was, I suspect, too much indulged in youth; break your children of this tendency, my dear Gosse, from the first. It is, when once formed, a habit more fatal than opium—I speak, as St. Paul says, like a fool. I have been very very sick; on the verge of a galloping consumption, cold sweats, prostrating attacks of cough, sinking fits in which I lost the power of speech, fever, and all the ugliest circumstances of the disease; and I have cause to bless God, my wife that is to be, and one Dr. Bamford (a name the Muse repels), that I have come out of all this, and got my feet once more upon a little hilltop, with a fair prospect of life and some new desire of living. Yet I did not wish to die, neither; only I felt unable to go on farther with that rough horse-play of human life; a man must be pretty well to take the business in good part. Yet I felt all the time that I had done nothing to entitle me to an honorable discharge; that I had taken up many obligations and begun many friendships which I had no right to put away from me; and that for me to die was to play the cur and slinking sybarite, and desert the colors on the eve of the decisive fight. Of course I have done no work for I do not know how long; and here you can triumph. I have

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been reduced to writing verses for amusement. A fact. The whirligig of time brings in its revenges, after all. But I'll have them buried with me, I think, for I have not the heart to burn them while I live. Do write. I shall go to the mountains as soon as the weather clears; on the way thither, I marry myself; then I set up my family altar among the pinewoods, 3,000 feet, sir, from the disputatious sea.—I am, dear Weg, most truly yours,

R. L. S.

P. O., S. F., Cala. [Spring, 1880.]

My Dear Colvin,—My dear people telegraphed me in these words: "Count on 250 pounds annually." You may imagine what a blessed business this was. And so now, please recover the sheets of the *Emigrant*, and post them registered to me. And give me all your venom against it; say your worst, and most incisively, for now it will be a help, and I'll make it right or perish in the attempt. Now, do you understand why I protested against your depressing eloquence on the subject? When I *had* to go on anyway, for dear life, I thought it a kind of pity and not much good to discourage me. Now all's changed. God only knows how much courage and suffering is buried in that MS. The second part was written in a circle of hell unknown to Dante; that of the penniless and dying author. For dying I was, although now saved. Another week, the doctor said, and I should have been past salvation. I think I shall always think of it as my best work. There is one page in part 2, about having got to shore and sich, which must have cost me altogether six hours of work as miserable as ever I went through. I feel sick even to think of it.—Ever your friend,

R. L. S.

Brooklyn, Cal., April, 1880.

W. Bamford, Esq.:

My Dear Sir,—Will you let me offer you this little book? If I had anything better, it should be yours. May you not dislike it, for it will be your own handiwork if there are other fruits from the same tree! But for your kindness and skill, this would have been my last book, and now I am in hopes that it will be neither my last nor my best.

You doctors have a serious responsibility. You recall a man from the gates of death, you give him health and strength once more to use or to abuse. I hope I shall feel your responsibility added to my own, and seek in the future to make a better profit of the life you have renewed to me.—I am, my dear sir, gratefully yours,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

[San Francisco, Spring, 1880.]

My Dear Colvin—It is a long while since I have heard from you; nearly a month, I believe; and I begin to grow very uneasy. At first I was tempted to suppose that I had been myself to blame in some way; but now I have grown to fear lest some sickness or trouble among those whom you love may be the impediment. I believe I shall soon hear; so I wait as best I can. I am, beyond a doubt, greatly stronger, and yet still useless for any work, and, I may say, for any pleasure. My teeth and the bad weather still keep me here unmarried; but not, I earnestly hope, for long. Whenever I get into the mountain, I trust I shall rapidly pick up. Until I get away from these sea-fogs and my imprisonment in the house, I do not hope to do much more than keep from active harm. My doctor took a desponding fit about me, and scared Fanny into blue fits; but I have talked her over again. It is the change I want, and the blessed sun, and a gentle air in which I can sit out and see the trees and running water; these mere defensive hygienics cannot advance one, though they may prevent evil. I do nothing now; but try to possess my soul in peace, and continue to possess my body on any terms.

Calistoga, Napa County, California.

All of which is a fortnight old, and not much to the point nowadays. Here we are, Fanny and I, and a certain hound, in a lovely valley under Mount Saint Helena, looking around or rather wondering when we shall begin to look around for a house of our own. I have received the first sheets; not yet the second batch, as announced. It is a pretty heavy emphatic piece of pedantry; but I don't care; the public I verily believe will like it. I have excised all you proposed, and more on my own movement. But I have not yet been

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able to re-write the two special pieces which, as you said, so badly wanted it; it is hard work to re-write passages in proof; and the easiest work is still hard to me. But I am certainly recovering fast; a married and convalescent being.

Received James's *Hawthorne*, on which I meditate a blast; Miss Bird, Dixon's *Penn*, a *wrong Cornhill* (like my luck), and *Coquelin*; for all which, and especially the last, I tender my best thanks. I have opened only James; it is very clever, very well written, and out of sight the most inside-out thing in the world; I have dug up the hatchet; a scalp shall flutter at my belt ere long. I think my new book should be good; it will contain our adventures for the summer, so far as these are worth narrating; and I have already a few pages of diary which should make up bright. I am goingt o repeat my old experiment, after buckling-to awhile to write more correctly, lie down and have a wallow. Whether I shall get any of my novels done this summer I do not know; I wish to finish the *Vendetta* first, for it really could not come after *Prince Otto*. Lewis Campbell has made some noble work in that Agamemnon; it surprised me. We hope to get a house at Silverado, a deserted mining-camp, eight miles up the mountain, now solely inhabited by a mighty hunter, answering to the name of Rufe Hansome, who slew last year a hundred and fifty deer. This is the motto I propose for the new volume. "*Vixerunt nonnulli in agris, delectati re sua familiari. Hic idem propositum fuit quod regibus, ut ne quo re egerent, ne cui parerent, liberate uterentur; cujus proprium est sic vivere ut velis.*" I always have a terror lest the wish should have been father to the translation, when I come to quote; but that seems too plain-sailing. I should put *regibus* in capitals for the pleasantry's sake. We are in the Coast Range, that being so much cheaper to reach; the family, I hope, will soon follow.

I enclose a letter to Morley, having lost his address; pray forward it. Love to all.
—Ever yours,

R. L. S.

(To be continued.)

THE INSTALLATION OF LORD CURZON AS VICEROY OF INDIA

By G. W. Steevens

Author of "With Kitchener to Khartum," etc.

IT must be a very elastic-spirited Viceroy who can approach India with feelings other than a very sober sense of responsibility. Yet if anything could cast out the heavy thoughts of plague and famine, of the cost of war and the necessity for defense, of a currency question and a revenue question impossible of any solution that could satisfy everybody—it would be the Viceroy's first sight of the land he is to rule. He who has never enjoyed it must be enamoured of his new country at a look; he who, like Lord Curzon of Kedleston, sees it once again after an interval can only feel it bind faster shackles on his imagination.

By six in the morning of December 30th the liner Arabia of the P. & O. Company was at anchor opposite the Apollo Bunder, where the new Viceroy was to land. The silver of dying moonlight mixed shyly with the gray of dawn. The lights of ships and shore were golden through the morning haze; across the ink-black water you could

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see the ghostly white of war-ships, and behind them one or two shapeless buildings; that was all visible of Bombay. But to starboard, where the mainland of India humped itself in round hills, a more and more lustrous crimson climbed up the sky. It lit down to the black water and awoke it into life, and spangled it with flakes of tinsel. The white war-ships began to reflect the growing light; you could distinguish each plainly now; the heavy-hulled trooper, low-turret guardships with awnings from stem to stern like turtle decks, smart cruisers and sharp-lined torpedo gun-boats and slips of torpedo-boats. All shone spotlessly, picked with flags from masthead to bulwarks. Higher up the stream lay the black and red target-boats; lower down, white-winged yachts. The crimson in the sky waned to carmine, the carmine to scarlet; then all fused to gold. The sun stepped up over a round-shouldered hill, and Bombay, flooded with light, was instantly awake to greet its new lord.

Sunrise is not much before seven at that time of the year in Bombay; but the magnates of city and province and garrison had been streaming to the landing-place for a full hour. Opposite the steps of the Apollo Bunder, between the red tower gables and verandas of the yacht club and the pier, where chanting coolies were already bringing ashore the Arabia's mails, was spread a great pavilion of white and yellow. Richly carpeted with crimson along its broad central gangway, edged with a fringe of rich green shrubs, it was a fitting antechamber to the opulence of color that was to follow. Into this pavilion were marshalled all the dignitaries of this side of British India. Naval officers in gold-braided cocked hats and dark blue coats, soldiers all in white except for the gold of their accoutrements, the bishop in his scarlet doctor's robes, the Jesuit archbishop in his broad hat and dark gown touched with purple, secretaries to government in black gold-braided court dress, the Postmaster, and the Coroner, even the Superintendent of Vaccination, fell each into his due place. These made hardly more than half the assembly; the rest were natives. The British ladies were content with white gowns and straw hats, but the wives of rich Parsees and Hindus embroidered the white with blue and purple and vermilion. You must go to India to see such dyes. They are the very children of the sun and seem to shine with an unreflected radiance of their own. In the western world they would be discordant; here you must tune your eye to a heroic jangle of colors. There were three women together, jewels in their noses, arms and ankles cased in a mail of tinkling gold and silver, coral and pearl, swathed tightly, one in blue drapery, the next in violet, the third in emerald green. Each color was alive and quivering passionately, like the tropical sky at midday; yet in this glaring land they hardly jarred—were merely splendid. The Parsi ladies sought more delicate harmonies than the Hindu—pale pink or lemon-yellow gowns with a pea-green crimson-edged shawl passed over the head. The Parsi himself eschews vanity; the best European dress is good enough for him, or if not the best, what he conceives to be the best imitation. Only in his hat does he preserve the traditions of his race and faith. His head may be adorned with a plum-colored pile like one fez upside down on top of another; or with a glazed black structure higher in front than behind like a mitre or miniature grenadier helmet; or with a cloth hat that looks like a bowler which has lost all its stiffness and whose rim has turned up too much and stuck to the crown, or with a flat velvet smoking-cap embroidered in green and red and yellow, and anything he chooses. But one of these he must wear, or he is no good Parsi. Beside him the Hindu is a fire-fly with his gilt edge muslins, with emeralds in his ears, and on his half-shaven head the two peaked turbans of cutch shape, suggesting a pack-saddle, but of a flaming scarlet, crusted with a golden wing at one side. If he stood up you would see that he wears old elastic-sided boots with frayed tabs sticking out and no socks; but while he sits he shines untarnished.

Such a company has an eclectic flavor which you would hardly find elsewhere in the world. The civil servant, the soldier, the bishop, the Parsi millionnaire from his attar factory, and the Hindu chief from one of the tiny village states of Kattywar —each in his degree was a picked man, each a ruler of men. Each carried the fate of human beings in his hand, this one

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a score, that a hundred, the other a thousand. There were a million people outside the white-uniformed, white-helmeted line of the guard of honor; but they neither had anything to say to Lord Curzon of Kedleston, nor desired to say anything. The men to speak were the rulers, inside the cordons. After the first moment it was not the outward symbols, the gold braid and the jewels, that impressed you; it was the inner significance of concentrated authority, of conscious undisputed power. They came together in a spirit of due respect, not merely to the Viceroy, but also to themselves.

The boom of a gun broke on the rustle of talk and movement. His Excellency was leaving the Arabia; everything quivered to attention. The little group of more notable notables who had no seats, but stood at the seaward end of the pavilion, began to shift, half eager, half dignified, toward a tower over an arch. It bore the legend, "Lord Curzon, Welcome." Eyes strayed across the parapet; a couple of launches shot shoreward, breaking up the sheen of the water. Before the passengers could be recognized against the sun, one of them had drawn up to the foot of the steps; the notables drew together an instant, then divided out; the first gun thundered from the saluting battery ashore, the first notes of "God Save the Queen" from a military band, and the Viceroy and Vicereine had stepped into India.

The rising assembly saw a tall, erect, full-chested man in a gray frock-coat on which, alone, shone the Star of India. Forty years, more than half of them filled with strenuous work toward high ends, have printed their mark on a broad, lofty brow, have stamped it with reflectiveness, but kept its serenity. The rest of the face might be owned by a country lad of twenty—clean shaven, smooth, rosy, as if its owner had never had a care, never lost a night's sleep or a day's enjoyment. Beside him walked the incoming Vicereine, tall and stately as a statue, light and graceful as a picture, lissome and expressive as a beautiful, gracious woman. Under a hat that drooped with lace and flowers appeared a profile and bound black hair of Grecian simplicity. When she turned the mobile lines of the complete face fired the classical beauty with the keen and nervous vitality of the modern West. But the mature freshness of the man's aspect, the alert repose of the woman's, were secondary to their perfect entrance as Viceroy and Vicereine. Both wore a dignified calm, equally distant from nervousness and from unconcern. They looked fully conscious of their greatness, but also fully equal to it. The Viceroy moved forward along the aisle of recognitions and presentations, neither hurrying nor lingering; the Vicereine fell back a pace meanwhile, neither forcing nor losing dignity. They were like a pair of perfect players, familiar with their parts, inured to triumph in them.

So much was seen and appreciated; then the blue-and-gold suite closed in upon them and they passed to the centre of the aisle. From the dead silence that ensued it was inferred that the president of the Bombay municipality was reading an address. But as soon as the Viceroy Designate raised his voice to reply almost everybody in the pavilion could hear. The voice, not powerful, was icily clear, studiously managed; the delivery was declamatory without becoming monotonous; the language was a shade rhetorical, though not too much for the formality of the occasion; the matter was the usual matter of replies to declamations. A minute after the gray tall hat and the lace and flowers were bowing from a four-horsed landau. Before them went the blue and white uniforms of an escort of the Bombay Light Horse, the European volunteers of the city; behind came the strings of carriages with the suite and long scarlet tunics and red and white pennons of the Governor of Bombay's Sikh body-guard. A cheer—a rattle—a clatter sent them off through Bombay.

There could hardly be a better introduction to India, to its splendor, its shabbiness, its beauty, its tameness, its civilization, superimposed on primitive barbarism, its violent contrast between the hurrying energy of the white man and the dead weight immobility of the brown. In the physical configuration and its consequences Bombay is not altogether unlike New York. It lies at the south end of a long narrow island; its older part, the fort, is almost at the southernmost extremity.

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Here are the landing-piers, the public buildings, the newspapers, the principal business centres; next comes the native city, and the fashionable quarter for residence once lay northward where the Byculla Club, the best in Bombay, still makes its site. But flowing business, as in New York, has risen and surged over the city; it has washed the native city northward, and the club now stands an almost solitary landmark among cotton-mill chimneys and teeming native tenements. The Europeans with the ever-multiplying class of rich natives now live farther westward on the ridge or on Malabar Hill, which, turning south to face the old town, forms the western horn of Back Bay. From the narrowness of the original city and the four miles' drive between it and the ridge, it follows, as in New York, that rents are high and land continually more valuable. And from that follows that the native town is not one-or-two-storied as elsewhere in India, but laid out in great tenement blocks which lend themselves to picturesqueness and to plague.

So that in the drive from the Apollo Bunder to the Governor's house at Malabar Point, the entering Viceroy sees an India unfolded in a panorama before him. First the business houses and the great buildings—the one the richest, the other the stateliest in India, and challenging comparison with almost any city in the world. To-day private houses and hotels, shops and offices, were all alike arrayed in flags—British for the most part, but here and there relieved—now by the blue and white and green over a cigarette merchant's from Cairo, now by the white and red star and crescent of a Mussulman, and especially often by Lady Curzon of Kedleston's native Stars and Stripes. Of the public buildings most flew the national flag: otherwise they were draped only in such naked beauty as their architects have bestowed upon them. Every variation of design is there, but they find a connecting link of uniformity in the red-brown colors common to most and the Oriental profusion of ornament. First came the Venetian Secretariat, then the Gothic University Library and the French University Hall; between them rising the great dark tower which peals forth hymn-tunes on Sunday and on week days "God Save the Queen" and "Home, Sweet Home," to harrow or gladden the hearts of exiles. The white pinnacled law courts follow in early English, then the post and telegraph offices in miscellaneous Gothic; but the Jewel of Bombay is the Victoria Railway Station, a vast domed mass of stone laced with point and columns and statuary. Between them all you catch vistas of green mead and shrubbery, purple-belled creepers, red-starred shrubs. The whole has its feet in bowers of succulent green and its elbows on shining leaved banyan-trees. A proud and comely city, you say; the Briton feels himself a greater man for his first sight of Bombay.

Then suddenly the magician turns his ring and new has become old, plain is colored, solid is tumbled down, the West has been swallowed up utterly by the East. Cross but one street and you are plunged in the native town—a fairy-tale of cupolas and verandas, minarets, a tulip garden of turbans and shawls. The jutting houses closed in on the procession, the flags vanished away or turned to fluttering streamers of colored paper across the street; the decoration henceforth was the people. Sparse at first, they ended presently thicker and thicker; the windows were frames for women, the streets became wedges of men. Nothing is too bright for the wife of the Bombay dock coolie or cotton operative on a feast-day. Under the quaint wooden sun-hoods that push out over the serried windows of the lodging-houses, along the rickety paintless balconies and verandas, all over the tottering roofs flowered mauve or violet, vivid grass green, emerald, vermilion or cherry colors; only the shabbiness of the dust and dirty plaster relieved the gorgeousness; in the gilding sunlight the very arms and legs shown like bronze or amber, or the bloom on ripe damsons. In the street turbans were mostly scarlet or flame-colored or brilliant yellow; till presently mere gaudiness began to give way to the picturesqueness of strange costumes that meant strange races. The pony dealer from Kabul in his blue smock jostled his brother Mussulman and brother horse-breeder from Arabia in the long black mantle and red-and-white hood bound about with tufts of camel hair. To them it was only a show, for they are not of In-

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dia; to the long-robed Persian and pig-tailed Chinee—and there were many of them—it was just a little more; for though not of Bombay, many of them live in it. And of the natives of India alone there were nationalities on nationalities, castes on castes, religions on religions. The sable-peaked turban of Cutch and the white bowler-like turban of the Multani mark nationalities a great deal more divided than English or French; the Hindu, with a red parallelogram smeared on his forehead, will not touch the Hindu with a yellow dot; the white-clad Mussulman would gladly cut the white-robed Brahmin's throat. Into this four-mile drive to Malabar Point was compressed well nigh all space and time—the buildings, a history of civilization; the clothes, a prism of color; the races, a compendium of a continent.

The day ended with a reception at Government House once more summarizing Bombay, but our new Viceroy is still not a Viceroy. In his formal installation he must go fourteen hundred miles to Calcutta. Till the Royal Warrant, entitling him to perform his functions, has been publicly read, his predecessor is Viceroy. The Warrant read, the outcoming Viceroy departs. Only, to quote the careful document's own words, "From the death, resignation, or coming away of Victor Alexander Bruce, Lord of Elgin and Kincardine, Governor-General of India, whichever of these events shall first happen," does "Our Right Trusty and Well Beloved Councillor George Nathaniel, Baron Curzon of Kedleston, in the County of Derby, in the Peerage of Ireland" enter upon the period of his rule.

On the evening of the 31st, therefore, the party—Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston, private secretary, military secretary, and four aides-de-camp—left for the capital. There was more guard of honor, more crowd, more national anthem, and the morning but one after a salute of thirty-one guns. Salutes in India, you must know, are given on a liberal scale, and are a matter of very grave public moment. The Empress, if present in person, would receive the tribute of a hundred and one guns. Members of the Royal Family or the Viceroy get thirty-one; the Portuguese Governor-General of Goa with a standing army of three hundred men is received with seventeen guns. Native princes range from twenty-one to nine, and nothing causes them more lively concern than the relation of their own salute to that of their followers. When personal disposition and the counsels of British residents are powerless to inspire good government, the prospect of an extra couple of guns is a never-failing argument on the side of virtue. Only lest the tale should run up too fast and one good ruler insure a rich salute for generations of bad ones, the Indian Government has hit on a device of adding guns as a personal compliment not heritable. Thus the official salute of the Maharaja of Jaipur is seventeen; but H. H. Sawai, Sir Madho Singh Bahadur, the present chief, has earned an additional four for himself by reason of exemplary enlightenment. After this it will not surprise you to hear that when a Viceroy Designate leaves Bombay on Saturday evening his salute cannot be fired that day, nor yet on the succeeding Sunday, so a conscientious government works it up on Monday morning, when the recipient is hundreds of miles away.

A Viceroy, even though he be but designate, travels more luxuriously than other folks. Lord Curzon of Kedleston's train stopped, not only for the night and for meals, but also twice a day for dressing; consequently it was not until half past four of January 3d, that the special steamed into the Howrah Station at Calcutta. Strictly the station is not in the capital city at all; it is on the right bank of the Hughli River, while Calcutta is on the left. For three months there had been no rain; but at daybreak on the third, as the soldiers and native sight-seers began to trip into the city, a heavy shower laid the dust and cooled the air. At the Viceroy Designate's entrance the sun was out again, shining with the chastened heat of winter out of a sky most intensely blue, like that of Italy, but palely luminous from horizon to horizon. The trees and grass were clean, and the dead white and yellow towers and domes shone their brightest.

The city of Calcutta is less imposing than that of Bombay. The public buildings are closer and less displayed; the native crowd is less variegated. The entire town consists of miles and square

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miles of broken hovels, backing away off the Viceregal route. The tumble-down hovels, the dark, tiny shops floored with half naked operatives, the bare limbs stretched out on wood and cord bedsteads, across narrow noisome alleys, are not less picturesque and not less disgraceful to the entire municipality than the swarming tenements of Bombay, but these the procession did not pass: no procession other than a hand-borne funeral would have space to pass them. Yet the first view of Calcutta is worthy to compare with that perhaps of any other city in the world. To enter it you must cross the Hughli bridge. Like most things in Calcutta, it is imposing rather from its size, its importance and the multitude that uses it, than from any intrinsic beauty. The approach to Calcutta shows it at what it is—a city of business. The long bridge, resting on pontoons, stretches across a vast swift running river which will bear the strongest ocean steamers. If you look behind you, the smoke of factory-stacks banks itself along the west. In front the shore is fringed with masts and spars and funnels; between the banks light launches flit, and wonderful square-nosed barges, thatched, fenced, floating shanties, glide lazily down stream, or pull as lazily up with a dozen oars. Beyond the houses of Calcutta—a few chimneys, a few spires, a dome or two, but for the rest just houses, brick and wood, new and old, clean and dirty, houses, houses, houses, crawling all over with black humanity.

For this day at least the houses did literally crawl with people. Oriental domestic architecture offers generous facilities for seeing sights and displaying the sight-seers. Even when no procession is afoot you will pass, look up and see brown limbs curled comfortably on sills and ledges, or social gatherings grouped on roof. At the Viceroy's arrival, you will hardly see the house or houses for the people. Artificial decorations were plenty, at every turn the city was red, white, and blue with Union Jack and Stars and Stripes. At the approaches to the Hughli bridge triumphant arches cry, "Welcome to Calcutta." The foliage wherein Calcutta is here and there deficient was supplemented by abundant bowers of evergreen and flowers; the bridge was a lane of leaves, an umbrageous avenue of creepers; scores of native houses were metamorphosed with arbors of trailing plants and velvety blossoms, but the chief of the decoration remained human. Usually, the Bengali crowd wears white and little else; to-day everybody flaunted his very brightest. Sometimes you saw complete rainbows—blue, violet, red, orange, yellow, green, and indigo — accidentally composed together; more of the colors blended at haphazard or jangled with the discords only bearable east of Suez. Look where you would the kaleidoscope shifted, broke, set again, broke again. It was always changing, always equally dazzling, till the hot eye almost ached for a gray or a brown.

In a four-horse carriage, with royal scarlet postilions and outriders, with the towering scarlet and golden Sikhs of the Viceroy's body-guard before and behind, with the Calcutta light-horse behind that, and the carriages of the suite behind that, the Designate-Viceroy and Vicereine drove through swelling cheers to their home. The public buildings of Calcutta, as has been said, are neither few nor mean, but they hardly do themselves justice, being either hidden behind trees or stepping forward onto your toes so that you must risk your neck to look at them. Government House is in the fashion; from the high rails and sentries you infer that something important is within, but unless you chance to turn your head in the right direction from the Maidan — Calcutta's two-miles stretch of park—you might live in the place for weeks and never see what it was. But when you see it, it is plainly a King's Palace. Designed, as everybody now knows, after Kedleston Hall, the home of the Curzons, which Adams built, Government House stands in a garden full of lawns and tall trees. From the central building, which is crowned by a truncated dome, radiate galleries connecting with four wings; so that the impression of the house from either side is of a light buff semicircle with Ionic columns and a porch in the centre and similar columns outlining the wings. To the porch of the main entrance you go, a couchant sphinx on either side, up a double flight of steps, imperially wide; the impression of solidity combined with

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lightness is distantly suggestive of the Capitol. Left and right of this staircase shoot two tufted palms with ivy clinging round their trunks—England and India intertwining. Left and right and in front, are antique cannon on pale blue carriages; that in the middle rests between the wings of a dragon.

It is a royal dwelling, and on this day it was royally attended. The strip of scarlet carpet up the steps was lined by the Viceregal body-guard troopers almost as tall as their grounded lances—and behind them stood rajahs, soldiers, clergy, statesmen, diplomatists. The forms of black and gold and lace made no more than a foil for the peacock native princes. Among them were several of the most important in India. The Maharajah of Kashmir was there with his two brothers; above the scarlet and gold of a British general he wore the turban of his country. The Maharajah of Patiala — the patron of sport and cricket, who married his English trainer's daughter and entertains Ranjitsinhji and Hearne and Bucknill every winter—blazed in dark green and gold with a snow-white turban and plume rising from a diamond star. Purple and gold royally draped the chief of Jaipur, a Rajput of interminable pedigree, who, having built a museum and a school of art in his Capitol, spends the remainder of a blameless life in adding wives to wives and temples to temples. He is so rich and illustrious that his position demands that he should marry at least one daughter of each reigning house in Rajputana, and each new bride means a new temple. To these and others entered the new King and Queen, West to East. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal led them solemnly up the steps; Lord Elgin received them within.

Now nothing was left to the making of a Viceroy but the formal reading of the warrant and the farewell of his predecessor. This came three days later, on the 6th. Once more the guards of honor, the bands and colors, the uniforms and the rajahs; by now they were beginning to cloy a little. The warrant was read in the Council Chamber at Government House, a large room furnished with two chairs untenanted; Lord Curzon of Kedleston, standing with the members of his Council for background, Lady Curzon a little to the right, already the cynosure of Calcutta. The Home Secretary read out the words, half dignity, half jargon, resonantly. "Now, know that we, reposing especial trust and confidence in the Fidelity, Prudence, Justice, and Circumspection of you the said George Nathaniel, Baron Curzon . . . do hereby give and grant unto you . . . the superintendence, direction, and control of the whole Civil and Military Government of all our said Territories and Provinces in India."

Lord Curzon bowed. It had taken five minutes. And now remained only "the coming away of Victor Alexander Bruce, Lord of Elgin and Kincardine, Governor-General of India." Less than half an hour from the beginning of the warrant ceremony Lord Elgin and his family and suite were driving to the steamer that was to carry them away. Lord Curzon drove at Lord Elgin's side to Prinsep's Ghat, a yellow Ionic portico on the Hughli's bank. The grass-grown ramparts of Fort William showed crowds of cheering spectators, and all the ships flew farewell signals. Under an arch surmounted by a crown washed in silver, red and gold, the outgoing Viceroy stepped aboard his steamer. She cast off her moorings—"Auld Lang Syne"—one cheer more—she moved, and as she moved the viceroyalty fell from Lord Elgin's shoulders and draped itself on Lord Curzon's. He drove back through the cheers and salaams alone.

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STANDING AND WAITING

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

They also serve who only stand and wait

IT was the night we heard at Chickamauga the news from Santiago; as calm and sweet a night as one ever saw. Tattoo had just sounded, and down on the company streets we could hear the first sergeants sharply calling their rolls, the replies of the men in voices of differing pitch and many keys making a sort of vocal patchwork in the still night. Several of the officers were gathered under the broad fly of a hospital-tent used for the colonel's head-quarters, when an officer from division head-quarters, a surgeon I think, came stumbling into the lighted circle from the darkness outside.

"General Poland's compliments to Colonel Good, and he directs me to inform you that there has been a desperate battle at Santiago, with many casualties, but we have captured forts at San Juan and El Caney, and now command the town."

We sprang to our feet and cheered wildly as the officer continued:

"The general says you may pass the word among the men, and let them turn out. Yes, the band too," he added, in response to a query.

"Orderlies," said the Colonel, promptly, and the two men needed no other direction, but in an instant were running toward the company streets with the precious tidings. And then a cheer arose, which grew in volume as the news spread along the line, until the whole camp was one continuous roar. The men hesitated in front of their lines, and then broke away from the streets, and ran to the open space before the Colonel's tent, the band came hurrying out, playing, frantically, "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "America," and everybody sang. Then, just as they were, half-dressed, in every sort of a combination from a jock strap to a poncho, headed by the band, they took up the line of march to the division head-quarters. By this time the whole division was in an uproar. It was almost as exciting as a battle, and pathetic in its way. The men had been so eager to get to the front, they were so anxious for action, they entered so thoroughly into the joy of the victory, clustering about General Poland and General Rosser, with shouts of,

"Where do we come in?"

"Give us a chance."

"We'll show 'em."

"We'll follow you."

"Oh, for our turn," etc.

Finally, in their enthusiasm, they began picking up the different officers, crying one to another:

"What's the matter with——?"

"He's too good for this earth."

"Shoulder him then," and up he would go, the men holding him, actually leaping and dancing in time to the music, blowing itself hoarse between "Dixie" and "Marching through Georgia." I don't know which had the worst of it, the tossers or the tossed! It was long after the usual hour for taps when they finally marched back to our camp and settled down for the night. And that was life, the strong full life that beat and throbbed in the army and through the camp, before they were caught in the withering, blasting grasp of the fever.

The beginnings of the fever were present even then, however, and that night about two o'clock a message called me to the hospital. One of the boys was dying, the first one who died in our division, perhaps the first in the army corps, or at the camp, the first of a long line. He had had a long, slow fight with the fever, and the strength was gone out of him. He was lying on a canvas cot in one of the division hospital tents, covered with an army blanket. Nearly as close as they could be placed together were many other cots, each with its wretched occupant. A flaring, ill-smelling oil lantern threw a wavering, uncertain light over the scene. There was no one there but the doctor,

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the hospital attendant, the dying man's brother, the other sick men, and myself. There was indeed a lack of woman's nursing and a dearth of woman's tears. We stood and watched him in silence. A head lifted a moment from a cot here and there, only to fall helplessly back after a wild glance toward the dying comrade, bespoke the deep, almost fearful personal interest of the other men. The sick man was unconscious, though, at long intervals, he would rouse himself and mutter a few words. As I bent to listen I heard him say, "I belong to the First Pennsylvania —I belong to the First Pennsylvania." He said it over and over again before he died. I saw many of them die; and, strange as it may seem, without exception, their thoughts in the delirium preceding death invariably turned, not toward home, or mother, or wife, or friends, but to the regiment, the First Pennsylvania. "Don't take me away from the regiment," "I want to go forward with the regiment," "I belong to the First Pennsylvania," invariably formed the burden of their thoughts.

This particular boy didn't make any fuss about dying—for the matter of that very few of them did. He just drifted away. There would be a short catching breath, and a long pause, another breath and a longer pause, and so on painfully and interminably; the gray dawn came stealing through the open tent, the cool soft breeze of morning, of breaking day, lifted gently the folds of canvas, and swept across the fevered brow, the long struggle was almost over, our vigil nearing its end, there was the same breath, but shorter, the same pause, but longer, and then we waited —and waited while the pause lengthened and remained unbroken—that was all. Not amid the roar of battle, not in the wild excitement of the charge, but there in the camp, within the sickening walls of the field hospital, in the gray of the morning, a young soldier had laid down his life for love of his country. Dead in the line of duty—dead on the field of honor—what more? He took his rightful place among his brethren who fell on the grassy slopes of San Juan, nay among his elder brothers, the thousands who, years before, upon that self-same field, had given a new and deeper significance to the old Indian named "River of Death," the bloody Chickamauga. All that he had—his life—he had yielded up. What better or nobler could one give?

Coincident with the last breath of the first soldier, like "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing," from the hills above us where the head-quarters lay, came the first clear note of reveille. You know the rude rhyme of the soldiers. With what pathetic significance the words ran through our minds then:

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning.
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all.

Often and often had that silent soldier responded to that call, and even to-day it had a message for him. "Awake, oh soldier," it seemed to say, as the bugle corps of one regiment after another caught the refrain and sent the chorus ringing through the morning—"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

And this, too, was life—but life eternal!

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A POET'S MUSICAL IMPRESSIONS

From the Letters of Sidney Lanier

THE following letters, with the exception of the first one, were written by Mr. Lanier to his wife between April, 1869, and May, 1876, in his absences from home while at Baltimore, New York, and San Antonio. The selections have been made with the view of including practically all the correspondence which treats of musical subjects, and in pursuance of this idea a number of fragmentary extracts are presented. The opening letters represent Mr. Lanier's first impressions of really great orchestral music: there being no facilities at that time for hearing the best music in his native town. They show also something of the eager suspense which he was feeling at the time. His strongest impulse was always toward music, and his friends had assured him of his ability; but his formal instruction had been limited to a few piano lessons in early childhood, and he was now for the first time meeting with musicians of recognized standing, and, as it were, authoritatively placing himself. Until he received the opinion of those whom he knew to be competent to speak finally, he did not even feel sure that he had a right to follow the promptings of his music longings. H. W. L.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., October, 1866.

. . . She is right to cultivate music, to cling to it: it is the only *reality* left in the world for her, and many another like her. It will revolutionize the world, and that not long hence. Let her study it intensely, give herself to it, enter the very innermost temple and sanctuary of it. . . . The altar-steps are wide enough for all the world, and music inquires not if the worshipper be vestal or stained, nor looks to see what dust of other shrines is upon the knees that bend before her. She is utterly unconscious of aught but love, which pardons all things and receives all natures into the warmth of its bosom.

As for my organ-playing,* you would be wofully disappointed to hear me. It is all so new, the fingering and pedal-playing and bass-notes and stops, etc., etc., and I have so little time to practise, that I have as yet not acquired anything like such mastery over it as would enable me to render music in fit style for you to hear. I know, however, that you would like some of the little melodies which I improvise sometimes before service, because you would *understand*. . . .

The poem sent me is nothing less than *delicious*. . . . A mellow radiance plays and wavers through it, like the red spot in an opal.

* In the Presbyterian church of Dr. Petrie, in Montgomery, Mr. Lanier had once taken the organist's place, in a sudden emergency, and was thereupon invited to retain it, which he consented to do after some demur.

The man who wrote that poem (a friend says it was James Russell Lowell, but *I* could have sworn some woman wrote it!) was of the enviable sort who *enjoy* music. Some of us would not "enjoy" such an organ-piece as is there described. Our souls would be like sails at sea; and the irresistible storm of music would *shred* them as a wind shreds canvas, whereof the fragments writhe and lash about in the blast which furiously sports with their agony.

Therefore I, except in some supremely happy moment, could never write a piece like this, wherein one finds nothing of that sorrow-tone, which forever winds like a black thread through the glittering brocade of music. . . .

NEW YORK, April 28, 1869.

. . . I've just come from the "Tempest," at the Grand Opera House, corner Twenty-Third Street and Eighth Avenue, newly built; and my heart has been so full . . . that although they're about to shut off lights, I must scratch you a line, to carry my last thought to you before I sleep. In one interlude between the scenes we had a violin solo, Adagio, with soft accompaniment by orchestra. As the fair, tender notes came, they opened, . . . like flower-buds expanding into flowers under the sweet rain of the accompaniment: kind Heaven! My head fell on the seat in front, I was utterly

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weighed down with great loves and great ideas and divine in-flowings and devout out-flowings, and as each note grew and budded and opened, and became a bud again and died into a fresh birth in the next bud-note, *I* also lived these flower-tone lives, and grew and expanded and folded back and died and was born again, and partook of the unfathomable mysteries of flowers and tones.

MACON, GA., March 3, 1870.

If the years were an orchestra, to-day would be the calm-passionate, even, intense, quiet, full, ineffable *flute* therein. In this sunshine one is penetrated with flute-tones.

The passion of the struggling births of a thousand spring-germs mingles itself with the peaceful smile of the heavens and with the tender agitations of the air. It is a mellow *sound*, with a shimmer of *light* trembling through it.

To-day is a prophecy of the new earth : as . . . music is a prophecy of another life. To-day floats down time, as one petal of a lily on the bosom of a swift stream. Silently it tells, at once, of the gap it has left in the full lily, and of the ocean whither it drifts to be engulfed, to die, and to live again in other forms.

To-day comes as a friend with some serene, great joy in his eyes. He whispers his sacred exultation : and will not speak it aloud, for its holiness. . . .

NEW YORK, August 15, 1870.

Ah, how they have belied Wagner ! I heard Theodore Thomas's orchestra play his overture to "Tannhäuser." The "Music of the Future" is surely thy music and my music. Each harmony was a chorus of pure aspirations. The sequences flowed along, one after another, as if all the great and noble deeds of time had formed a procession and marched in review before one's *ears*, instead of one's eyes. These "great and noble deeds" were not deeds of war and statesmanship, but majestic victories of inner struggles of a man. This unbroken march of beautiful-bodied triumphs irresistibly invites the soul of a man to create other processions like it. I would I might lead a so magnificent file of glories into heaven!

NEW YORK, August 15, 1870.

Flutes and horns and violins—celestial sighs and breaths slow-drawn, penetrated with that heavenly woe which the deep heart knoweth when it findeth not room in the world for its too-great love, and is worn with fastings for the Beloved : fine Purity, fiercely attacked by palpitating Fascinations, and bracing herself, and struggling and fighting therewith, till what is maidenly in a man is become all grimy and sweat-beaded, like a warrior : dear Love, shot by some small arrow and in pain with the wound thereof : divine lamentations, far-off blowings of great winds, flutterings of tree and flower leaves, and air troubled with wing-beats of birds or spirits, floatings hither and thither of strange incenses and odors and essences, warm floods of sunlight, cool gleams of moonlight, faint enchantments of twilight, delirious dances, noble marches, processional chants, hymns of joy and of grief. Ah, midst of all these lived I last night, in the first chair next to Theodore Thomas's orchestra.

NEW YORK, September 24, 1870.

. . . I went at one o'clock to-day to hear Nilsson. She sang in concert at Steinway Hall ; 'tother artists were Vieuxtemps, the violinist ; Wehli, pianist ; Brignoli, tenor, and Verger, baritone.

Mlle. Nilsson singeth as thou and I love. She openeth her sweet mouth, and turneth her head o' one side like a mocking-bird in the moonlight, and straightway cometh forth the purest silver tones that ever mortal voice made. Her pianissimo was like a dawn, which crescendo'd presently into a glorious noon of tone, which then did die away into a quiet gray twilight of clear, melodious whisper. She sang nothing mean, or light, or merely taking. Händel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," solo ; a duet with Brignoli, by Blangini, and a noble solo, a scena from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" (the insane song of Ophelia), with "Home, Sweet Home" for *encore*—these were all.

Vieuxtemps was unequal. He fired off innumerable crackers, and fired them very skilfully—but made no music save in the mere tone, in which he was very fine.

Wehli is entirely splendid, and played a very beautiful set of concert pieces. Brig-

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noli was too fat, and Verger—too lean: which also expresseth their music.

And to-night I come out of what might have been heaven. . . .

'Twas opening night of Theo. Thomas's orchestra, at Central Park Garden, and I could not resist the temptation to go and bathe in the sweet amber seas of the music of this fine orchestra, and so I went, and tugged me through a vast crowd, and, after standing some while, found a seat, and the *bâton* tapped and waved, and I plunged into the sea, and lay and floated. Ah! the dear flutes and oboes and horns drifted me hither and thither, and the great violins and small violins swayed me upon waves, and overflowed me with strong lavations, and sprinkled glistening foam in my face, and in among the clarinetti, as among waving water-lilies, with flexile stems, I pushed my easy way, and so, even lying in the music-waters, I floated and flowed, my soul utterly bent and prostrate. . . .

NEW YORK, September 28, 1871.

I am just come from St. Paul's Church, where I went at 11, this morning, by invitation of Mr. John Cornell, to hear some music composed by him for the organ and trombone: not the old slide-in-and-out trombone, but a sort of baritone *cornet-à-piston*, of rare, mellow, yet majestic tone. This was played by one of Theo. Thomas's orchestra. The pieces were a funeral march, a religious air, and a concert piece. Hadst thou been with me to hear these horn-tones, so pure, so noble, so full of confident repose, striking forth the melody in midst of the thousandfold modulations (in which Cornell always runs riot), like a calm manhood asserting itself through a multitude of distractions and discouragements and miseries of life. Hadst thou been there, then how fair and how happy had been my day.

For I mostly have great pain when music, or any beauty, comes past my way, and thou art not by. Perhaps this is because music takes us out of prison, and I do not like to leave prison unless thou goest also.

For in the smile of love my life cometh to life, even as a flower under water gleameth only when the sun-ray striketh down thereon.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., January 30, 1873.

Last night at eight o'clock came Mr. Scheidemantel, a genuine lover of music and a fine pianist, to take me to the Maennerchor, which meets every Wednesday night for practice. Quickly we came to a hall, one end of which was occupied by a minute stage, with appurtenances, and a piano; and in the middle thereof a long table, at which each singer sat down as he came in. Presently, seventeen Germans were seated at the singing-table, long-necked bottles of Rhine-wine were opened and tasted, great pipes and cigars were all a-fire, the leader, Herr Thielepape—an old man with long, white beard and moustache, formerly mayor of the city—rapped his tuning-fork vigorously, gave the chords by rapid arpeggios of his voice (a wonderful, wild, high tenor, such as thou wouldst dream that the old Welsh harpers had, wherewith to sing songs that would cut against the fierce sea-blasts), and off they all swung into such a noble, noble old German, full-voiced *lied*, that imperious tears rushed into my eyes, and I could scarce restrain myself from running and kissing each one in turn and from howling dolefully the while. And so . . . I all the time worshipping . . . with these great chords . . . . we drove through the evening until twelve o'clock, absorbing enormous quantities of Rhine-wine and beer, whereof I imbibed my full share. After the second song I was called on to play, and lifted my poor old flute in air with tumultuous, beating heart; for I had no confidence in that or in myself, But, du Himmel! Thou shouldst have heard mine old love warble herself forth. To my utter astonishment, I was perfect master of the instrument. Is not this most strange? Thou knowest I had never learned it: and thou rememberest what a poor muddle I made at Marietta in playing difficult passages; and I certainly have not practised; and yet there I commanded and the blessed notes obeyed me, and when I had finished, amid a storm of applause, Herr Thielepape arose and ran to me and grasped my hand, and declared that he hat never heert de flude accompany itself pefore! I played once more during the evening, and ended with even more rapturous bravos than before, Mr. Scheidemantel grasping my

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hand this time, and thanking me very earnestly.

My heart, which was hurt greatly when I went into the music-room, came forth from the holy bath of concords greatly refreshed, strengthened, and quieted, and so remaineth to-day. I also feel better than in a long time before. Moreover, I am still master of the flute, and she hath given forth to me to-day such tones as I have never heard from a flute before.

For these things I humbly thank God.

San Antonio, Texas, February 14, 1873.

. . . Last night I went to the party of Colonel W——. I found a very elegant-looking company of ladies and gentlemen —among the most so, General A—— and his daughters—already assembled.

First came some very good concerted pieces for violin and piano, then a piano solo, then a song. Then they called for the flute. I had not played three seconds before a profound silence reigned among the people, seeing which, and dreaming wildly, and feeling somehow in an eerie and elfish and half uncanny mood, I flew off into all manner of trills, and laments, and cadenza-monstrosities for a long time, but finally floated down into *La Mélancolie* (which, on the violin, ran everybody crazy some weeks ago, here, at a concert), which melted itself forth with such eloquent lamenting that it almost brought my tears —and, to make a long story short, when I allowed the last note to die, a simultaneous cry of pleasure broke forth from men and women that almost amounted to a shout, and I stood and received the congratulations that thereupon came in, so wrought up by my own playing with [hidden] thoughts, that I could but smile mechanically, and make stereotyped returns to the pleasant sayings, what time my heart worked falteringly, like a mouth that is about to cry.

I would there were some other chronicler to tell thee of this success—for I cannot but seem to blow mine own horn therein!—but I know it will give thee pleasure, and therefore, failing others, I tell it thee.

. . . . . .

New York, September 24, 1873.

. . . On Monday [in Baltimore] my good friend Wysham had the great Mr. Hamerik, director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, at his house to meet me. . . . Hamerik is one of the first composers in the world . . . (Theodore Thomas has recently brought out his "Nordische Suite" with fine effect) and one of the most accomplished maestros also. So soon as he came, Wysham made me play "Blackbirds."* When I finished, Mr. Hamerik expressed himself in such approval as would have delighted thee beyond measure. He declared the composition to be that of an artist, and the playing to be almost perfect—with a grave and manifestly hearty manner which could not be mistaken—and concluded his applause by telling me that he was endeavoring to persuade the trustees of the Peabody Music Fund to authorize him to organize a full orchestra, in which he begged I would accept the position of first flute. Kind Heaven, how my heart throbbed with delight—for my first thought was of thine enjoyment, when I should at last be able to tell thee that I had received finally, and without any more peradventure, the hearty recognition and approval, both for my composition and for my playing, of one who is regarded as a composer just below the classic Beethoven and Mozart, whose compositions are played along with those of the great masters, and who has been accustomed to hear, and to conduct, the finest music in the world. After thus praising my work, Mr. Hamerik went into the library, and wrote me a beautiful letter to Theodore Thomas, not a letter of extravagance, but a few grave, sweet, courteous words; then, coming downstairs, he made me play again the three main movements of "Blackbirds," and testified anew, both while I was playing and when I had finished, his pleasure in the same.

It is, therefore, a *possibility* . . . that I may be first flute in the Peabody Orchestra, on a salary of $120 a month, which, with five flute scholars, would grow to $200 a month, and so . . . we might dwell in the beautiful city, among the great libraries, and midst of the music, the religion, and the art that we love—and

* In a letter from San Antonio, of February 28, 1873, Mr. Lanier says: "I have writ the most beautiful piece, 'Field-larks and Blackbirds,' wherein I have mirrored Mr. Field-lark's pretty eloquence so that I doubt he would know the difference betwixt the flute and his own voice."

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I could write my books, and be the man I wish to be.

I do thank God even for this dream.

NEW YORK, October 6, 1873.

. . . Arriving in town this morning, I rushed over here, to Brooklyn, and went to Mr. M——'s, who took me, by previous arrangement, to play for Mr. S——, the musical critic of a leading New York paper. We arrived at Mr. S——'s in a fierce storm of wind and rain, got in, and met Mr. S——, a dapper little young man, supposed to possess supernatural knowledge in the matter of Italian opera, and rejoicing in all manner of souvenirs from the great artists, which he exhibited to us.

I played him Blackbirds and the Swamp Robin, whereat he was greatly stricken, expressing himself in fair terms, and allowing himself to be drawn into as much enthusiasm as was consistent with his Exalted Position. I am to go again, when he will have an entire afternoon; and meantime have left some music for his sister to practise on the piano. Before I commenced to play we had a triangular talk, in which my critic did me the honor to expound some very orthodox theories in regard to the flute, which I straightway proceeded to upset, with all the pleasure in the world, by practical arguments. He was exceedingly kind and polite, and I have to thank Mr. M—— very much for the meeting, which was arranged by Mr. M—— entirely without my knowledge.

BROOKLYN, October 10, 1873.

Three days ago I went to Badger's * on business, and found there a magnificent, great silver bass-flute, running down to F below the staff, and on putting it to my lips, drew forth the most ravishing notes I ever heard from any instrument; broad, noble tones, like my fine boy's eyes —whereupon I dilated upon a wind of inspiration, and did breathe out strains thereon in such fashion that the workmen gazed, and grew sympathetic, so that now when I go there they immediately bring me the bass-flute.

* A letter of this date, from Badger to an old customer, says: . . . "Lanier is astonishing. . . . But you ought to hear him play the bass-flute. You would then say, 'let me pass from the earth with the tones sounding in my ears!' If he could travel with a concert-troupe, and play solos on the bass-flute, I would get orders for fifty in a month. . . ."

BROOKLYN, October 15, 1873.

To-day I have been playing a few duos with Mr. Eben . . . then down town, to attend to some financial matters, in the course of which I was waylaid on Wall Street by Mr. ——, who informed me that Miss —— was to be here on Sunday, and that he was proposing to arrange for me to play before her. I don't anticipate much pleasure from the interview, for from all I can hear of Miss ——, she is fearfully puffed up with conceit, wonderfully wrong-notioned about music (she "doesn't like Wagner"—for instance—"there is nothing in his operas for the prima donna to do beyond the other singers;" and she "doesn't like Theodore Thomas's orchestra; they can't accompany a singer at all!" and other the like deliverances) and, more than all, despises the flute, having once given Mr. Eben a fearful rebuff, telling him that "she did not care to hear a man pumping wind into a tube!!" Yet, simply for the adventure of the thing, if they do arrange the meeting, I'll go.

Oh, how I can play, with a couple of months' practice! Thou wouldst not know my playing now for that which thou heardst in Marietta. The instrument begins to feel me, to grow lithe under my fingers, to get warmed to life by my kiss, like Pygmalion's Stone, and to respond with perfect enthusiasm to my calls.

It is like a soul made into silver. How can the people but respond if I have its exquisite inner-self speaking by my lips!

BROOKLYN, October 17, 1873.

. . . I went last night with ——, to hear *Die Zauberflöte*. *That* was a mere farce, as indeed was all of it, save the singing of the two *prime donne* and the chorus. Di Murska executed the most wonderful staccatos in the higher register (taking high F at a leap, without an effort), and Lucca made all that *could* be made out of that poor, bald, music of Mozart's. Why do we cling so to humbugs? Mozart's music is not to be compared with Schumann's, or Wagner's, or Chopin's, or Mendelssohn's, or Beethoven's. The "magic flute" in this opera made us laugh, and the sight of the animals (who are supposed to be charmed from their lairs by the tones of the "magic flute") capering about the stage to the poor, thin notes of the poor, thin music was too absurd.

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BROOKLYN, October 26, 1873.

Yesterday I played duos—some lovely Kuhlau's—with ——. He received me very cordially, and we played very well together, but we will never harmonize very intimately, for while he has taste enough to like the best music, yet there is a certain something—a flame, a sentiment, a spark kindled by the stroke of the soul against sorrow, as of steel against flint—which he hath *not*, and the want of which will forever keep him from penetrating into the deepest of music. He is warmly enthusiastic, and would have played the whole afternoon with me, but I was obliged to leave, to meet an engagement.

The orchestra is to be formed—but to last only four months—and each player to get only $60 a month. Yet I am going, without hesitation; for, first, this will occupy but a little time, and second, I can largely supplement the poor pay in different ways, and third, it will give me a foothold, which I can likely step from to something better — for the Peabody is a literary as well as a musical institution. . . .

I have had some pleasant musical successes. I played on Wednesday night at a concert in Brooklyn, before some eight hundred people, and made some stir, particularly in the papers—notices whereof I send thee herein. Of course, the talk in these notices about a *début*, the débutant, etc., is simply absurd. . . . I only played for the fun of it, and by way of feeling the pulse of these audiences in a quiet way (for these little concerts are not ordinarily heard of at all in the newspapers), before venturing to prescribe for the big music-sick patient of New York. When I am ready to come out, which will be after I practise four months in Baltimore, I shall make my *début* under the auspices of the Philharmonic or of Theo. Thomas, or not at all. Meantime, these notices will amuse thee. They are considered wonderfully flattering: so many musicians here work for years and years, and are never heard of at all.

Perhaps the most complete triumph I have had was on last Sunday evening, when I played before an audience of a half-dozen or more of cultivated people. When I had given Blackbirds and the Swamp Robin, the house rose at me. Miss F—— declared . . . that I was not only the founder of a school of music, but the founder of American music; that hitherto all American compositions had been only German music done over, but that these were at once American, un-German, classic, passionate, poetic, and beautiful; that I belonged to the Advance Guard, which must expect to struggle, but which could not fail to succeed, with a hundred other things, finally closing with a fervent expression of good wishes, in which all the company joined with such unanimity and fervor, that I was in a state of embarrassment, which thou mayst imagine! I wrote her a note the next day, desiring to make some more articulate response than blushes to her recognition, and I have a lovely note from her in reply.

On Wednesday I played flute trios with Mr. P—— and Mr. Y——. We sat down to a bound volume of Kuhlau's trios at three o'clock, and played, without leaving our seats, until five. They gave me first flute. . . . I had taken Mr. —— there with me. He could scarcely contain himself—newspaper hack as he is!—as we breathed these miraculous harmonies, and unearthly, dainty melodies, and his great eyes got as deep as the sea, and nigh as moist. Think—Mr. Y——, who has been playing in New York for years, among the very best professional flutists, and who is certainly the best reader I ever saw, says *I* am the best *he* ever saw—I, who, surely as thou knowest, have scarcely read a half-dozen new pieces in any year of my musical life, before this last month or so! How splendid it is. I could never tell thee how I enjoy such things; for it is not I, but always one in whom, for thy sake, I have much interest.

BROOKLYN, November 17, 1873.

. . . Last night I played at another church concert in New York City, far up town, to a very pleasant audience, with very pleasant testimonials of success. My first piece, a concertino of Briccialdi's . . . brought down the house, in an enthusiastic *encore*, to which I responded with the inevitable "Blue Bells of Scotland." My last piece was the "Swamp Robin," which I only ventured as an experiment. 'Twas a curious, psychologic study to note how it puzzled most of the audience, and how

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the few who *did* get into it, began, as it were, to look about them and to say—like a man who has suddenly ridden into a strange and unexpected road — heigh, heigh ! what's this? Somebody saith every original writer has to educate his readers gradually to himself. How true this is in New York ! Here, the people are at once the boldest and the timidest in the world. When the new presents itself here, each one waits for the other one to pronounce decisively ; of course, at first, no one speaks ; finally, some generous and open heart says, this is a good thing ; and then straightway all the people join and push the good thing to heaven.

Once give them a start—these singular New Yorkers—and they will go any length.

BROOKLYN, November 21, 1873.

. . . I can but send thee a brief word this morning, telling thee that my Dane, Mr. Hamerik, was in New York two days ago ; that, after a long search, we found each other ; that he behaved most beautifully and nobly to me, and offered to do everything in the world to make my stay in Baltimore pleasant ; and that finally I concluded an engagement with him as *flauto primo* in the Peabody symphony orchestra, for four months, commencing on December 1st, prox. We are to have four rehearsals a week, of two hours each, from 12 to 2 P.M., and one concert each week. This only takes up eleven hours out of the week's time, and gives me a great deal of opportunity to write. I do not get as much pay as I hoped, but I trust to make more with a pupil or two, and then I can finish my darling Jacquerie midst of the great libraries. I am overjoyed at this prospect.

BALTIMORE, December 2, 1873.

Well, Flauto Primo hath been to his first rehearsal.

Fancy thy poor lover, weary, worn, and stuffed with a cold, arriving after a brisk walk—he was *so* afraid he might be behind time—at the hall of Peabody Institute. He passeth down betwixt the empty benches, turneth through the green-room, emergeth on the stage, greeteth the Maestro, is introduced by the same to Flauto Secondo, and then, with as much carelessness as he can assume, he sauntereth in among the rows of music-stools, to see if peradventure he can find the place where he is to sit—for he knoweth not, and liketh not to ask. He remembereth where the flutes sit in Thomas's orchestra, but on going to the corresponding spot he findeth the part of contra-basso on the music-stand, and fleeth therefrom in terror. In despair, he is about to endeavor to get some information on the sly, when he seeth the good Flauto Secondo sitting down far in front, and straightway marcheth to his place on the left of the same, with the air of one that had played there since babyhood. This Hamerik of ours hath French ideas about his orchestral arrangements, and places his pieces very differently from Thomas. Well, I sit down, some latecomers arrive, stamping and blowing—for it is snowing outside—and pull the green-baize covers off their big horns and bass-fiddles. Presently the Maestro, who is rushing about, hither and thither, in some excitement, falleth to striking a great tuning-fork with a mallet, and straightway we all begin to toot A, to puff it, to groan it, to squeak it, to scrape it, until I sympathize with the poor letter, and glide off in some delicate little runs ; and presently the others begin to flourish also, and here we have it, up chromatics, down diatonics, unearthly buzzings from the big fiddles, diabolical four-string chords from the 'cellos, passionate shrieks from the clarionets and oboes, manly remonstrances from the horns, querulous complaints from the bassoons, and so on. Now the Maestro mounteth to his perch. I am seated immediately next the audience, facing the first violins, who are separated from me by the conductor's stand. I place my part (of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, which I had procured two days before, in order to look over it, being told that on the first rehearsal we would try nothing but the Fifth Symphony) on my stand, and try to stop my heart from beating so fast—with unavailing arguments. Maestro rappeth with his *bâton*, and magically stilleth all the shrieks and agonies of the instruments. "Fierst" (he saith, with the Frenchiest of French accents—tho' a Dane, he was educated in Paris) "I wish to present to ze gentlemen of ze orchestra our fierst flutist, Mr. Sidney Lanier, also our fierst oboe, Mr. (I didn't catch his name)." Whereupon, not

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knowing what else to do—and the pause being somewhat awkward—I rise and make a profound bow to the Reeds, who sit behind me, another to the 'Celli, the Bassi, and the Tympani, in the middle, and a third to the Violins opposite. This appeareth to be the right thing, for Oboe jumpeth up also, and boweth, and the gentlemen of the orchestra all rise and bow, some of them with great *empressement.* Then there is a little idiotic hum and simper, such as newly introduced people usually affect. Then cometh a man, whom I shall always hate—if I *could* hate anybody always—and, to my horror, putteth on my music-stand the flauto primo part of Niels Gade's Ossian Overture, and thereupon the Maestro saith, "We will try *that* fierst." Horrors! They told me they would play nothing but the Fifth Symphony, and this Ossian Overture I have never seen or heard! This does not help my heart-beats nor steady my lips—thou canst believe. However, there is no time to tarry, the *bâton* rappeth, the horns blow, my five bars' rest is out—I plunge.

—O! If thou couldst but be by me in this sublime glory of music! All through it I yearned for thee with heartbreaking eagerness. The beauty of it maketh me catch my breath—to write of it. I will not attempt to describe it. It is the spirit of the poems of Ossian done in music by the wonderful Niels Gade.

I got through it without causing any disturbance. Maestro had to stop twice on account of some other players. I failed to come in on time twice in the symphony. I am too tired now to give thee any further account. I go again to rehearsal to-morrow.

BALTIMORE, December 11, 1873.

. . . I send a programme of our concert last Saturday night. It was brilliant, and I failed not—though half-dead with cold, and though called on unexpectedly. I am better to-day. The music lifts me to a heaven of pain! . . . We are now rehearsing the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz, which representeth an opium-dream of a love-sick young man. 'Tis wonderfully hectic, and parts of it wonderfully beautiful.

BALTIMORE, December 21, 1873.

Last night we gave a magnificent concert. The house was crowded. Read the inclosed *carte*, showing the fare we spread before the people . . . [But for loneliness] the music would have been complete, life would have been utterly full, my heart would have bathed itself in a sublime sea of passionate content. The orchestra was inspired, the *Symphonie Fantastique*, as difficult and trying a piece of orchestration as was ever written, was played to a marvel. . . . In this *Symphonie* of Berlioz every movement centreth about a lovely melody, repeated in all manner of times and places, which representeth the Beloved of the opium-eating musician. . . . Then, the "Hunt of Henry IV.!" . . . It openeth with a grave and courteous invitation, as of a cavalier riding by some dainty lady, through the green aisles of the deep woods, to the hunt—a lovely, romantic melody, the first violins discoursing the man's words, the first flute replying for the lady. Presently a fanfare; a sweet horn replies out of the far woods; then the meeting of the gay cavaliers; then the start, the dogs are unleashed, one hound gives tongue, another joins, the stag is seen—hey, gentlemen! away they all fly through the sweet leaves, by the great oaks and beeches, all a-dash among the brambles, till presently, bang! goeth a pistol (it was my veritable old revolver loaded with blank cartridge for the occasion, the revolver that hath lain so many nights under my head), fired by *Tympani* (as we call him, the same being a nervous little Frenchman who playeth our drums), and then the stag dyeth in a celestial concord of flutes, oboes, and violins. Oh, how far off my soul was in this thrilling moment! It was in a rare, sweet glen in Tennessee, the sun was rising over a wilderness of mountains, I was standing (how well I remember the spot!) alone in the dewy grass, wild with rapture and with expectation—yonder came, gracefully walking, a lovely fawn. I looked into its liquid eyes, hesitated, prayed, gulped a sigh, then, overcome with the savage hunter's instinct, fired; the fawn leaped convulsively a few yards, I ran to it, found it lying on its side, and received into my agonized and remorseful heart the reproaches of its most tender, dying gaze. But luckily I had not the right to linger over this sad scene; the conductor's *bâton* shook away the dying pause; on all sides shouts and fanfares

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and gallopings "to the death," to which the first flute had to reply in time, recalled me to my work, and I came through brilliantly.

The Chopin Rondo Concerto, for piano and orchestra, I cannot describe to thee. It nearly killed me with longing . . . [through] the wondrous delicate, yet intense thoughts which pervade it; the "zäl," as Liszt calleth it. Herein the flute hath some lovely replies and dialogues with the piano, in solo, and the horns are exquisitely brought forth.

The songs were not particularly fine, tho' very enjoyable. The Masaniello Overture, thou hast, of course, heard before. It was played very brilliantly. To-day, Wysham* and I played a beautiful *adagio patetico* during the *offertorium* at St. Paul's, the largest church in the city. We had an organ accompaniment, played by a glorious organist, and as the two spirituelle silver tones went stealing and swelling through the great groined arches of the enormous church, I thought I had never heard flute-notes so worthily employed before. The people were greatly pleased, and Wysham was delighted.

I dined with Mrs. Bird to-day. . . . She hath been my constant and true friend, and I shall love her—I know thou wilt also—all my life.

BALTIMORE, December 25, 1873.

I am now from St. Paul's Church, where the musicians of our orchestra (among them myself) were engaged to help make the music for the grand services of the day. We were a first violin, viola, 'cello, double-bass, clarionet, French horn, bassoon, two flutes (Wysham and I), and great organ, with a choir of about forty boys and men, and some female voices. The service was nearly three hours long, and music, music, all the time. We opened with the overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute" (which was, I am free to say, a most abominably outré affair for a church service), and then played with the choir throughout the service. This is a wonderfully ritualistic church. A shrine is in front-centre, flanked by two enormous lighted candles, and arched over by a number of smaller ones. Three clergymen and a number of acolytes, boys, etc., assisted in the service. The rector marched in stately fashion down from his dais, the other clergymen, the acolytes and the choir filed two and two behind him; all marched down into the body of the church, singing a fine chant, then filed to the left, and so went in procession across to a side door, giving into a room in the rear of the church, through which all passed, still singing. The chant was kept up long after they had disappeared, and the door was shut, and as the voices receded and receded, until finally nothing but the clear treble of the boys could be heard, 'twas dramatically very beautiful. Some of the pieces were magnificent, and the crash of the voices and organs and instruments rolled gloriously among the great arches. *All* of them would have been fine, but some of the music . . . was not properly phrased, though containing a few good ideas. Next me sat Mr. G——, first clarionet. Presently the communion service came on; Mr. Y—— watched with great curiosity. It was the first one he had ever seen! When he saw the priest blessing the bread, he leaned over to Wysham (who is a devout member of this church) and asked, with great interest: "Does he eat *all* that?" Afterward, when the bread was distributed to the kneeling people, I observed him make gestures of much disgust at the smallness of the portion given to each, and finally he informed Wysham that *that* would not begin to be enough for him! Ah, these heathenish Germans! Double-bass was a big fellow, with a black moustache, to whom life was all a joke, which he expressed by a comical scowl, and Viola was a young Hercules, so full of beer that he dreamed himself in heaven, and Oboe was a young sprig, just out from Munich, with a complexion of milk and roses, like a girl's, and miraculously bright spectacles on his pale blue eyes, and there they sat—Oboe and Viola and Double-bass—and ogled each other, and raised their brows, and snickered behind the columns, without a suspicion of interest either in the music or the service. Dash these fellows, they are utterly given over to heathenism, prejudice and beer—they ought to be annihilated; if they *do* get control of the age, life will be a mere barbaric grab of the senses at whatever there is of sensual good in the world. . . . In the church sometimes, when looking around, out of my

* The Second Flute in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra.

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dream for a moment, I would find . . . only the small choir-boy, who in default of a music-stand, held up my music for me.

BALTIMORE, MD., December 26, 1873.

For this inclosed $25 (and $5 more which I have kept) I have played the first-flute parts in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; the Ossian Overture, the Staccato air of the Magic Flute, the Nordische Suite, the overture to La Dame Blanche, the Symphonie Fantastique of Berlioz, the Mendelssohn concerto in G minor for piano and orchestra; the "Hunt of Henry IV" overture by Méhul; the Rondo Concerto of Chopin for piano and orchestra, and the overture of Masaniello. If they would only pay me by heart-beats, by agitations, by mental strains, by delights, by agonies, then I would already be grown rich on these aforementioned pieces. They say, however, that I play them very nicely, and that is some reward. . . . To-morrow night we have our second grand concert; the *Symphonie Fantastique*, the Méhul overture, the concerto of Chopin (J. N. Pattison, of New York, plays the piano part); these are all the orchestral pieces. There are besides a song from L'Africaine, with flute obligato, which Wysham is to play, and some baritone songs.

BALTIMORE, January 3, 1874.

Our concert opened with a symphony of Mozart in G major. An allegro movement, full of delicious interchanges, betwixt the wind and the strings comes presently to an abrupt end; then a long andante in six-eight time, which seems to be a record of sweetest confidences, whispered between the first flute and the first violins, as if they were two young girls just commencing a friendship! and of occasional intrusions of the oboe (as of a girl *de trop*) as well as of sage advice volunteered, here and there, by the elderly bassoons. Finally this conversation ends, and thereunto succeeds a minuet, stately, yet coquettish, courteous, yet piquant, grave, with the measured step of dignitaries, and of queenly women, yet illumined by the gleam of bright eyes and the flash of silver shoe-buckles. Then the finale closes all with a great outburst of joy, which breaks out in a thousand lovely phrases of self-repetition, and at last completely and satisfactorily expresses itself.

Then a lady howled dismally a beautiful air from the Barber of Seville. Then should have come a concerto for oboe with orchestra, but Oboe's lips were chapped; he vowed, until he almost shook his spectacles off, that he *könnte nicht spielen*, whereupon Maestro Hamerik announced the fact, and announced the further fact that Mr. Sidney Lanier and Mr. Henry Wysham had kindly consented to play a simple melody in place of the oboe concerto. Then those two gentlemen, and amidst great applause, advanced to the front. They played "Adieu, Dear Land," S. L. taking first, and H. C. W. skirmishing about as second, Mr. Hamerik palpitating a lovely accompaniment on the piano. Ah, my friend, need I tell thee how the heart of this same S. L. beat along every note of this lovely song—am I not, too, an exile from my dear Land, which is always the land where my loved ones are? We brought down the house, and responded to a thundering *encore* with "Annie Laurie" (which I hate with all my heart, but Harry liketh it, and we had not time to discuss). Then came our *pièce de résistance*, the "Dream of Christmas" overture, by Ferdinand Hiller. Sweet heaven—how shall I tell the gentle melodies, the gracious surprises, the frosty glitter of starlight, and flashing of icy *spiculæ*, and of frozen surfaces, the hearty chanting of peace and good-will to men, the thrilling pathos of original thoughts and trembling anticipations and lofty prophecies, the solemn and tender breathings-about of the coming reign of forgiveness and of love, and the final confusion of innumerable angels flying through the heavens and jubilantly choiring together. . . .

. We closed with a grand march of Mendelssohn, found after his death, and played by us to-night for the first time in this country, the strangest combination of Mendelssohn's most beautiful effects—particularly of reeds—with a singularly interpolated old Highland-pibroch sort of air in the middle, as if the ghost of the "March of the Cameron Men" were flitting about through the loveliest modern orchestral melodies. . . .

BALTIMORE, January 22, 1874.

Aye, Thomas hath played for me: two nights.

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I am beginning, in midst of the stormy glories of the orchestra, to feel my heart sure, and my soul discriminating. Not less do I thrill, to ride upon the great surges; but I am growing calm enough to see the star that should light the musician, and, presently, my hand will be firm enough to hold the helm and guide the ship that way. *Now*, I am very quiet; I am waiting. The music of the modern orchestra is greatly defective in the *f*, *ff*, and *fff* passages. When the frenzy of the *finale* comes upon these players of Thomas, for instance, it is too much a frenzy, the orchestral voices are in each other's way; it is rather a noise, than music. And thus the invention of the orchestral composers, since Beethoven, is so poor! We hear so much that we privately forgive in consideration of some special little strain that we liked, *e.g.*, the Rubenstein piece, "Ivan IV.," to-night. It was, of course, all in the Russian tone; but at least one-half of it was noise. In the midst of the uproar, suddenly a dead silence; then the 'cellos glided into a religious quartette, simple as the open heavens, beautiful beyond description. The proportion between this quartette and the noise was too greatly in favor of the latter.

To see Thomas lead . . . is music itself. His *bâton* is alive, full of grace, of symmetry; he maketh no gestures, he readeth his score almost without looking at it, he seeth everybody, heareth everything, warneth every man, encourageth every instrument, quietly, firmly, marvellously. Not the slightest shade of nonsense, not the faintest spark of affectation, not the minutest grain of *effect* is in him. He taketh the orchestra in his hand as if it were a pen, and writeth with it.

BALTIMORE, February 3, 1874.

Oh, if thou couldst hear a symphony of Gade's which we rehearsed this morning! It is lovely, not with the passionate loveliness that bringeth pain, but with the dainty and childlike, yet strong, loveliness of a mountain (say), all covered with flowers and many-colored rocks, and green leaves, and sparkling springs.

BALTIMORE, February 7, 1874.

. . . Randolph's criticism in the *Gazette*, on the English and American music, was in the main just, though, of course, a little exaggerated, to eke out the spiciness thereof. He and I had a good laugh over it, next morning. I was disappointed in Sterndale Bennett's music. If I had not heard so much better, perhaps I would have enjoyed it, and he does occasionally get off a beautiful idea; but his music is too unsubstantial, you bring nothing with you away from it; it is much like Mendelssohn-and-water. The other pieces of the programme were equally unsubstantial. The overture to "Deborah" was pretty—nothing more; the "Fugue," by Deems, was a very good fugue, doubtless, but was abominably dismal music, and the march by Rosewald (who is leader of our first violins) was decidedly the best piece on the programme, but was somewhat marred by a palpable imitation of wind-effects in a march of Mendelssohn we played some weeks ago.

Our concert to-night is to be a very beautiful one in the orchestral features. We are to play the Fernand Cortez overture, by Spontini; the "Water-Carrier" overture, by Cherubini; the "Fantastic Symphony," by Mercadante, and the "William Tell" overture, by Rossini. This last has a celebrated flute solo, in a beautiful pastoral scene, and I have had many compliments on my rendition of it at the rehearsals. I do not think much of it, though; 'tis not the sort of playing I like most for the flute, and is more admired for its difficulty, I think, than for its beauty.

—— hath but now brought over a duo for me to practice for next Sunday night. Start not! 'Tis a charity concert, and are we not allowed to lift the poor out of the ditch o' Sundays?

BALTIMORE, February 8, 1874.

If the constituents and guardians of my childhood—those good Presbyterians who believed me a model for the Sunday-school children of all time—could have witnessed my acts and doings this day, I know not what groans of sorrowful regret would arise in my behalf. For—the same being Sunday—I went at two o'clock to rehearse with an orchestra in which I was engaged, under Herr Leuschow, for the concert of the Germania Männerchor of Baltimore, which is to be next Wednesday night. I carried with me somewhat hidden in my

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heart, whereby I felt safe and happy. Having arrived at the beautiful new hall which this Männerchor have just built—and the opening of which is the occasion of the concert—I found they were waiting for me, and so quickly took my seat and fell to. First, a concerto for violin and orchestra, by De Beriot, light, lovely, airy and wondrous delicate; then the "Jubel" overture of Weber, full of glory and triumph, ending with "God Save The Queen," which is set in four sharps and carrieth the poor, straining *flauto primo* clear up to and thereabouts,

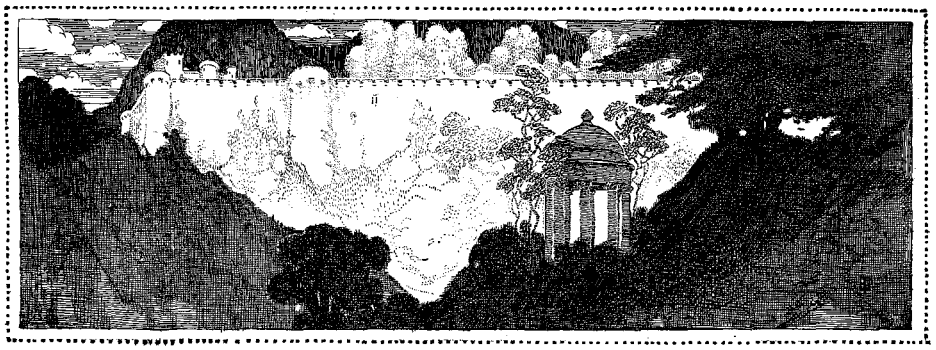
without pity; then in filed a great chorus of male and female voices, and we all plunged into that great "Athalia" of Mendelssohn for orchestra and chorus. Borne on the noble surges of the up-swelling tones, I floated hither and thither in that sea of glory-turned-into-music. Presently I found myself playing almost alone, in octaves, with a lovely soprano voice; I turned my eyes involuntarily, as we sailed along together, and my gaze fell full upon a pair of beautiful, liquid gazelle-eyes, which, by a similar impulse, I suppose, had sought mine; she—I mean the Eyes—looked me full in the face for a moment, then with a half-smile, full of dignity and sweetness, turned to her notes again, which also I had to do, not having seen or heard the piece before, and so, mutually cheered by this dumb exchange of sympathy, we sang and played together to the end of the piece, which occupied, I should think, near three-quarters of an hour. When we had finished I rushed to Herr Leuschow and procured a presentation to the fair soprano. I found her a charming young woman, bright-faced and witty, . . . and had a little, really refreshing, champagny talk with her. . . . Then we played a cavatina from "Ernani," sung by a stout German lady; then the "Sonnenuntergang" by Flamma, for chorus of men's voices and orchestra.

Then I took a great draught of beer, and found it was six o'clock. I had had nothing to eat since 8 this morning, so hied me to a restaurant, and dined on oysters and a chop. Then home, laid me down for twenty minutes, rose, dressed in full concert-suit, and went forth with—— to the great hall of the Masonic Temple. Here we found a large audience assembled to hear a concert for the benefit of the Carmelite nuns, and being quickly called, forth stepped the little man and I on the stage, and dashed into the elaborate toot-le-ty-tootle-ty of Rabboni's duo on themes from Rigoletto. I did laugh inwardly as I looked about the hall, to see the big Irishmen, servant-maids, and all, good Catholics every one, gazing and listening, rapt. They encored us, and we responded with "Adieu, Dear Land."

Then, home, and here sit I . . . famished for . . . my highest-of-life. . . .

Bohemianism and compliments fill not my heart,—

(To be concluded.)



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THE POINT OF VIEW

The Regular Officer.

A LITTLE memorial pamphlet that has been sent out since the close of the war has seemed to me the memorial of a type, as well as of an individual American soldier. It concerns Major Casper Hauzer Conrad, who commanded the Eighth United States Infantry in the Santiago campaign, and who after all the fighting was over, died of malarial fever aboard the transport Olivette, and was buried at sea. When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in 1862 as a private, distinguished himself at Chancellorsville, got a sunstroke on the way to Gettysburg, was detailed as clerk in Washington, and in 1867 received a commission as First Lieutenant of Infantry, that took him to Texas; after which his life for twenty-five years was almost all passed beyond the Mississippi. He married, and sons were born to him. Back and forth he migrated with his family, as the army lot is. When the war with Spain came, Major Conrad, with thirty years of service to his credit, was entitled to be retired, and with two sons in the service he might have felt himself sufficiently represented by proxy. He didn't. Commanding his regiment, he was the first to land at Daiquiri. In the bush-fighting that followed, he had the extreme right of the line. At El Caney, where gallantry was the rule, he was a notable figure on the firing-line, and was commended for gallant and soldierly conduct. After the capitulation, while suffering himself from malarial fever, he went to Santiago to get medicines and supplies for his men. That was his last service. The fever overcame him. He was taken to a hospital-ship; was transferred to another, and died on his way home.

On some accounts, the soldier's life as we see it lived by such officers as Major Conrad seems very favorable to the development of fine qualities of character. To serve is ennobling, and the army is "the service." To command men should develop some of the higher capabilities, and to command is an officer's calling; to obey—it seems so simple, yet it is every soldier's first duty. But the greatest advantage the American soldier has, in the eyes of his civilian fellow, is in being quit of the obligation to make things pay. He is not in business. So long as his work is as well done as he can do it, it need not be his concern whether it is profitable or not. He can concentrate his attention on duty, and let promotion come along as it will. That was Major Conrad's notion of what a soldier ought to do. In his last telegram to his wife, a fortnight before his death, he says: "Use no influence for my advancement. If my services on July 1st do not warrant it, I don't wish it." To get his just dues without pulling a wire or asking a favor is doubtless what every good officer would prefer. More is the pity that, even in the army, life has not yet been simplified to the extent of making that always feasible. Even there men who deserve the best are sometimes led by sad experience to doubt whether even second best will be allotted to them, unless they elbow their way into notice. But whether his advancement is fast or slow, the American army officer is assured of a modest living. From many temptations and hazards that assail men in active civil life, the officer who is devoted to his profession is protected. His income, such as it is, is sure; and he knows what it is and what it is likely to be for years to come. Moreover, its limitations are known to all his fellows and acquaintances, and demands upon his purse are qualified accordingly. It is expected that he shall be an honest man and a gentleman. It is essential to his professional standing that he shall be the first, and shall be at least a fair approximation to the latter. It is the exception when he is not both, thoroughly and sincerely, and he is usually an accomplished and efficient public servant besides.

Since the war with Spain we know our regular army better than we did, and appreciate it more adequately, but in spite of all that we have heard and read of what was endured and accomplished at Santiago, some of us still feel that the officers of the regular army who were engaged there hardly got the full meed of glory that they were entitled to. The men to whom the public did justice were the men they knew beforehand. The campaign was too short for us to make many

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new acquaintances in it, or learn the significance of many new names with which we had been unfamiliar. Most of us learned a few new names—Hawkins, Lawton, Kent, Ludlow, Chaffee, a dozen more, perhaps—and came to identify them with the gallant gentlemen who bore them; but with the great majority of the officers of the regular army at Santiago we are not yet acquainted, and probably never shall be. The ordinary readers of the war news merely know that there were a dozen or more regiments of regular troops in General Shafter's command and that, officers and men, whatever they were sent to do they did, and more; whatever had to be endured, they suffered; whatever courage, audacity, endurance, or intelligence the occasion demanded, they had in abundant measure, and used. So we have come to generalize about our regular army, and to think of its troops as admirable soldier-men, and of its officers as men qualified to do the highest credit to their country and their military training.

They are now about to be tried in a new field as temporary administrators of the government in territory that has suffered long and severely from maladministration. It is interesting to notice how confident we are that they will be equal to this difficult task, and how general is the feeling of satisfaction that it is to remain for the present in their hands.

Electricity in the Catacombs.

IF there is one thing more than any other with which Americans have credited the Old World, it is reverence for its antiquities. If we have occasionally curled the lip of scorn in "acrid Asiatic mirth" over the vauntings of the cicerone, envy has been behind it, and at heart we too have shared their piety. The refusal of permission to exhibit wild cowboys and tame Indians in the Coliseum met, on the whole, with our approval; and we recognized the self-denial of the debt-ridden Italian Government in declining the offers of syndicates to bring that structure bodily to the World's Fair at Chicago.

But what is to be said of a newspaper report that the very tomb and crypt of the venerable past is to be opened to the garish spirit of end-of-the-centuryism, and that the Catacombs of Rome are to be lighted by electricity? Worse yet, that the work is to be done by Americans, and that the invasion of these sacred reliques of the old White City is to be entrusted to the smoky modern town of Pittsburg?

It is reported that an electric-light company of our smoke-metropolis has received a contract for the placing of six electric motors in six catacombs of Rome, each motor to be capable of furnishing four hundred and sixty incandescent lights. These are the bald facts; their spiritual significance roots deep. What now is to become of our reproach of the Goths and Longobards, who looted the Catacombs with pious motives and called every bone found in Roman soil a sacred relic, and carried it northward home, in mingled commercialism and reverence? What will they think of our innocent electricians trespassing in the sanctum of these ancient dead with their rude labors, and lighting with unseemly illumination their sleeping chambers?

What now will be the occupation of the skull of which Hawthorne writes in his "Marble Faun:" "grinning at its own wretched plight as is the ugly and empty habit of the thing?" What business have they left now to Memmius, that limited Wandering Jew in his labyrinthian parish; that sneaking spy of Diocletian's time, who, hiding in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus to overhear the rites of the persecuted Christians, was cursed and condemned to wander forever in the gloomy precincts of these tombs? What power now can he have to thrill and threaten the lone wanderer in the maze? What potency is left to the spell of his terror; what virtue to his fable? How can Memmius claim to be eternally lost when he has good electric lights and sign-boards to guide him wherever he would go?

But our shameless electricians are not to be stopped at the mere lighting-up of these mysteries; they are to put into the St. Calixtus Catacombs an elevator!—not a slow and funereal lift, but a flying electric American elevator! After that, what is to give the Catacombs any power for romance or terror above the horrific Avernus of the Boston Subway? And is this electrocution of their tradition only a beginning? The imagination already supplies abundant sequels.

"YOU don't look happy," said a passing acquaintance to a young woman in the shopping throng the other day. "I'm *not* happy," returned the young woman addressed, "for I've just seen a most depressing thing."

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"No, it wasn't in the unspeakable slums," she hastened to say; "I shock all my friends by delving in dreadfulness systematically and earnestly, and coming thence unhorrified, though deeply impressed; wiser, but scarcely sadder, so to say. But just now I've seen a distressful thing of another kind. I have been used to think of ennui as the worst thing under the sun, and to associate it, in its quintessence, with, say, the Bourbon kings; but I beg pardon of the shades of the Bourbons, for I think I have seen them outclassed. I've been to a 'tea-room' for a mid-day bite, and I sat at the table with a mother and daughter, the latter, as it proved, a boarding-school miss of perhaps seventeen, at home for her Easter holiday. The girl wore large diamonds in her ears, three diamond rings, diamond sleeve-links in a silk shirt-waist, a diamond brooch, and a watch heavily studded with diamonds. She might have been a passable-looking girl but for the consummate listlessness of her expression and demeanor; and, outside of a not unamiable but quite uninterested reply she threw now and then to her mother's attempts at conversation, she made but two remarks. One was that she should have to have violet trimming on her black silk dress, and when her mother asked why, she explained that 'there is only pink, and blue, and green, and red, besides violet, and the other girls in the hall have got all those colors, so there's only violet left for me.' Poor thing! She'll look like Rameses' mummy, in violet. The other remark was apropos of the tea she was pouring out. I knew that it was strong enough and bitter enough to actually tan her stomach, but she only tasted of it dubiously and asked her mother if she thought it wasn't 'awfully strong'; her mother hazarded the idea that it was 'very nice,' so she drank the stuff mechanically. If they had been loud women, with all the pitifulness of the girl's diamonds I should have been far less depressed, for there's no use fretting for the vulgar of that type; they are a class by themselves, in a way, and they don't know enough to pity themselves or to feel their unconquerable shortcomings. But these were not such; I doubt not that girl goes to a very excellent young ladies' seminary, and that her manners, as far as manners may be comprehended in 'Don'ts,' are unimpeachable as the ordinary. That is the awfulness of it; why, that girl will probably marry some nice, gentle fellow who is not as wise as he might be, though perhaps as wise as he'll ever be if he has to divide his allotment of brains with this poor creature. What a mother she'll be, with her necessity for violet ruchings because the other girls have taken all the becoming colors! What a home she'll make! I see her, in fancy, forever pouring gall-like tea and wearily condoning burnt chops. Of course, she's young; of course, she'll grow; but since she is so started, what reason has any one to think that at some miraculous season she'll change her spots and develop into a woman of capability and resource, with some inspiration and cheer. Somehow, I find the poor, weary 'army of the disenchanted' more harrowing to my pity than the more-discussed army of the toilers. Perhaps it is the poor themselves who have taught me not to pity them. Certainly, I never get discouraged or disheartened on account of them; I don't expect to destroy the hydra-headed monster of many cycles' growth in a quarter of a century of awakening benevolence and social science. But if the quantity and quality of education which is now broadcast among certain well-to-do classes can produce that girl and her mother, then am I really depressed. The individual matters little, but if she is a type? And I'm afraid, from all I've seen, that she is."

Ennui at Seventeen.

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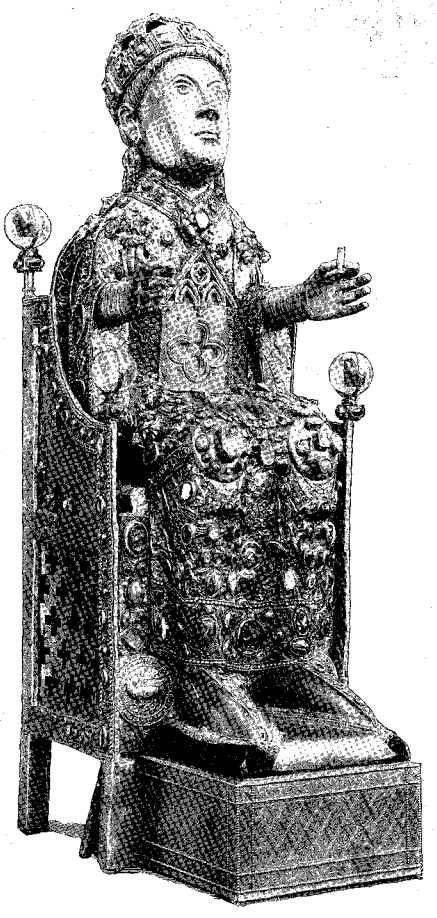
THE FIELD OF ART

MEDIÆVAL GOLDSMITHS' WORK AT CONQUES

HIGH on an exposed slope, but defended from the rest of France by the bleak ridges and smoking, sulphurous hills of Aveyron, the village of Conques dozes behind the abbey-church. Few sightseers leave the distant railway to disturb its silence. Hardly a *commis-voyageur* insults the church-portal with his surprise. Its sculptures preserve their dignity in secret; and the gold and silver, jewels and enamel-work of the treasury, dazzle only pilgrims and the occasional archæologist. The abbey in its silence seems, indeed, to have lived through all the ages unknown and ignorant of the world, yet here one finds not only the barbaric goldsmith's work of untaught Franks, but delicately engraved gems, enamel-work designed like Eastern stuffs, and a stern, golden figure, strangely Byzantine in its splendid immobility.

These varied wonders suggest anything but isolation. The hill-barriers which have preserved them from the vandalism of heresy and revolution must once, it seems, have been passed. And long ago they actually were passed, were stormed, in fact, by a naïve faith which developed here a school of monastic goldsmiths, and enlightened their art by making Conques a cosmopolitan centre.



Statuette of Sainte Foy, about eighty-five centimetres high, in gold on a core of wood. The surface is set with precious and semi-precious stones and engraved gems of different epochs. The head-dress is of gold ornamented with *cloisonné* enamel. Two of the four crystal balls replace the doves mentioned in the text. The statuette may originally have represented an ecclesiastic. The tubes held in the hands are of silver and probably served to hold emblems or flowers. The hands date from the sixteenth century. The feet and footstool are modern.

Pilgrims, the cosmopolitans of past days, began forcing their way nine centuries since through the Aveyron hills. For the monks of Conques had astutely stolen from Agen the body of a virgin-martyr, Sainte Foy, whose miracles soon became so familiar that they were not irreverently termed "Sainte Foy's jokes." For rumor had it that she gave eyes to the eyeless, and, stranger still, raised donkeys from the grave. So rumor spread. And pilgrims, many of them bearing gifts, thronged to Conques from about the Byzantine great church of Périgueux, from the Venetian quarter of Montpellier, from all southern France, while nobles, French and foreign, gave lands and the spoils of war and a mosque in Spain. And the monks, thus stirred by the life of the outer world, came to see and study not only Frankish art, but the silverware of Saracens and rich stuffs and enamels brought from Venice and the East.

Meanwhile, Sainte Foy, the indirect cause of her monks' education, was directly aiding their art. She appeared to the Bishop of Beaulieu, asking for his two golden doves as ornaments for her statue at Conques, and though he tried to substitute a greater weight of gold coin, it is recorded that she got them. What is more, she demanded jewels and money from ladies, knights, and common folk, near and far;

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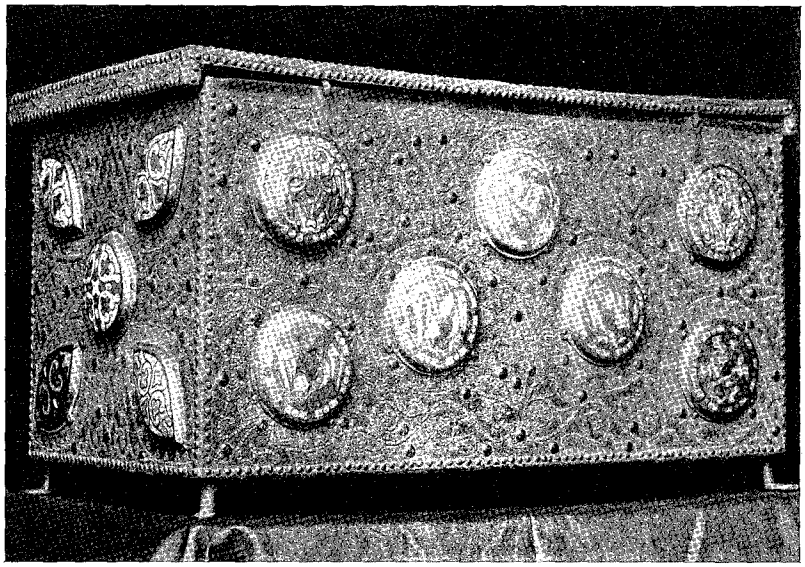
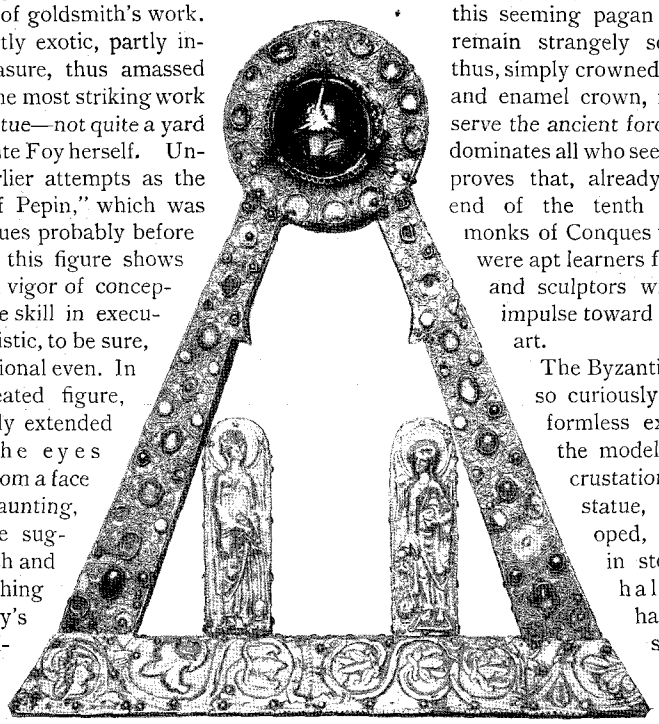


Box, serving as reliquary, of wood covered with black leather, which is adorned with enamel in small white beads arranged in scrolls. The larger beads are heads of silver nails. Of the thirty-one rondels of enamelled gold, a few are modern or restored. All are Byzantine in appearance, and the enamel is on gold and is applied by the *champlevé* process.

and so persistent was she that after her statue had been encrusted with precious stones, there remained ample materials for many another blazing piece of goldsmith's work.

In the partly exotic, partly indigenous treasure, thus amassed at Conques, the most striking work is the little statue—not quite a yard high—of Sainte Foy herself. Unlike such earlier attempts as the "reliquary of Pepin," which was sent to Conques probably before the year 840, this figure shows clearness and vigor of conception and some skill in execution. Unrealistic, to be sure, it is—conventional even. In the stiffly seated figure, the immovably extended arms, and the eyes which stare from a face rigid and haunting, there is little suggestion of flesh and blood and nothing of Sainte Foy's celestial girlishness. Yet impersonal as the statue is, it is vividly impressive. Even stripped of its incrusting uncut emeralds, its cameos, amethysts, pearls, and sapphires, this seeming pagan deity would remain strangely solemn. For thus, simply crowned with its gold and enamel crown, it would preserve the ancient force which still dominates all who see it, and which proves that, already toward the end of the tenth century, the monks of Conques who made it, were apt learners from the East and sculptors with a strong impulse toward monumental art.



The Byzantine formality, so curiously mixed with formless exuberance in the modelling and incrustation of this statue, was developed, accordingly, in stone. Before half a century had passed, a stern, Byzantine Christ reigned in

The so-called "A of Charlemagne," supposed to have been made at Conques toward the beginning of the twelfth century. Height forty-two centimetres, width forty centimetres. This reliquary is of oak, covered with silver-gilt and ornamented with uncut stones. On one side of the circular ornament at the apex is a piece of polished quartz, surrounded by other uncut stones; on the reverse side is an antique intaglio surrounded with enamel-work, *cloisonné* on gold, and much like that on the crown of the Sainte Foy statue. The *repoussé* angels are of silver. The base, of a later date than the "A" proper, is covered with gilded silver.

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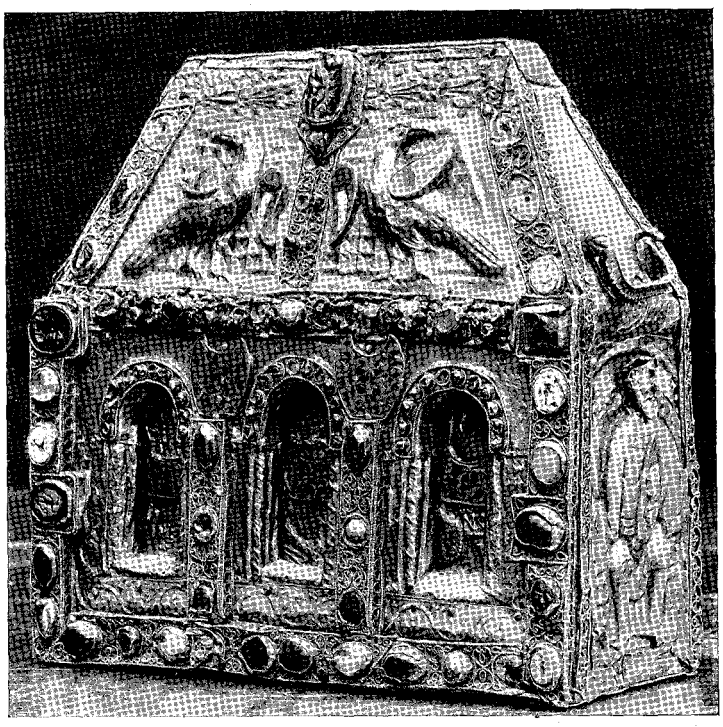
the abbey-portal, with a fatefulness of look but dimly foreshadowed by the golden image; and the East, which thus brought dignity into the grotesqueness of a mediæval bas-relief, still watched over the goldsmiths of Conques. Having diverted their monumental impulse into sculpture, it led them toward purely decorative achievements, and largely through the technical enticements of enamel-work it brought order into their confused decorations.



Pepin's reliquary, so-called, back view: a wooden case eighteen centimetres high and long, and nine centimetres through, covered with gold and decorated with polished stones. On the front are crude figures in *repoussé* work representing Christ, the Virgin, and St. John. On the back, above three arches, are two eagles whose wings are of *cloisonné* enamel on gold. This enamel-work, which is Oriental in character, dates from the same early period as most of the reliquary, *i.e.*, perhaps, the middle of the ninth century. But the enamels above the pilasters supporting the arches are of a later period. The border above the eagles, which is in silver gilt *repoussé*, dates from the sixteenth century. The ends of the case belong to a different reliquary.

Enamelling had probably, of late, been more or less practised at Limoges. But Limoges, toward the tenth century, lay in ashes, a mere reminder of Norman devastations, and Conques soon reigned in its stead. There the enamelling Sainte Foy's crown was done, and there, at about the same time, or possibly as late as 1110, a box containing Sainte Foy's bones was ornamented with thirty-one medallions in rich enamel. These medallions, moreover, were not only agreeable in color, but orderly in form; for while experience in Eastern stuffs had made harmonious color a delight to the artisans of Conques, the example of Eastern design and the limitations of mere material—the difficulty, for instance, of outlining complex figures in strips of gold—made these enamel-work birds and griffins almost inevitably regular in composition.

In all Europe there can be few pieces of old enamel more attractively soft in surface or more soothing in color. Among the products of Conques, however, one work, a portable altar, seems still more significant. Its enamels—Christ and the Paschal Lamb, the symbolic angel, dove, ox, and eagle, the Virgin, Sainte Foy and two unknown saints—are all charming in color-effect; and even the human faces are decorative in their archaic conventionalism. But interesting as the work is in its artistic qualities, the technique and the date are still more striking. Unlike the birds and griffins on the box of bones, each mass of color in these medallions is not outlined with strips of gold laid edgewise on a foundation of gold; but the masses of color are held in shallow curved depressions between which ridges of the foundation itself rise to the surface of the enamel and emphasize its design. In a word, the enamel-work of the portable altar is *cloisonné*, while that of the box is *champlevé*. And since *champlevé* work is probably of Western origin, while the *cloisonné* method seems to have reached Conques from the East, the enamels on the box are Eastern only in look, but those on the altar seem Eastern in their very structure.

The altar, then, may well be a link between the East and the West. Proof of this, however, would depend on questions too ob-

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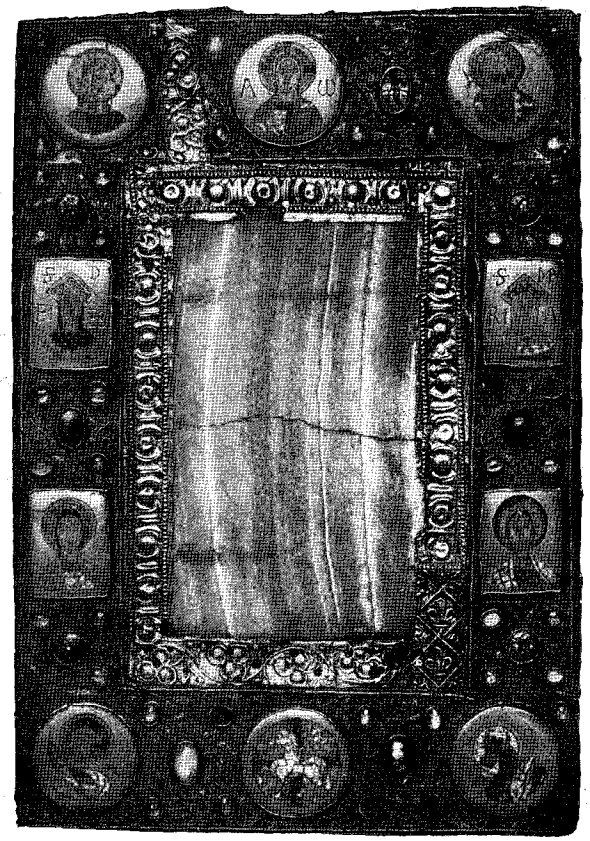

Portable altar, serving also as a reliquary; perhaps, formerly the cover of a book. The piece of stone is Oriental alabaster; the frame is silver-gilt; the ten plaquettes are of copper with decoration in *cloisonné* enamel.

scure for general discussion—from where, for instance, the monks of Conques actually gained their knowledge of the *cloisonné* method, and at what date they began to make *champlevé* enamels. But whatever the answers to these questions may be, the gist of the matter—the strength of Eastern influence at Conques—is evident. The portable altar, dating as it pretty precisely does from the first ten years of the twelfth century, shows the monks clinging at that comparatively late period to a method of probably Eastern origin; and the birds and griffins on the box prove their fidelity to Byzantine design during the eleventh and perhaps into the twelfth century. From these cases, accordingly—and, indeed, from others—it is clear that the grasp of Eastern art upon the school of Conques was firm. It was the strongest artistic force to pass the hill-barriers of the Aveyron, and protected by them, it persisted long in vigorous life. But the power of beauty and order which had led the monks of Conques from such barbaric work as the "reliquary of Pepin" past the statue of Sainte Foy and on to such achievements as the Byzantine Christ of the portal and the medallions which so delightfully decorate the box of Sainte Foy's bones, this orderly power at last began to wane. Agreeable works, to be sure, were still produced, and several are preserved at Conques. But little by little the decorative impulse faded, and the Byzantine enamel-work, which at Conques had largely supplanted goldsmith's work proper, was itself displaced by a more elaborate art, the late enamel-work of Limoges. So the school of Conques was merged in the school of Limoges, and the Byzantine spirit in enamel-work finally died.

H. C. G.

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Painted by Zorn in 1885.

MONA

Fürstenberg Gallery, Gottenburg.

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